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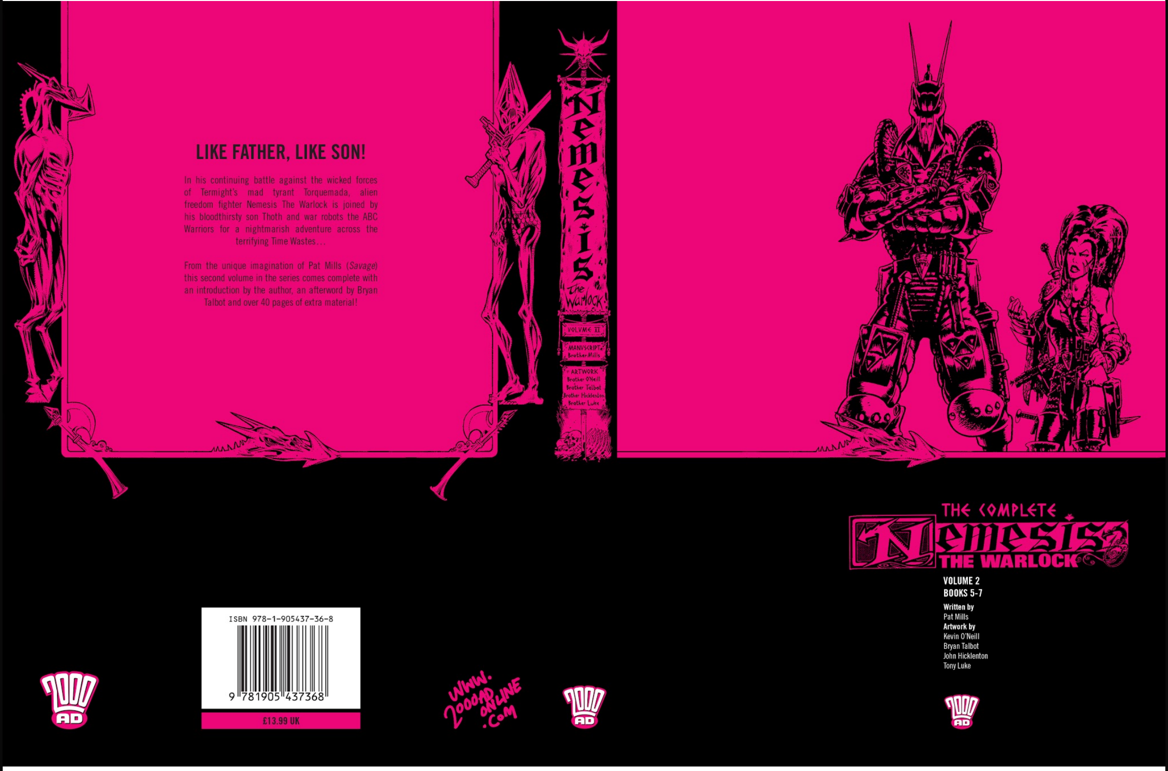

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON!

In his continuing battle against the wicked forces of Termight's mad tyrant Torquemada, alien freedom fighter Nemesis The Warlock is joined by his bloodthirsty son Thoth and war robots the ABC Warriors for a nightmarish adventure across the terrifying Time Wastes…

From the unique imagination of Pat Mills (*Savage*) this second volume in the series comes complete with an introduction by the author, an afterword by Bryan Talbot and over 40 pages of extra material!

ISBN 978-1-905437-36-8
9 781905 437368
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Brother Hicklenton
Brother Luke
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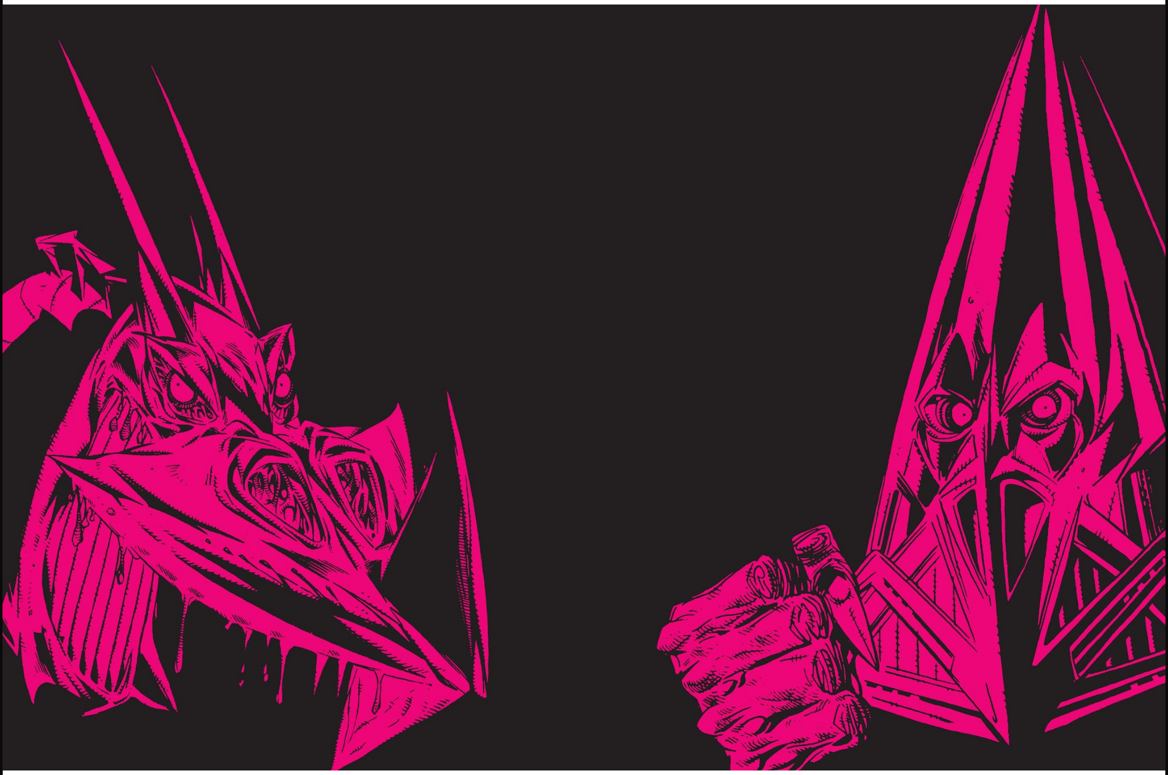
THE COMPLETE
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
VOLUME 2
BOOKS 5-7
Written by
Pat Mills
Artwork by
Kevin O'Neill
Bryan Talbot
John Hicklenton
Tony Luke



THE COMPLETE

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

VOLUME 2

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND KEVIN O'NEILL

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THE COMPLETE
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
VOLUME 2

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Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0ES, UK.
www.rebellion.co.uk

ISBN: 978-1-905437-36-8
Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press
Manufactured in the EU by LPPS Ltd., Wellingborough, NN8 3PJ, UK
2nd Printing: February 2009
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME 2

Reading the pages of Nemesis again, I am struck by the power of the central villain, Torquemada. He goes from strength to strength in this volume, often overshadowing Nemesis who remains shadowy, distant and very alien. No crime seems beyond the Grand Master and my explanation in Book One that he was inspired by a school teacher (also the basis for my version of Judge Dredd), although accurate, seems woefully inadequate. Hell, no one could be as wicked as Torque. And I think the explanation has to be that once I had tapped into a certain vein of evil, it became a gusher. It poured out from its source which I would define as the collective unconscious, past lives, and other very similar characters to the teacher in my youth, and they all merged into the monstrous persona of one of *2000 AD*'s greatest all-time villains. I would write him completely on autopilot, seething with hatred for him and yet laughing at him at the same time. I think it's healthier to laugh at your demons and perhaps this accounts for his popularity.

But with such a strong drive on the central villain, it was impossible to devote much space to the other characters, like the ABC Warriors. And there was another practical reason, too. The Warriors had been brought back partly to keep them on the boil, because editorial had told the readers they were returning when this was not the case. No artist had been prepared to draw them; because, frankly, they are a lot of work. So it was very courageous of Bryan to actually volunteer that he would like to revive them and also Satanus, whom I almost brought back for similar reasons. The lack of conversation amongst the ABC Warriors is very simple. If I started developing them, it would have meant at least another three books and, out of respect for Kevin, my co-creator, I had always wanted there to be an eventual conclusion to the saga.

Bryan's work on the series was excellent; his understanding of the characters total; and there was no science fantasy scenario or humorous visual gambit that was beyond him. Amongst my favourite scenes are his End of the World scene and the Fantasy Convention scene. His Nostradamus De Torquemada even manages to be more loathsome than Tom, no mean feat.

And then we come to the Two Torquemadas which I based closely on a definitive biography of the real Tomas De Torquemada. It included a portrait of this utter monster as the most saintly and holy of individuals! Nothing changes in the world, does it? John's feeling for the evil of this man is inspired. His storytelling is hardly designed for "easy reading", but how many of us like "easy listening" music? John is the Jimmy Hendrix of comic art, you must accept him on his own terms, and if you want Barry Manilow artwork, I am afraid you will have to look elsewhere. The important thing is he means it and not even his most retentive critics would deny him that. And that is more than good enough for me. His unique and astonishing interpretations of Nemesis are pictures to reflect upon; they are moments of disturbing fantasy that I hope will linger in your mind long after you have closed the covers of this book. They deserve a wider fine art audience and if Johnny had been based in France or Italy, I'm sure they would have received it.

But no commentary would be complete without a mention of Ego Trip. Once again, briefly, Kevin and I returned to our comic jamming days of Book One and showed a horrible glimpse of life in Termight, with a hundred yard long cabinet to separate the twin beds of that ghastly couple to keep them pure. We had both come from a humour cartoon comics background and this was our only way of flexing our humour muscles as the cartoon comics of the time (*Cor! Whizzer and Chips* etc) were - er - not very "cutting edge". If you see a touch of the immortal Ken Reid (Jonah etc), my personal Comic God, in the telling and visualisation of that story, we shall be most flattered.

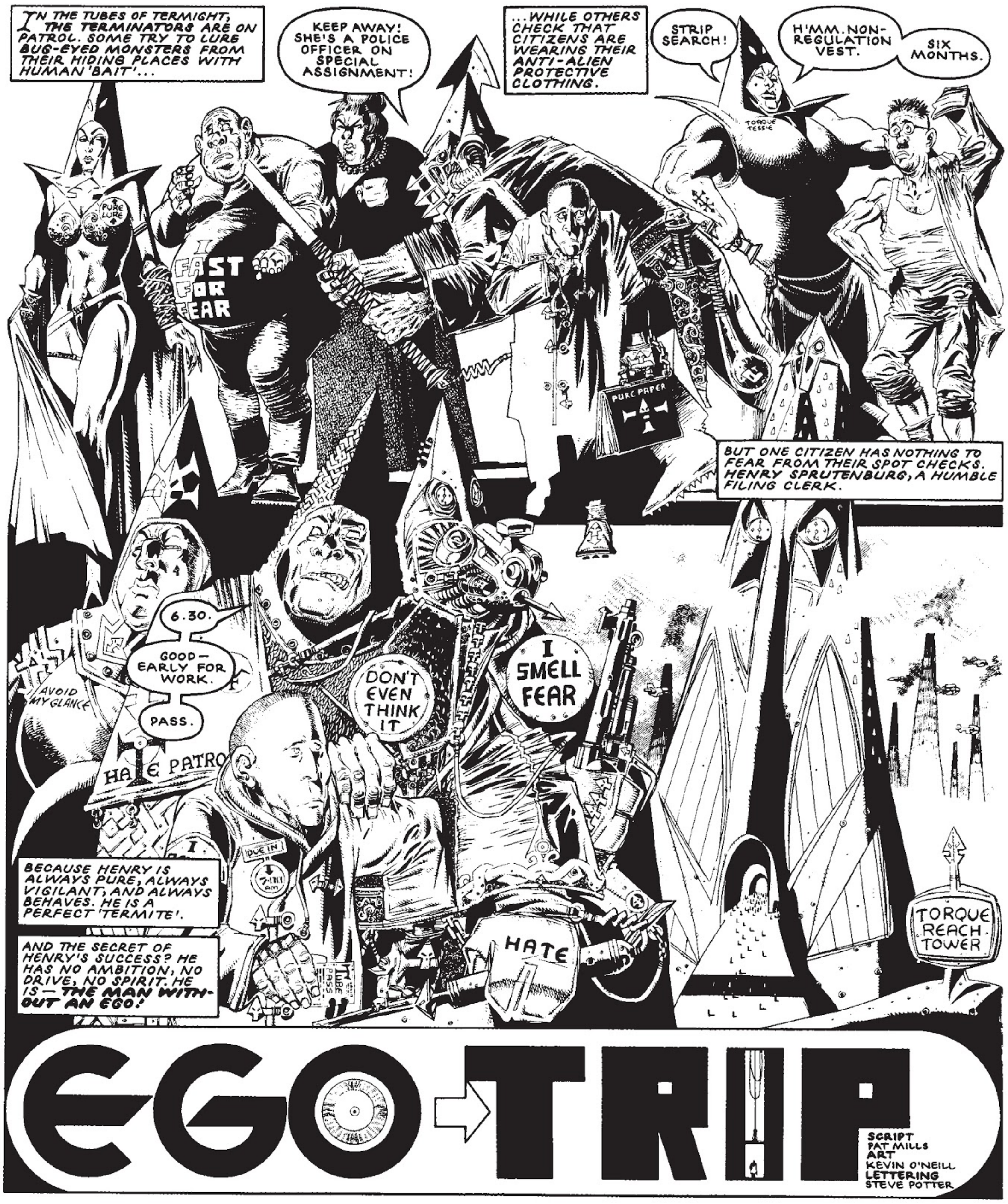
Pat Mills,
July 2007

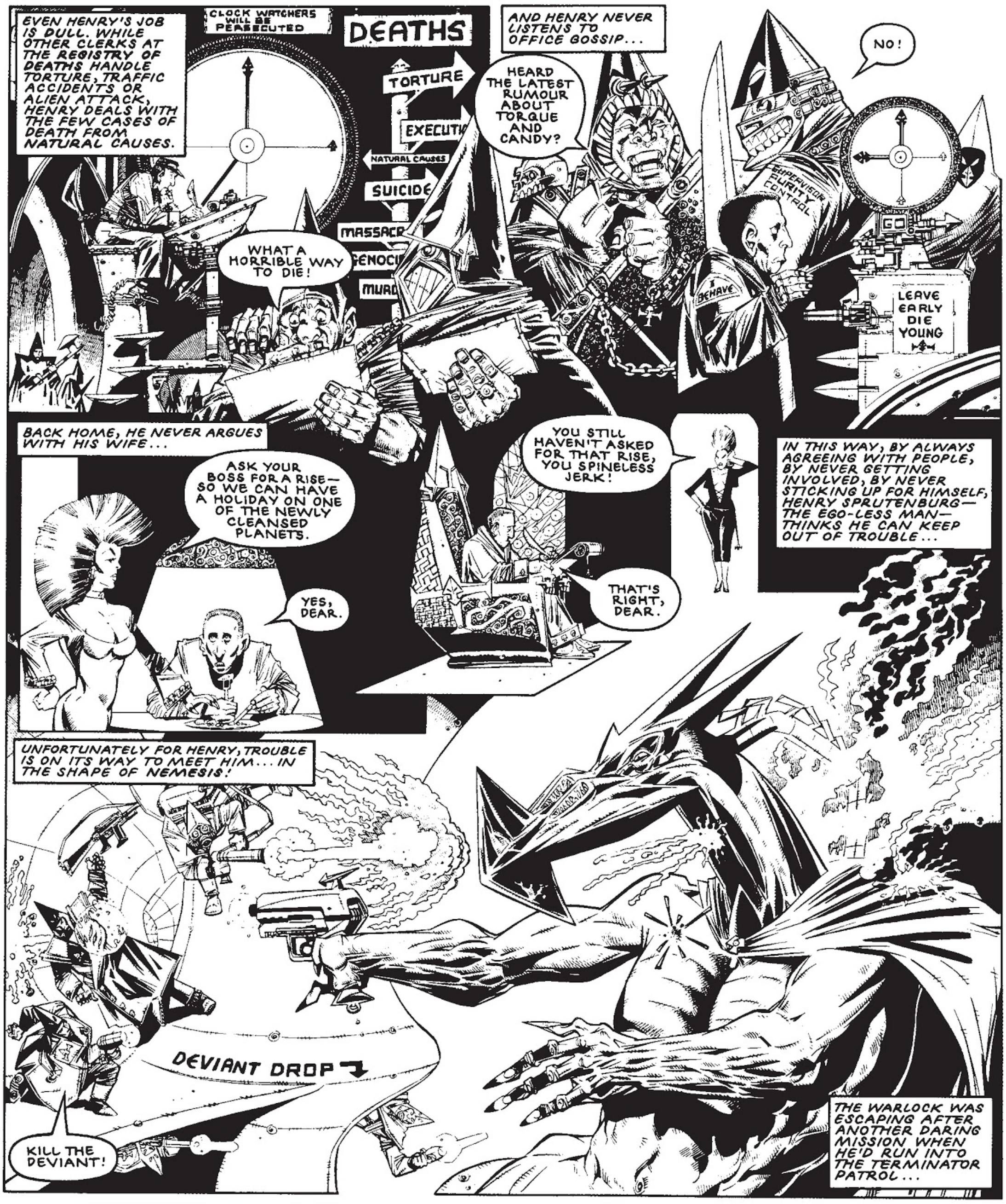
DESTROY HIM! BEFORE HE HAS FULLY MATERIAL-ISED!

EGO TRIP

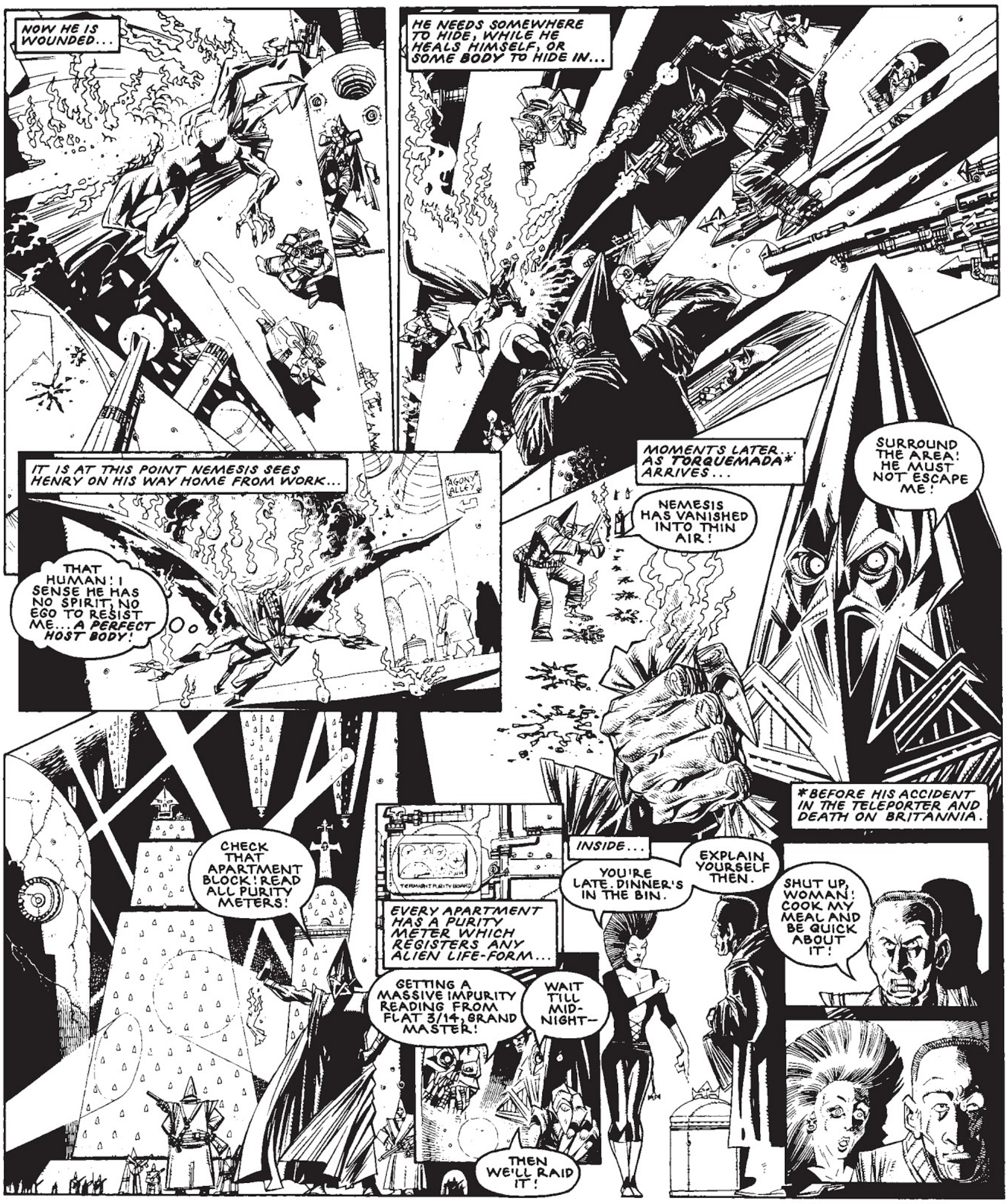
Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

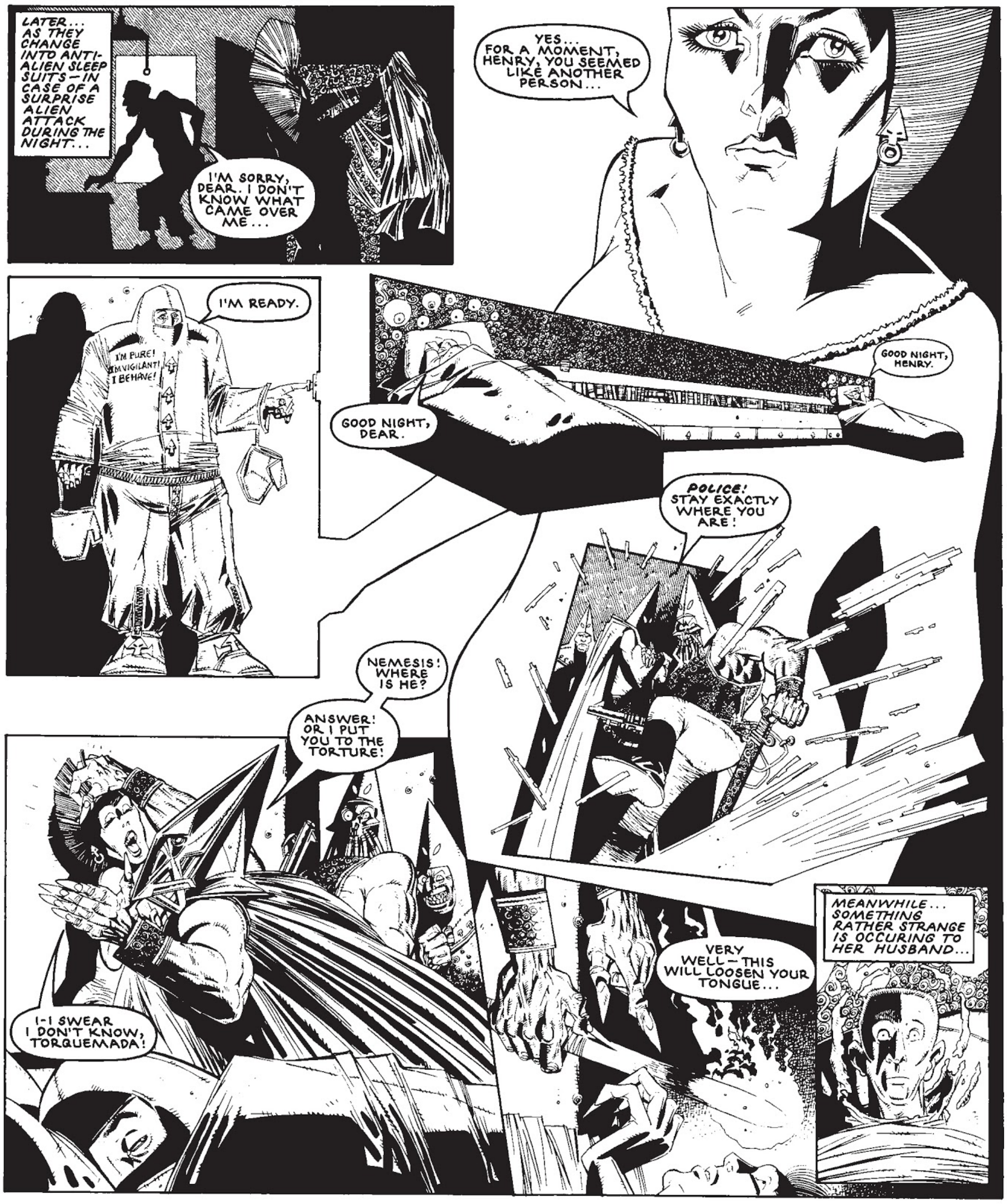
Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 430

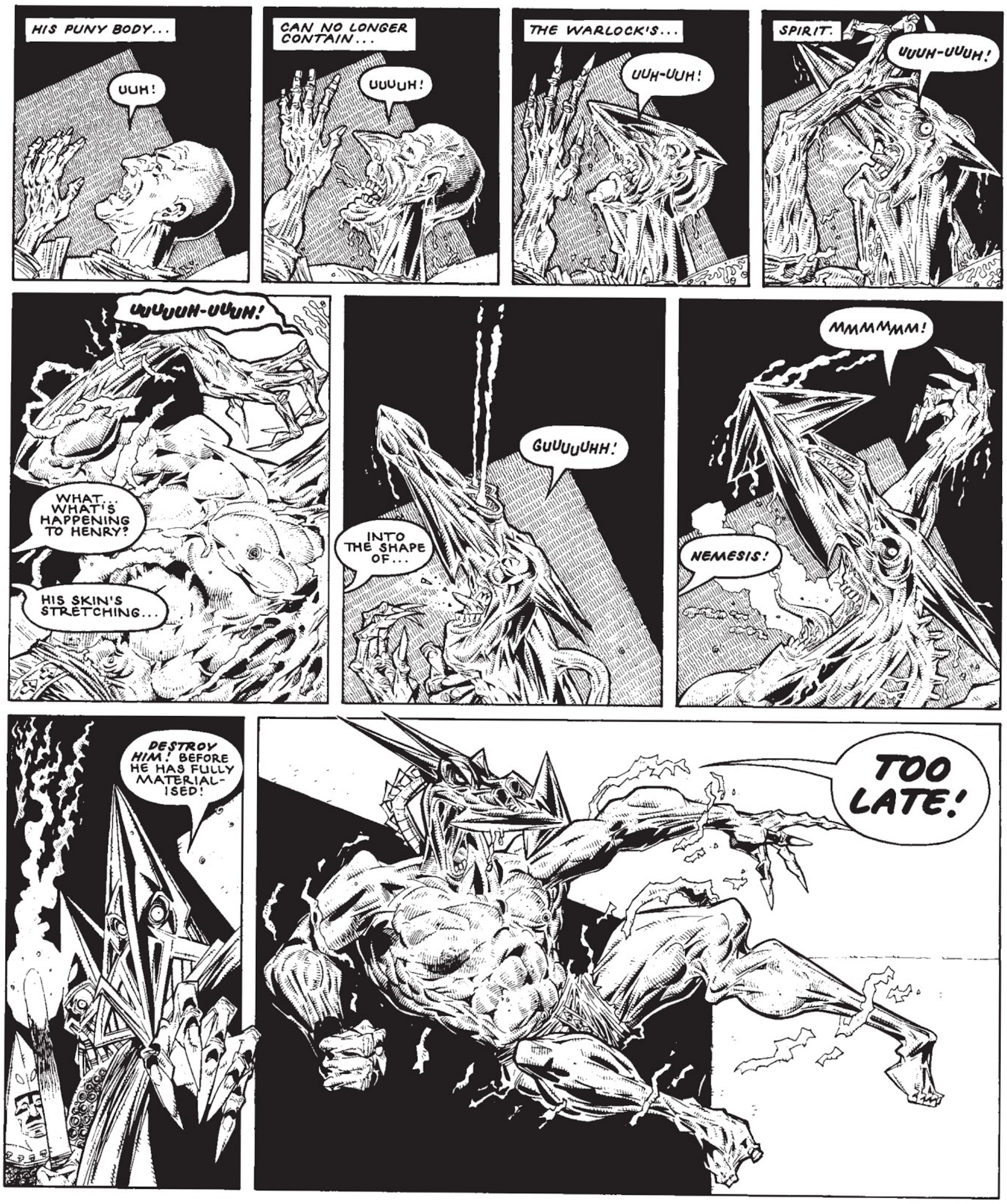

IN THE TUBES OF TERMIGHT, THE TERMINATORS ARE ON PATROL. SOME TRY TO LURE BUG-EYED MONSTERS FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES WITH HUMAN 'BAIT'...
KEEP AWAY! SHE'S A POLICE OFFICER ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!
...WHILE OTHERS CHECK THAT CITIZENS ARE WEARING THEIR ANTI-ALIEN PROTECTIVE CLOTHING.
STRIP SEARCH!
H'MM. NON-REGULATION VEST.
SIX MONTHS.
PURE LURE
FAST FOR FEAR
TORQUE TESSIE
PURE PAPER
BUT ONE CITIZEN HAS NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THEIR SPOT CHECKS. HENRY SPRUTENBURG, A HUMBLE FILING CLERK.
6.30.
GOOD — EARLY FOR WORK.
PASS.
AVOID MY GLANCE
HATE PATRO
DON'T EVEN THINK IT
I SMELL FEAR
DUE IN
7.00 AM
TUBE PASS
HATE
TORQUE REACH TOWER
BECAUSE HENRY IS ALWAYS PURE, ALWAYS VIGILANT, AND ALWAYS BEHAVES. HE IS A PERFECT 'TERMITE'.
AND THE SECRET OF HENRY'S SUCCESS? HE HAS NO AMBITION, NO DRIVE, NO SPIRIT. HE IS — THE MAN WITHOUT AN EGO!
EGO TRIP
SCRIPT
PAT MILLS
ART
KEVIN O'NEILL
LETTERING
STEVE POTTER


EVEN HENRY'S JOB IS DULL. WHILE OTHER CLERKS AT THE REGISTRY OF DEATHS HANDLE TORTURE, TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS OR ALIEN ATTACK, HENRY DEALS WITH THE FEW CASES OF DEATH FROM NATURAL CAUSES.
CLOCK WATCHERS WILL BE PERSECUTED
DEATHS
TORTURE
EXECUTI
NATURAL CAUSES
SUICIDE
MASSACR
GENOCI
MURD
WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!
AND HENRY NEVER LISTENS TO OFFICE GOSSIP...
HEARD THE LATEST RUMOUR ABOUT TORQUE AND CANDY?
NO!
SUPERVISOR PURITY CONTROL
BEHAVE
GO
LEAVE EARLY DIE YOUNG
BACK HOME, HE NEVER ARGUES WITH HIS WIFE...
ASK YOUR BOSS FOR A RISE— SO WE CAN HAVE A HOLIDAY ON ONE OF THE NEWLY CLEANSED PLANETS.
YES, DEAR.
YOU STILL HAVEN'T ASKED FOR THAT RISE, YOU SPINELESS JERK!
THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR.
IN THIS WAY, BY ALWAYS AGREEING WITH PEOPLE, BY NEVER GETTING INVOLVED, BY NEVER STICKING UP FOR HIMSELF, HENRY SPRUTENBURG— THE EGO-LESS MAN— THINKS HE CAN KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE...
UNFORTUNATELY FOR HENRY, TROUBLE IS ON ITS WAY TO MEET HIM... IN THE SHAPE OF NEMESIS!
DEVIANT DROP
KILL THE DEVIANT!
THE WARLOCK WAS ESCAPING AFTER ANOTHER DARING MISSION WHEN HE'D RUN INTO THE TERMINATOR PATROL...

PurpleAds


NOW HE IS WOUNDED...
HE NEEDS SOMEWHERE TO HIDE, WHILE HE HEALS HIMSELF, OR SOME BODY TO HIDE IN...
IT IS AT THIS POINT NEMESIS SEES HENRY ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK...
AGONY ALLEY
THAT HUMAN! I SENSE HE HAS NO SPIRIT, NO EGO TO RESIST ME... A PERFECT HOST BODY!
MOMENTS LATER... AS TORQUEMADA* ARRIVES...
NEMESIS HAS VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
SURROUND THE AREA! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE ME!
*BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT IN THE TELEPORTER AND DEATH ON BRITANNIA.
CHECK THAT APARTMENT BLOCK! READ ALL PURITY METERS!
TERMIGHT PURITY BOARD
EVERY APARTMENT HAS A PURITY METER WHICH REGISTERS ANY ALIEN LIFE-FORM...
GETTING A MASSIVE IMPURITY READING FROM FLAT 3/14, GRAND MASTER!
WAIT TILL MID-NIGHT—
THEN WE'LL RAID IT!
INSIDE...
YOU'RE LATE. DINNER'S IN THE BIN.
EXPLAIN YOURSELF THEN.
SHUT UP, WOMAN! COOK MY MEAL AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!


LATER... AS THEY CHANGE INTO ANTI-ALIEN SLEEP SUITS—IN CASE OF A SURPRISE ALIEN ATTACK DURING THE NIGHT...
I'M SORRY, DEAR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME...
YES... FOR A MOMENT, HENRY, YOU SEEMED LIKE ANOTHER PERSON...
I'M READY.
I'M PURE! I'M VIGILANT! I BEHAVE!
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR.
GOOD NIGHT, HENRY.
POLICE! STAY EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE!
NEMESIS! WHERE IS HE?
ANSWER! OR I PUT YOU TO THE TORTURE!
I-I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW, TORQUEMADA!
VERY WELL—THIS WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE...
MEANWHILE... SOMETHING RATHER STRANGE IS OCCURING TO HER HUSBAND...


HIS PUNY BODY...
UUH!
CAN NO LONGER CONTAIN...
UUUUH!
THE WARLOCK'S...
UUH-UUH!
SPIRIT.
UUUH-UUUH!
UUUUUH-UUUH!
WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HENRY?
HIS SKIN'S STRETCHING...
GUUUUUHH!
INTO THE SHAPE OF...
MMMMMM!
NEMESIS!
DESTROY HIM! BEFORE HE HAS FULLY MATERIALISED!
TOO LATE!

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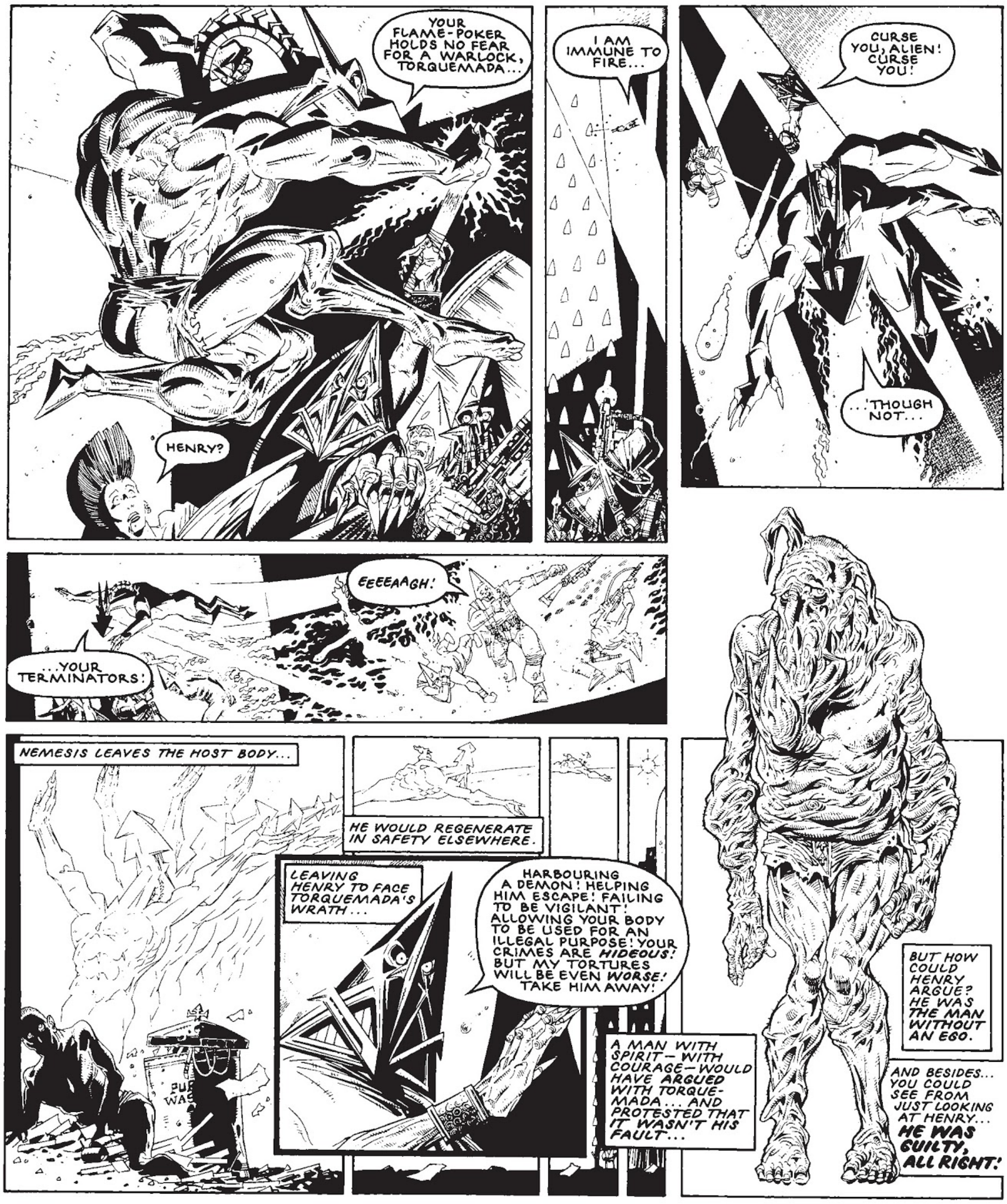
YOUR FLAME-POKER HOLDS NO FEAR FOR A WARLOCK, TORQUEMADA...
HENRY?
I AM IMMUNE TO FIRE...
CURSE YOU, ALIEN! CURSE YOU!
...THOUGH NOT...
...YOUR TERMINATORS!
EEEEAAGH!
NEMESIS LEAVES THE HOST BODY...
HE WOULD REGENERATE IN SAFETY ELSEWHERE.
LEAVING HENRY TO FACE TORQUEMADA'S WRATH...
HARBOURING A DEMON! HELPING HIM ESCAPE! FAILING TO BE VIGILANT! ALLOWING YOUR BODY TO BE USED FOR AN ILLEGAL PURPOSE! YOUR CRIMES ARE HIDEOUS! BUT MY TORTURES WILL BE EVEN WORSE! TAKE HIM AWAY!
A MAN WITH SPIRIT – WITH COURAGE – WOULD HAVE ARGUED WITH TORQUEMADA... AND PROTESTED THAT IT WASN'T HIS FAULT...
BUT HOW COULD HENRY ARGUE? HE WAS THE MAN WITHOUT AN EGO.
AND BESIDES... YOU COULD SEE FROM JUST LOOKING AT HENRY... HE WAS GUILTY, ALL RIGHT!

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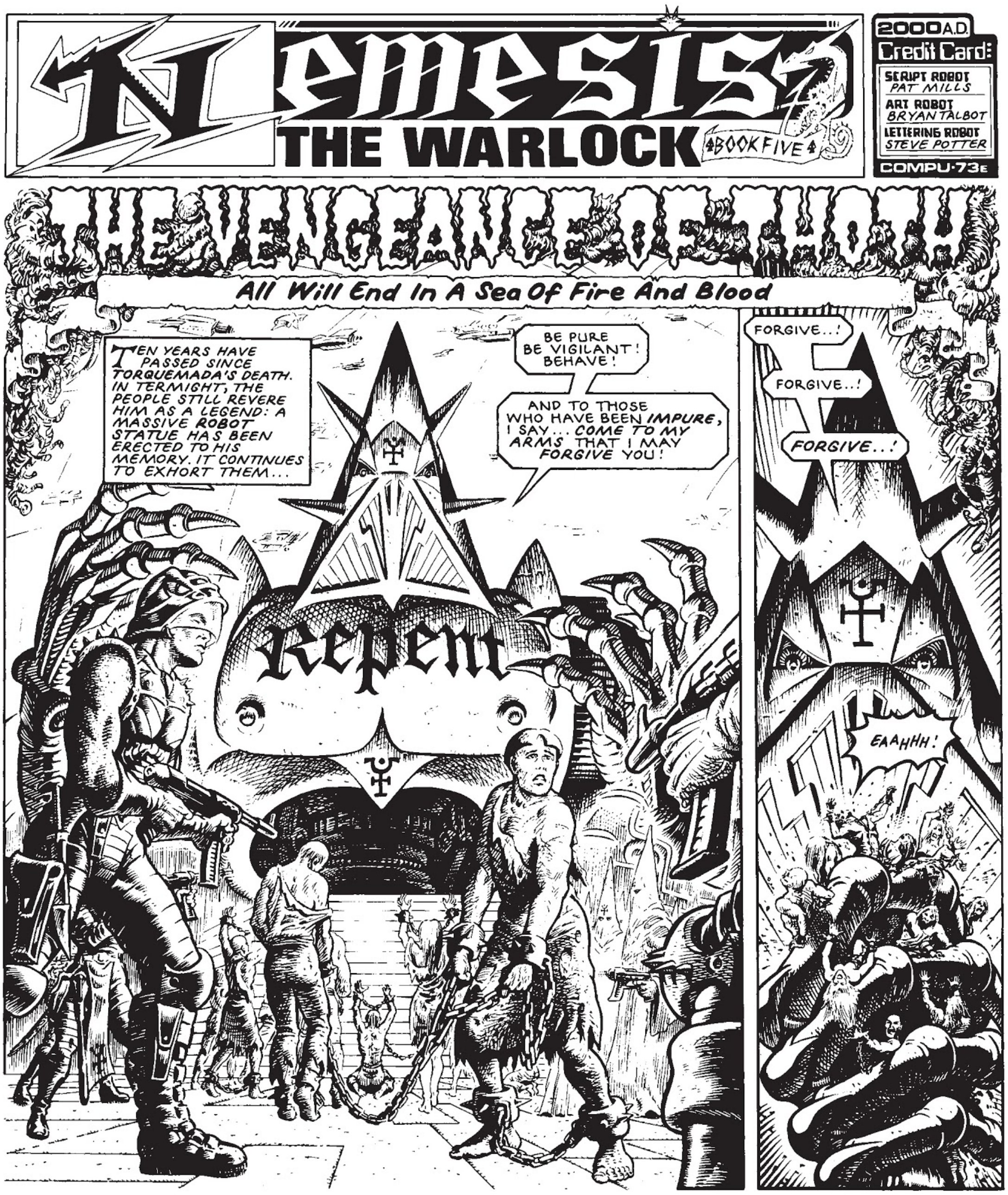
Nemesis THE WARLOCK

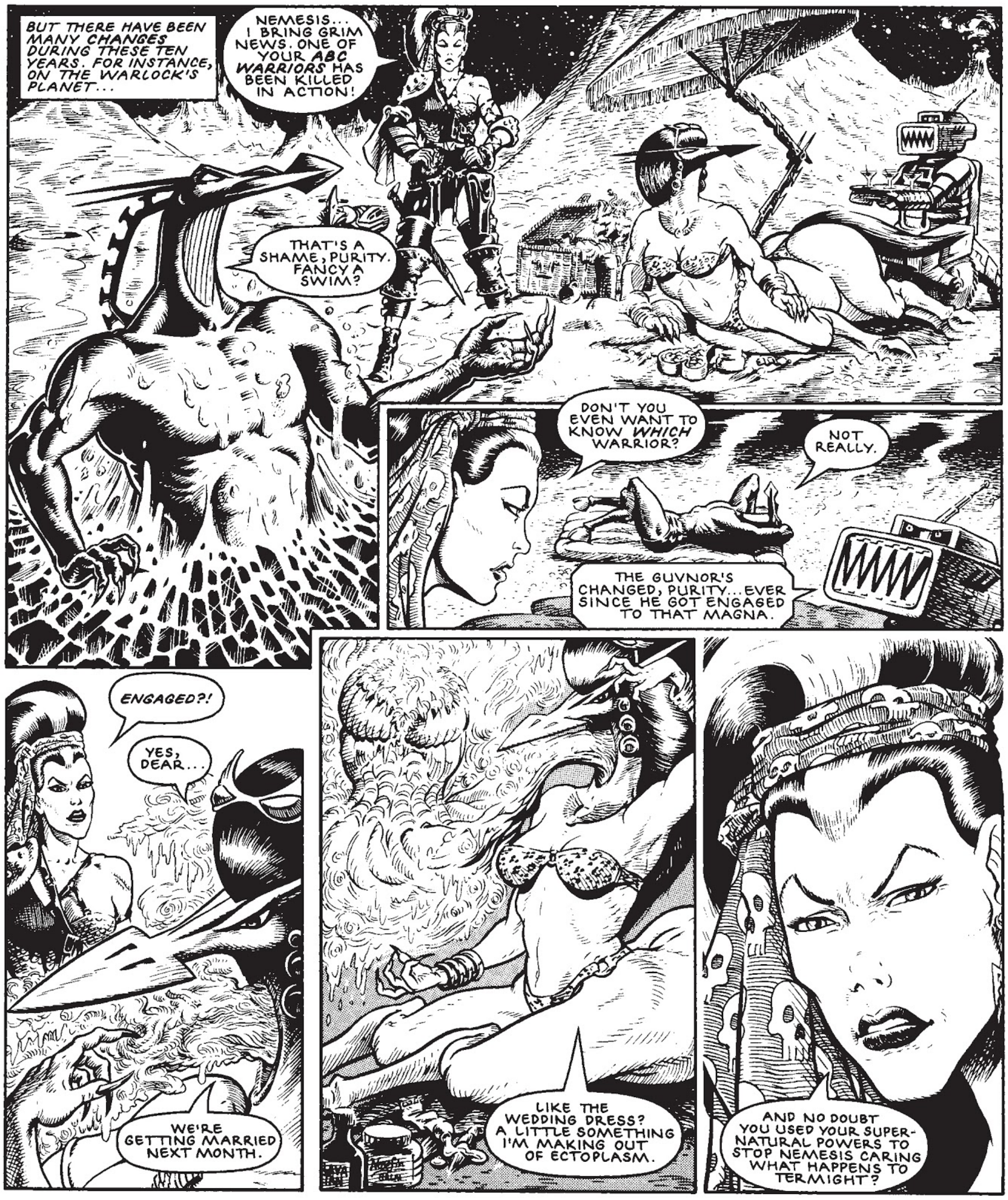
BOOK V

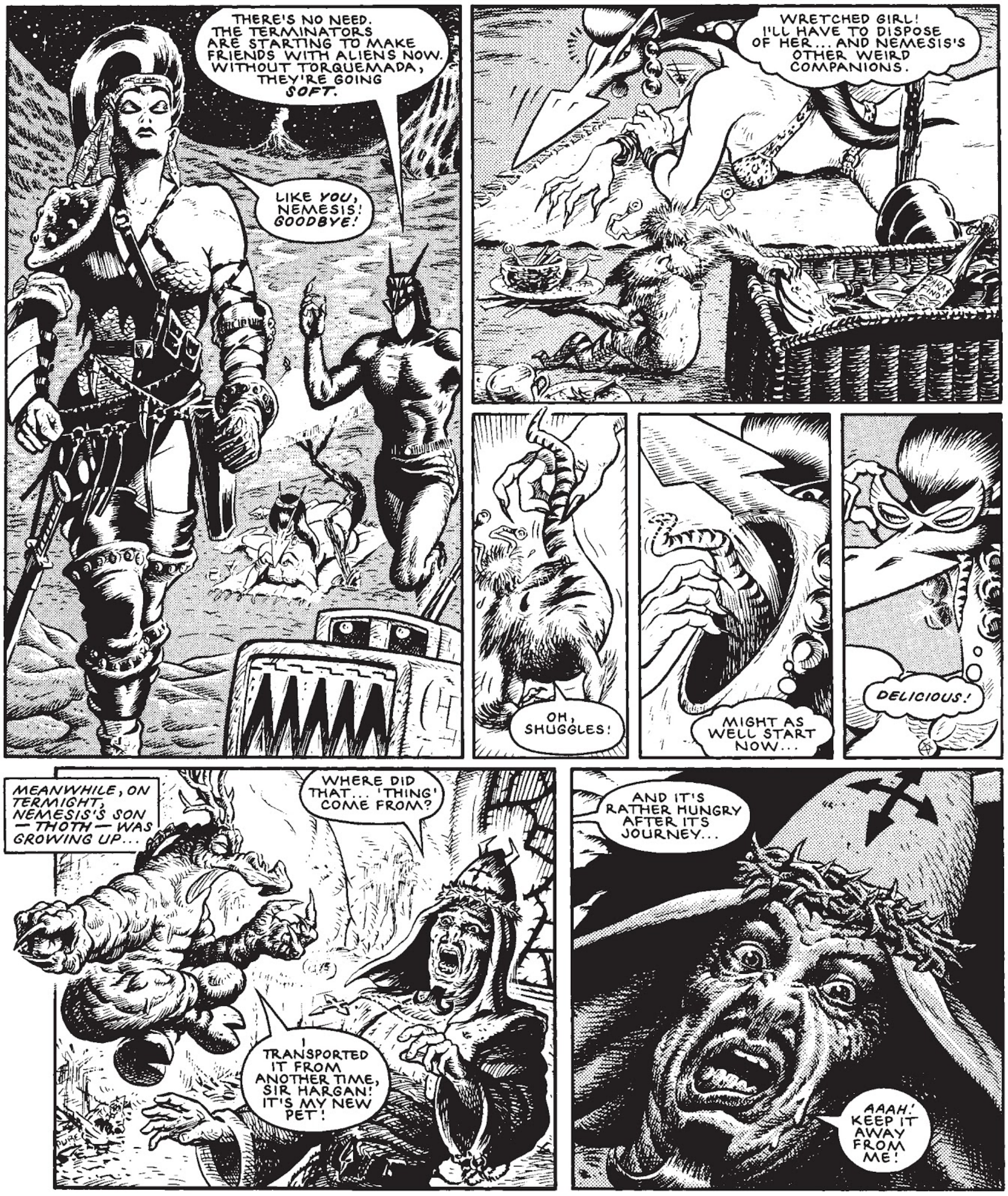
VENGEANCE OF THOTH

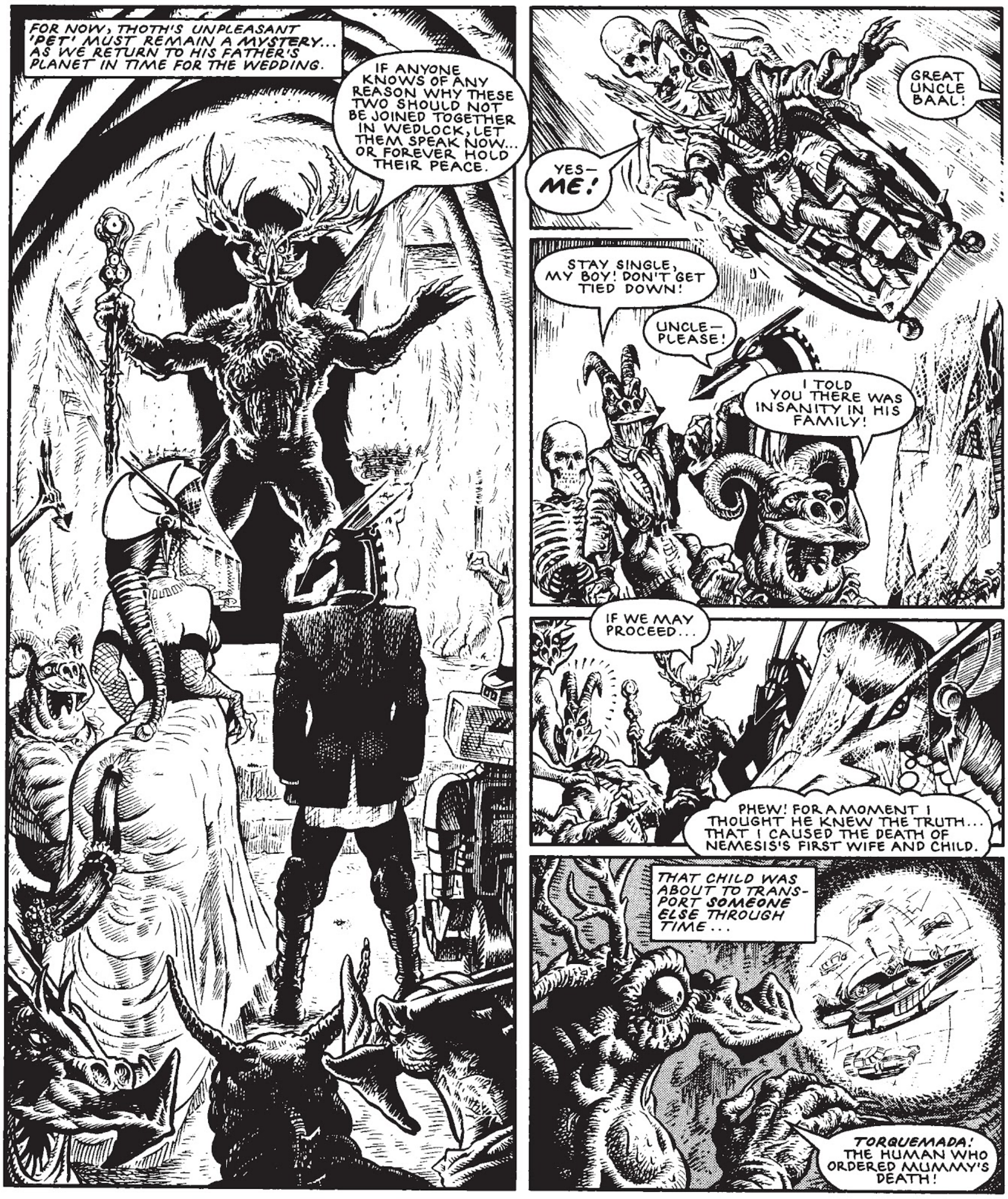
Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Bryan Talbot
Illumination: Steve Potter

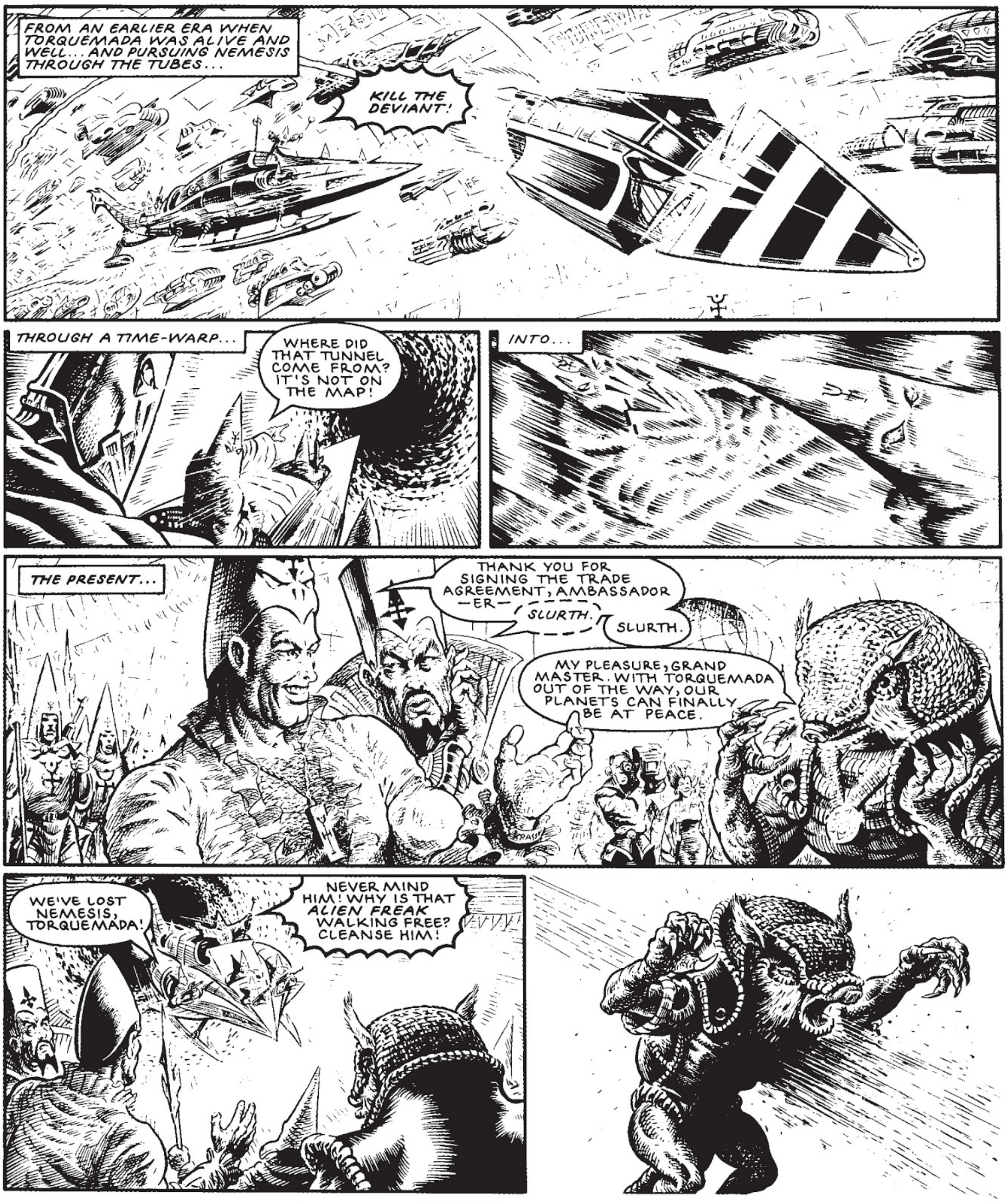
Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 435-445

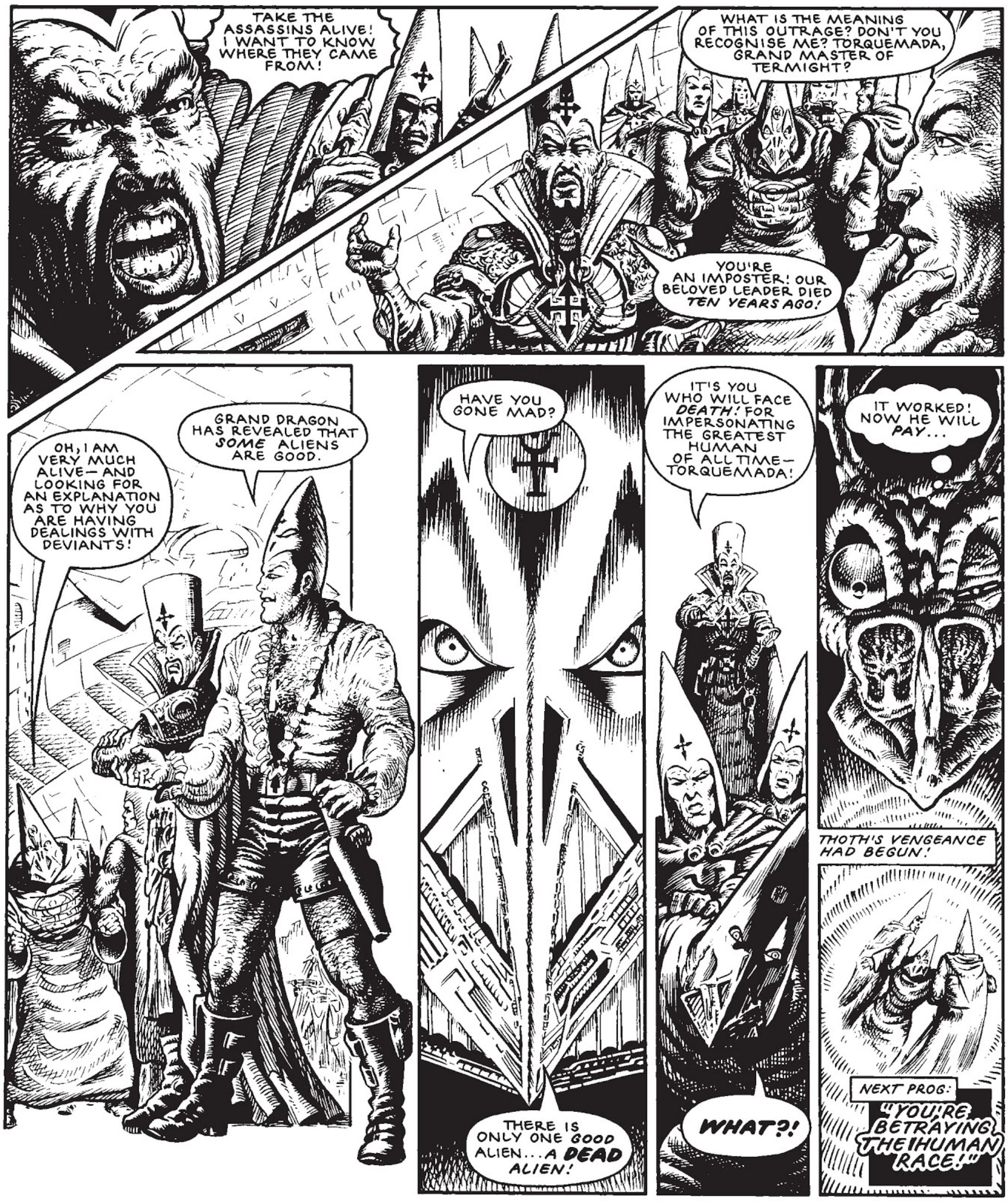

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK
BOOK FIVE
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
THE VENGEANCE OF THOTH
All Will End In A Sea Of Fire And Blood
TEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE TORQUEMADA'S DEATH. IN TERMIGHT, THE PEOPLE STILL REVERE HIM AS A LEGEND: A MASSIVE ROBOT STATUE HAS BEEN ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY. IT CONTINUES TO EXHORT THEM...
BE PURE BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
AND TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN IMPURE, I SAY... COME TO MY ARMS THAT I MAY FORGIVE YOU!
Repent
FORGIVE..!
FORGIVE..!
FORGIVE..!
EAAHHH!


BUT THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CHANGES DURING THESE TEN YEARS. FOR INSTANCE, ON THE WARLOCK'S PLANET...
NEMESIS... I BRING GRIM NEWS. ONE OF YOUR ABC WARRIORS HAS BEEN KILLED IN ACTION!
THAT'S A SHAME, PURITY. FANCY A SWIM?
DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHICH WARRIOR?
NOT REALLY.
THE GUVNOR'S CHANGED, PURITY... EVER SINCE HE GOT ENGAGED TO THAT MAGNA.
ENGAGED?!
YES, DEAR...
WE'RE GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH.
LIKE THE WEDDING DRESS? A LITTLE SOMETHING I'M MAKING OUT OF ECTOPLASM.
AND NO DOUBT YOU USED YOUR SUPER-NATURAL POWERS TO STOP NEMESIS CARING WHAT HAPPENS TO TERMIGHT?


THERE'S NO NEED. THE TERMINATORS ARE STARTING TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH ALIENS NOW. WITHOUT TORQUEMADA, THEY'RE GOING *SOFT*.
LIKE *YOU*, NEMESIS! *GOODBYE!*
WRETCHED GIRL! I'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF HER... AND NEMESIS'S OTHER WEIRD COMPANIONS.
OH, SHUGGLES!
MIGHT AS WELL START NOW...
DELICIOUS!
MEANWHILE, ON TERMIGHT, NEMESIS'S SON —THOTH— WAS GROWING UP...
WHERE DID THAT... 'THING' COME FROM?
I TRANSPORTED IT FROM ANOTHER TIME, SIR HARGAN! IT'S MY NEW PET!
AND IT'S RATHER HUNGRY AFTER ITS JOURNEY...
AAAH! KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME!


FOR NOW, THOTH'S UNPLEASANT 'PET' MUST REMAIN A MYSTERY... AS WE RETURN TO HIS FATHER'S PLANET IN TIME FOR THE WEDDING.
IF ANYONE KNOWS OF ANY REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE JOINED TOGETHER IN WEDLOCK, LET THEM SPEAK NOW... OR FOREVER HOLD THEIR PEACE.
GREAT UNCLE BAAL!
YES— ME!
STAY SINGLE, MY BOY! DON'T GET TIED DOWN!
UNCLE— PLEASE!
I TOLD YOU THERE WAS INSANITY IN HIS FAMILY!
IF WE MAY PROCEED...
PHEW! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT HE KNEW THE TRUTH... THAT I CAUSED THE DEATH OF NEMESIS'S FIRST WIFE AND CHILD.
THAT CHILD WAS ABOUT TO TRANSPORT SOMEONE ELSE THROUGH TIME...
TORQUEMADA! THE HUMAN WHO ORDERED MUMMY'S DEATH!


FROM AN EARLIER ERA WHEN TORQUEMADA WAS ALIVE AND WELL... AND PURSUING NEMESIS THROUGH THE TUBES...
KILL THE DEVIANT!
THROUGH A TIME-WARP...
WHERE DID THAT TUNNEL COME FROM? IT'S NOT ON THE MAP!
INTO...
THE PRESENT...
THANK YOU FOR SIGNING THE TRADE AGREEMENT, AMBASSADOR —ER—
SLURTH.
SLURTH.
MY PLEASURE, GRAND MASTER. WITH TORQUEMADA OUT OF THE WAY, OUR PLANETS CAN FINALLY BE AT PEACE.
WE'VE LOST NEMESIS, TORQUEMADA!
NEVER MIND HIM! WHY IS THAT ALIEN FREAK WALKING FREE? CLEANSE HIM!


TAKE THE ASSASSINS ALIVE! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME? TORQUEMADA, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT?
YOU'RE AN IMPOSTER! OUR BELOVED LEADER DIED *TEN YEARS AGO!*
OH, I AM VERY MUCH ALIVE— AND LOOKING FOR AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHY YOU ARE HAVING DEALINGS WITH DEVIANTS!
GRAND DRAGON HAS REVEALED THAT *SOME* ALIENS ARE GOOD.
HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
THERE IS ONLY ONE *GOOD* ALIEN... A ***DEAD ALIEN!***
IT'S YOU WHO WILL FACE *DEATH!* FOR IMPERSONATING THE GREATEST HUMAN OF ALL TIME— TORQUEMADA!
WHAT?!
IT WORKED! NOW HE WILL *PAY...*
THOTH'S VENGEANCE HAD BEGUN!
NEXT PROG:
"YOU'RE BETRAYING THE HUMAN RACE!"

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
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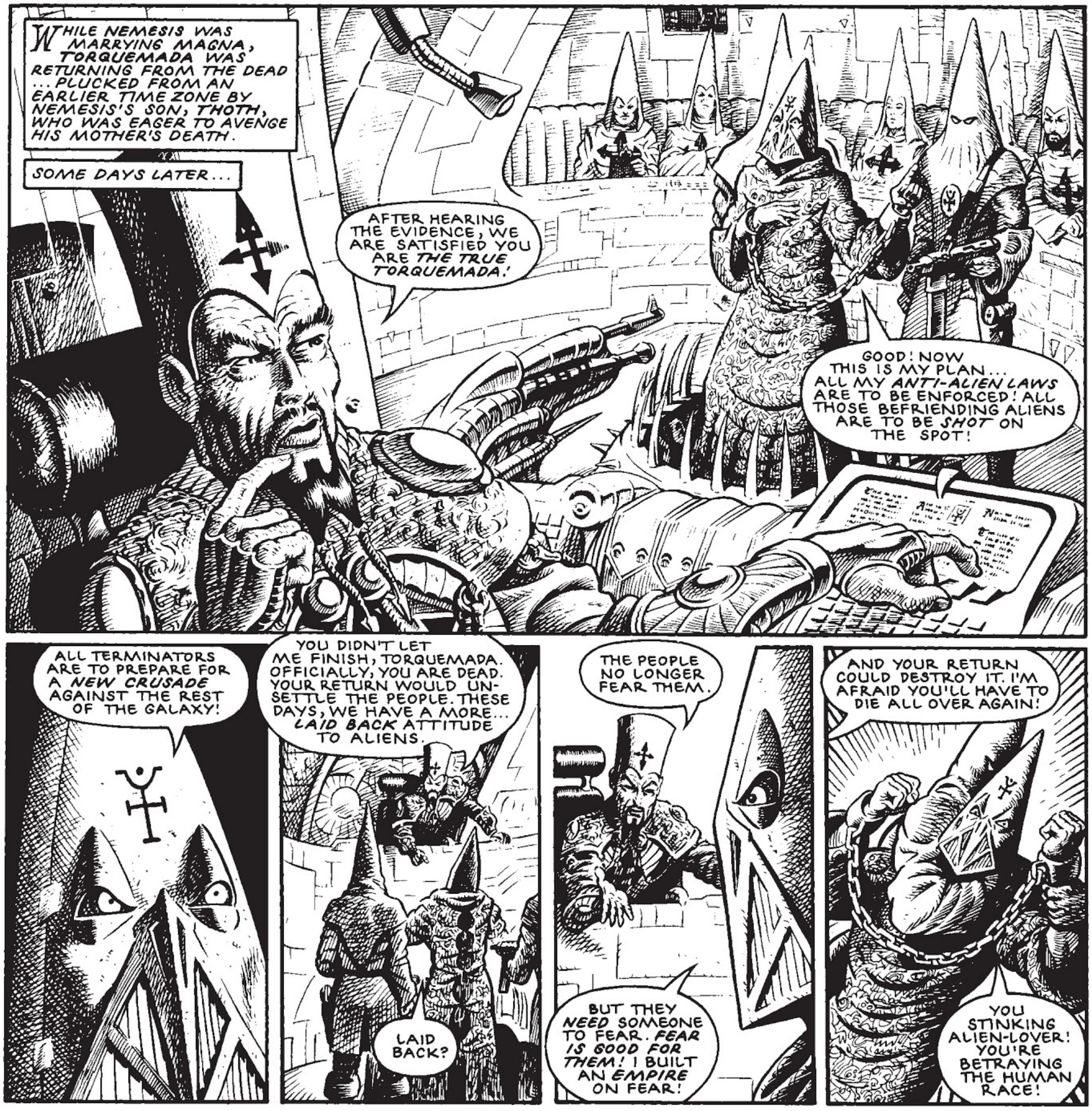
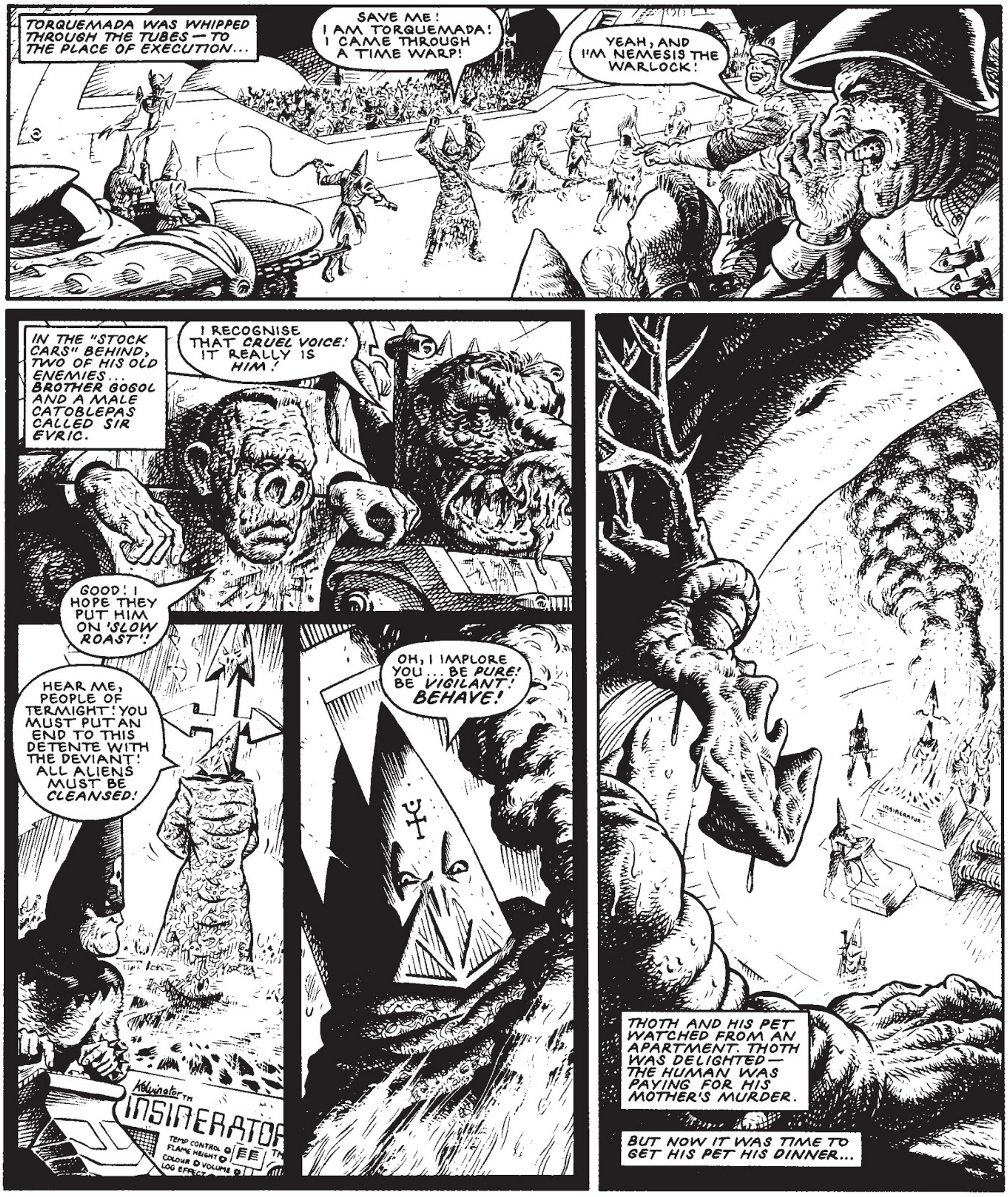
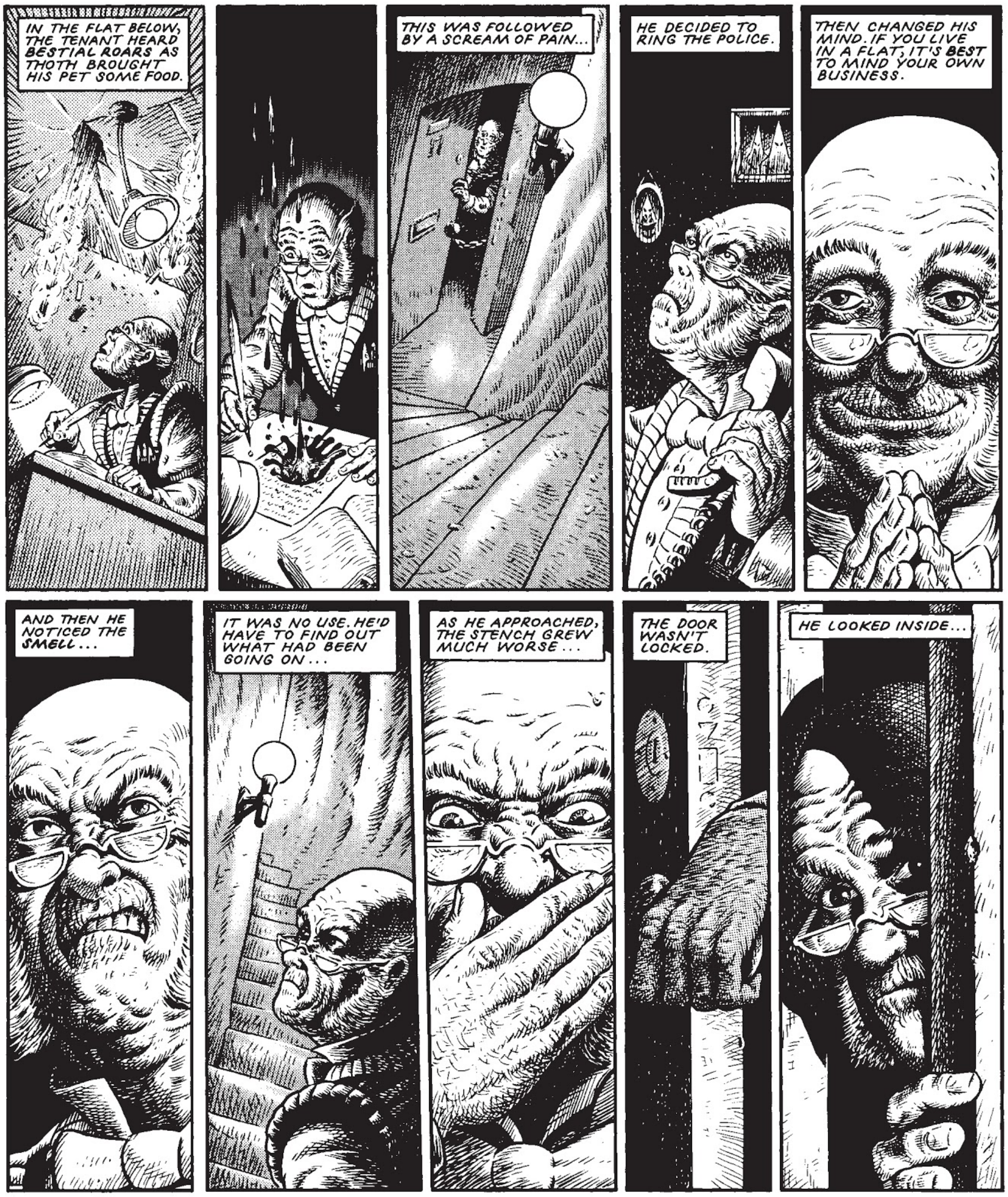
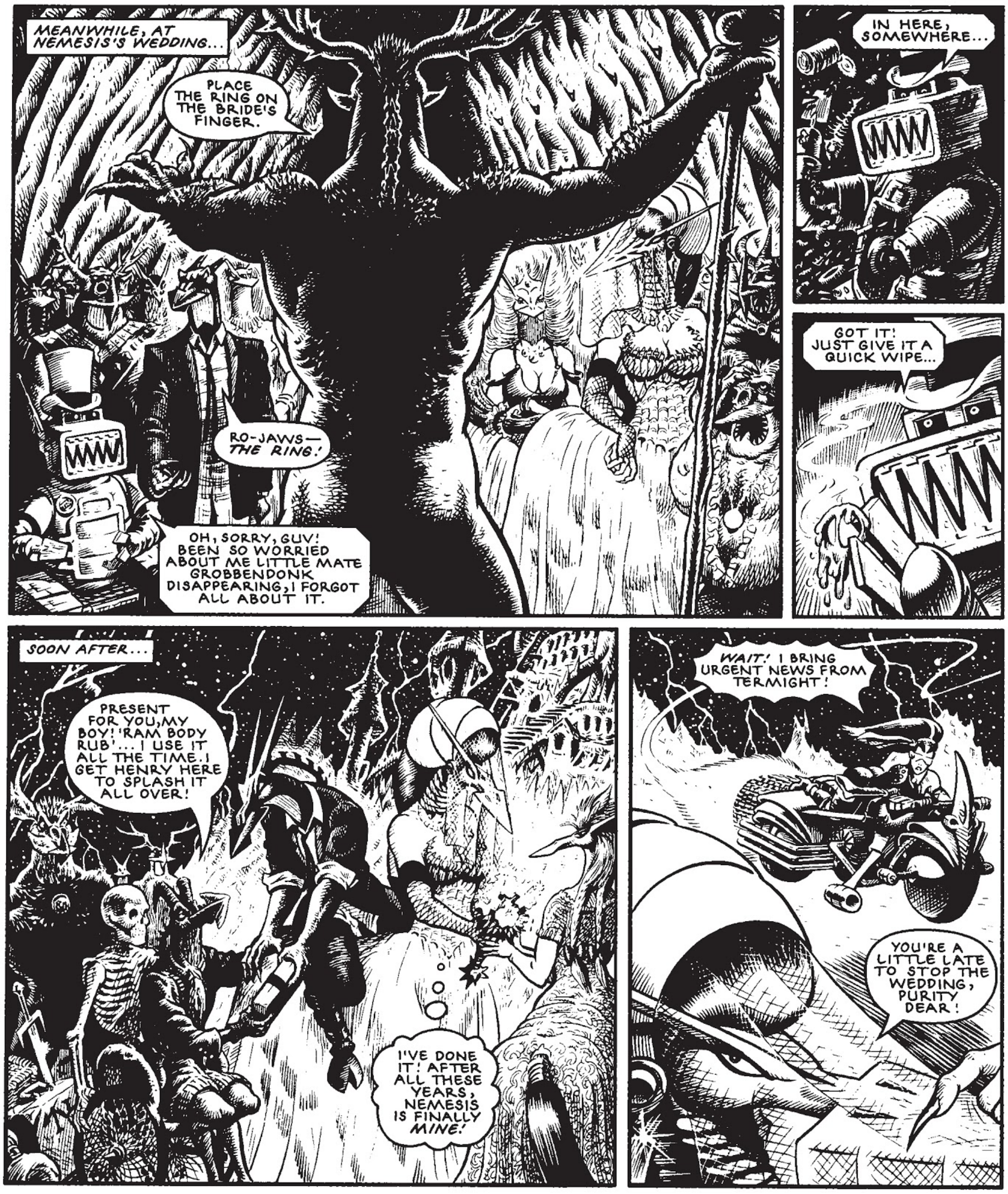
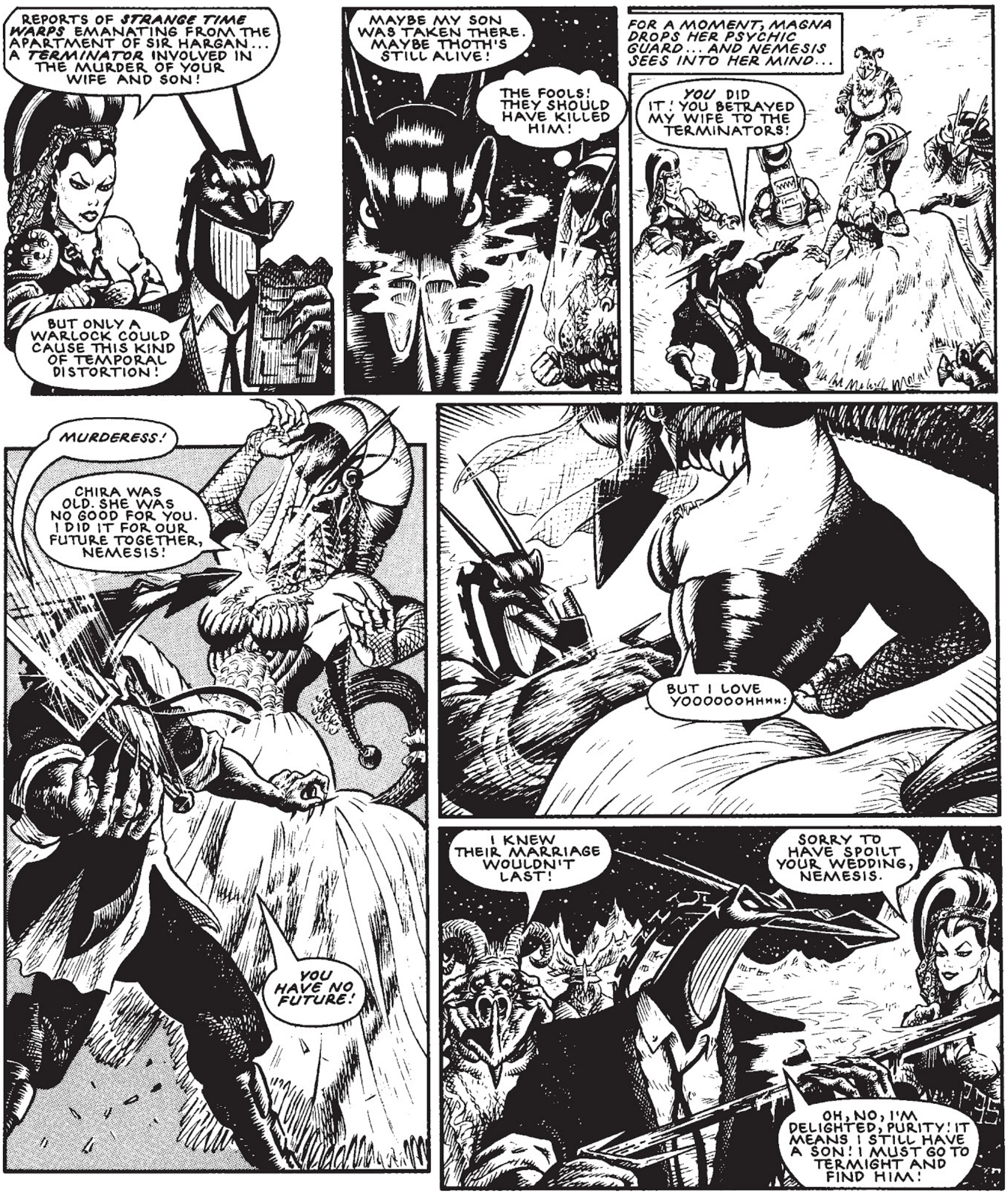
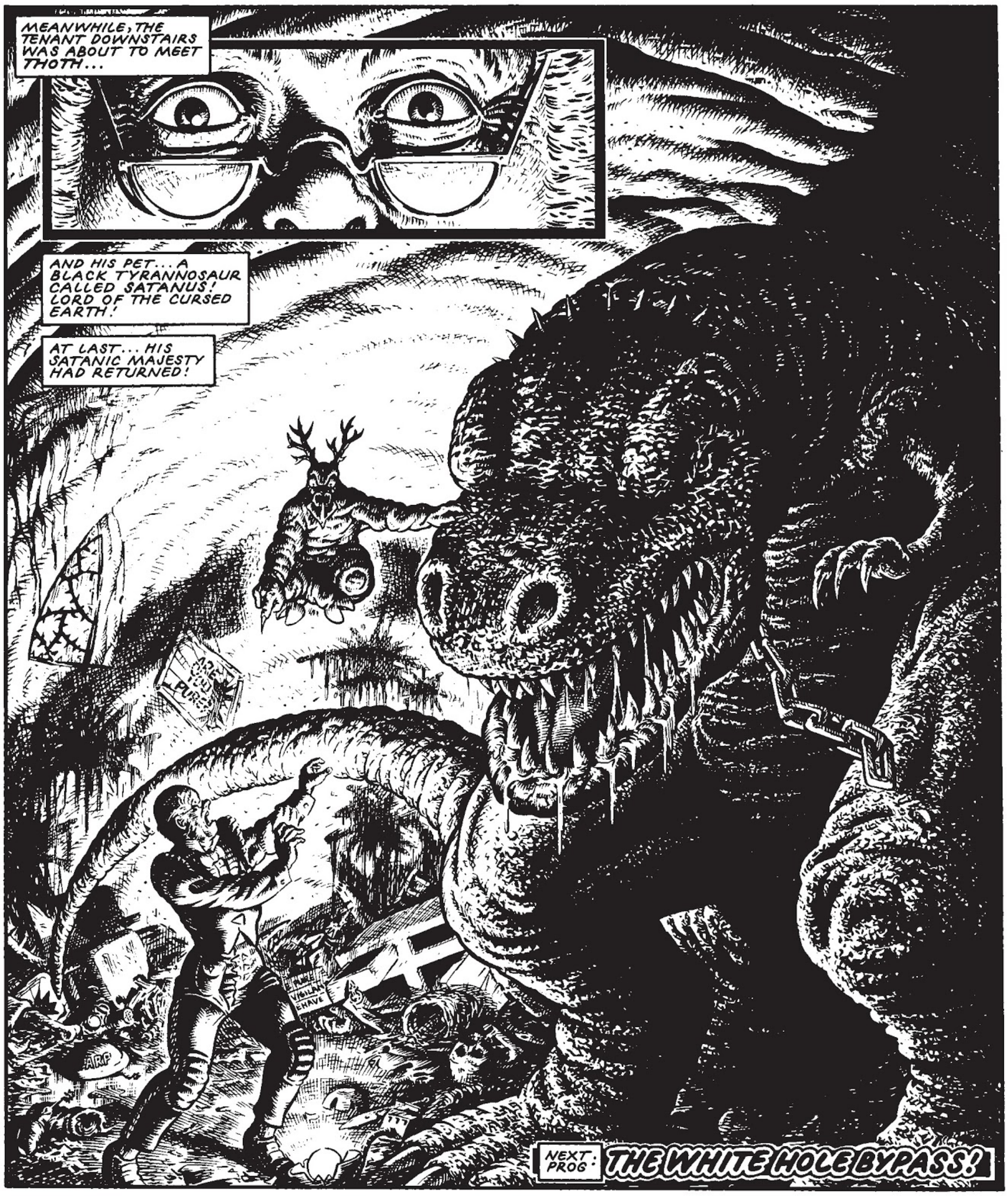

WHILE NEMESIS WAS MARRYING MAGNA, TORQUEMADA WAS RETURNING FROM THE DEAD ... PLUCKED FROM AN EARLIER TIME ZONE BY NEMESIS'S SON, THOTH, WHO WAS EAGER TO AVENGE HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.
SOME DAYS LATER ...
AFTER HEARING THE EVIDENCE, WE ARE SATISFIED YOU ARE THE TRUE TORQUEMADA!
GOOD! NOW THIS IS MY PLAN... ALL MY ANTI-ALIEN LAWS ARE TO BE ENFORCED! ALL THOSE BEFRIENDING ALIENS ARE TO BE SHOT ON THE SPOT!
ALL TERMINATORS ARE TO PREPARE FOR A NEW CRUSADE AGAINST THE REST OF THE GALAXY!
YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH, TORQUEMADA. OFFICIALLY, YOU ARE DEAD. YOUR RETURN WOULD UNSETTLE THE PEOPLE. THESE DAYS, WE HAVE A MORE... LAID BACK ATTITUDE TO ALIENS.
LAID BACK?
THE PEOPLE NO LONGER FEAR THEM.
BUT THEY NEED SOMEONE TO FEAR. FEAR IS GOOD FOR THEM! I BUILT AN EMPIRE ON FEAR!
AND YOUR RETURN COULD DESTROY IT. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE ALL OVER AGAIN!
YOU STINKING ALIEN-LOVER! YOU'RE BETRAYING THE HUMAN RACE!


TORQUEMADA WAS WHIPPED THROUGH THE TUBES — TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION...
SAVE ME! I AM TORQUEMADA! I CAME THROUGH A TIME WARP!
YEAH, AND I'M NEMESIS THE WARLOCK!
IN THE "STOCK CARS" BEHIND, TWO OF HIS OLD ENEMIES... BROTHER GOGOL AND A MALE CATOBLEPAS CALLED SIR EVRIC.
I RECOGNISE THAT CRUEL VOICE! IT REALLY IS HIM!
GOOD! I HOPE THEY PUT HIM ON 'SLOW ROAST'!
HEAR ME, PEOPLE OF TERMIGHT! YOU MUST PUT AN END TO THIS DETENTE WITH THE DEVIANT! ALL ALIENS MUST BE CLEANSED!
Kelvinator TM
INSINERATOR
TEMP CONTROL
FLAME HEIGHT
COLOUR
VOLUME
LOG EFFECT
OH, I IMPLORE YOU... BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
INSINERATOR
THOTH AND HIS PET WATCHED FROM AN APARTMENT. THOTH WAS DELIGHTED — THE HUMAN WAS PAYING FOR HIS MOTHER'S MURDER.
BUT NOW IT WAS TIME TO GET HIS PET HIS DINNER...


IN THE FLAT BELOW, THE TENANT HEARD BESTIAL ROARS AS THOTH BROUGHT HIS PET SOME FOOD.
THIS WAS FOLLOWED BY A SCREAM OF PAIN...
HE DECIDED TO RING THE POLICE.
THEN CHANGED HIS MIND. IF YOU LIVE IN A FLAT, IT'S BEST TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
AND THEN HE NOTICED THE SMELL...
IT WAS NO USE. HE'D HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD BEEN GOING ON...
AS HE APPROACHED, THE STENCH GREW MUCH WORSE...
THE DOOR WASN'T LOCKED.
HE LOOKED INSIDE...


MEANWHILE, AT NEMESIS'S WEDDING...
PLACE THE RING ON THE BRIDE'S FINGER.
RO-JAWS— *THE RING!*
OH, SORRY, GUV! BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT ME LITTLE MATE GROBBENDONK DISAPPEARING, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT.
IN HERE, SOMEWHERE...
GOT IT! JUST GIVE IT A QUICK WIPE...
SOON AFTER...
PRESENT FOR YOU, MY BOY! 'RAM BODY RUB'... I USE IT ALL THE TIME. I GET HENRY HERE TO SPLASH IT ALL OVER!
I'VE DONE IT! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, NEMESIS IS FINALLY *MINE!*
WAIT! I BRING URGENT NEWS FROM TERMIGHT!
YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE TO STOP THE WEDDING, PURITY DEAR!


REPORTS OF *STRANGE TIME WARPS* EMANATING FROM THE APARTMENT OF SIR HARGAN... A *TERMINATOR* INVOLVED IN THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE AND SON!
BUT ONLY A WARLOCK COULD CAUSE THIS KIND OF TEMPORAL DISTORTION!
MAYBE MY SON WAS TAKEN THERE. MAYBE THOTH'S STILL ALIVE!
THE FOOLS! THEY SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM!
FOR A MOMENT, MAGNA DROPS HER PSYCHIC GUARD... AND NEMESIS SEES INTO HER MIND...
YOU DID IT! YOU BETRAYED MY WIFE TO THE TERMINATORS!
MURDERESS!
CHIRA WAS OLD. SHE WAS NO GOOD FOR YOU. I DID IT FOR OUR FUTURE TOGETHER, NEMESIS!
YOU HAVE NO FUTURE!
BUT I LOVE YOOOOOOHHHH!
I KNEW THEIR MARRIAGE WOULDN'T LAST!
SORRY TO HAVE SPOILT YOUR WEDDING, NEMESIS.
OH, NO, I'M DELIGHTED, PURITY! IT MEANS I STILL HAVE A SON! I MUST GO TO TERMIGHT AND FIND HIM!


MEANWHILE, THE TENANT DOWNSTAIRS WAS ABOUT TO MEET THOTH...
AND HIS PET... A BLACK TYRANNOSAUR CALLED SATANUS! LORD OF THE CURSED EARTH!
AT LAST... HIS SATANIC MAJESTY HAD RETURNED!
ARE YOU PURE?
VIGILAN
ARP
NEXT PROG: THE WHITE HOLE BYPASS!

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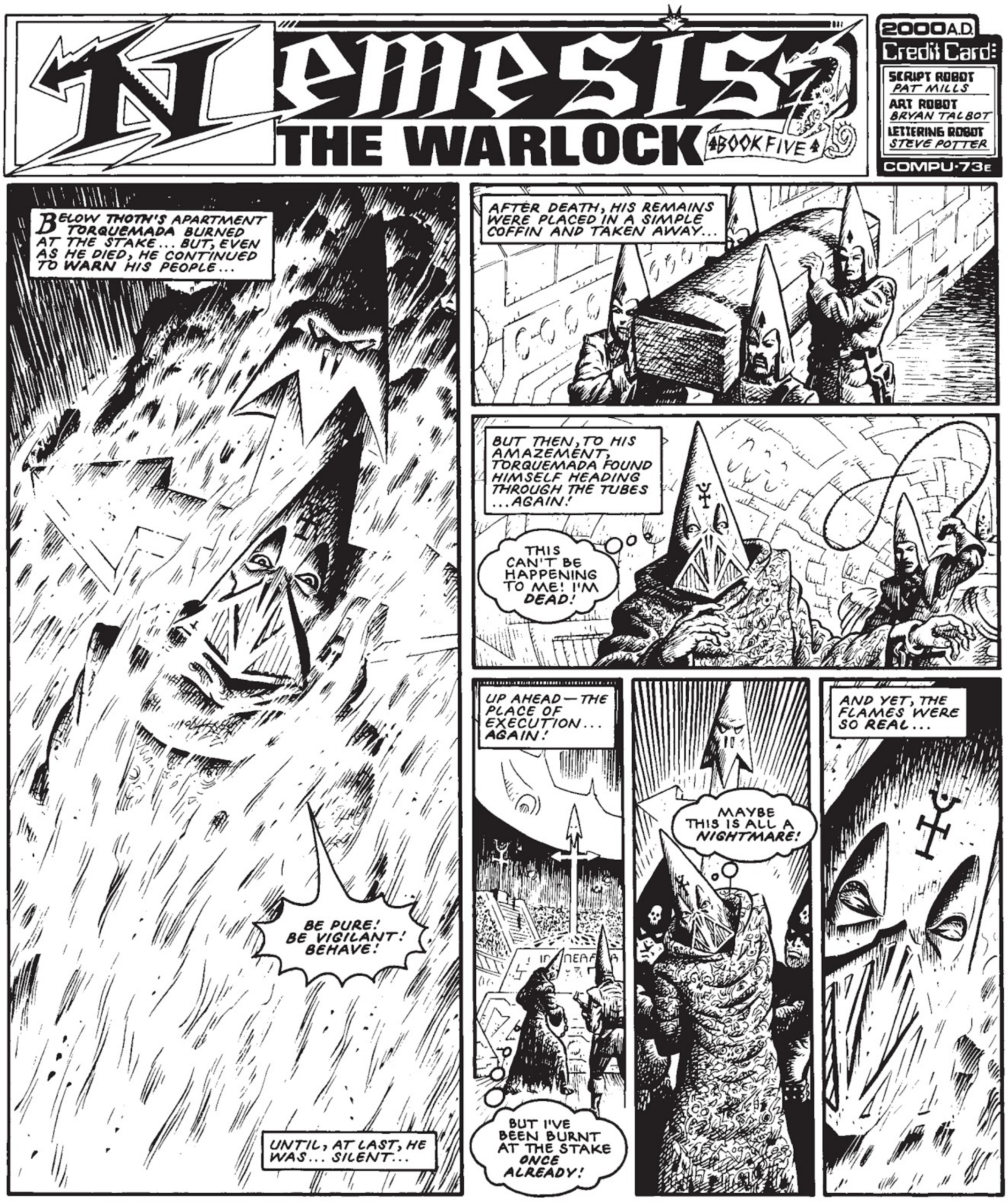
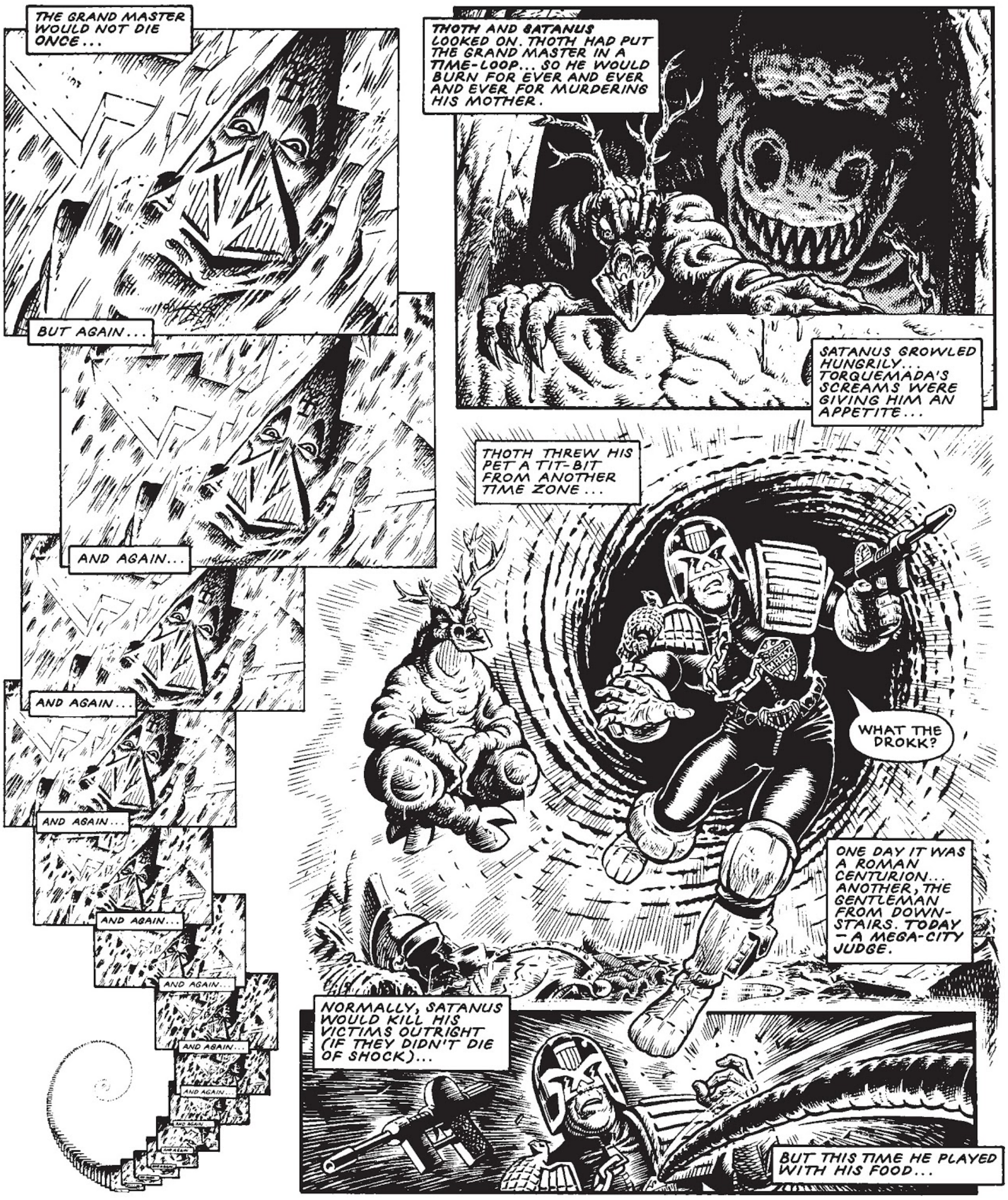

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK
BOOK FIVE
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E
BELOW THOTH'S APARTMENT TORQUEMADA BURNED AT THE STAKE... BUT, EVEN AS HE DIED, HE CONTINUED TO WARN HIS PEOPLE...
BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
UNTIL, AT LAST, HE WAS... SILENT...
AFTER DEATH, HIS REMAINS WERE PLACED IN A SIMPLE COFFIN AND TAKEN AWAY...
BUT THEN, TO HIS AMAZEMENT, TORQUEMADA FOUND HIMSELF HEADING THROUGH THE TUBES ...AGAIN!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME! I'M DEAD!
UP AHEAD — THE PLACE OF EXECUTION... AGAIN!
BUT I'VE BEEN BURNT AT THE STAKE ONCE ALREADY!
MAYBE THIS IS ALL A NIGHTMARE!
AND YET, THE FLAMES WERE SO REAL...


THE GRAND MASTER WOULD NOT DIE ONCE...
BUT AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
THOTH AND SATANUS LOOKED ON. THOTH HAD PUT THE GRAND MASTER IN A TIME-LOOP... SO HE WOULD BURN FOR EVER AND EVER AND EVER FOR MURDERING HIS MOTHER.
SATANUS GROWLED HUNGRILY... TORQUEMADA'S SCREAMS WERE GIVING HIM AN APPETITE...
THOTH THREW HIS PET A TIT-BIT FROM ANOTHER TIME ZONE...
WHAT THE DROKK?
ONE DAY IT WAS A ROMAN CENTURION... ANOTHER, THE GENTLEMAN FROM DOWNSTAIRS. TODAY — A MEGA-CITY JUDGE.
NORMALLY, SATANUS WOULD KILL HIS VICTIMS OUTRIGHT (IF THEY DIDN'T DIE OF SHOCK)...
BUT THIS TIME HE PLAYED WITH HIS FOOD...

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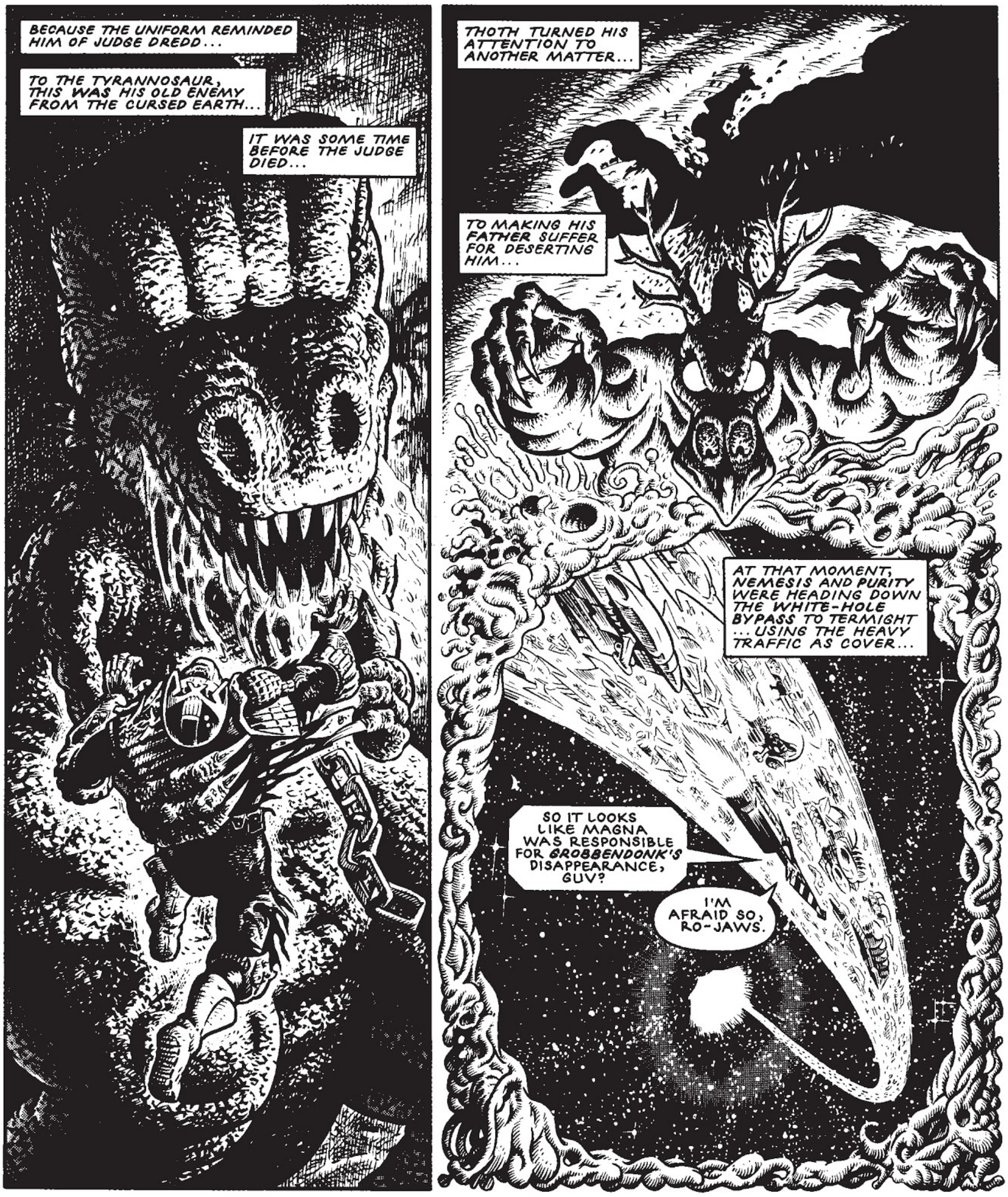
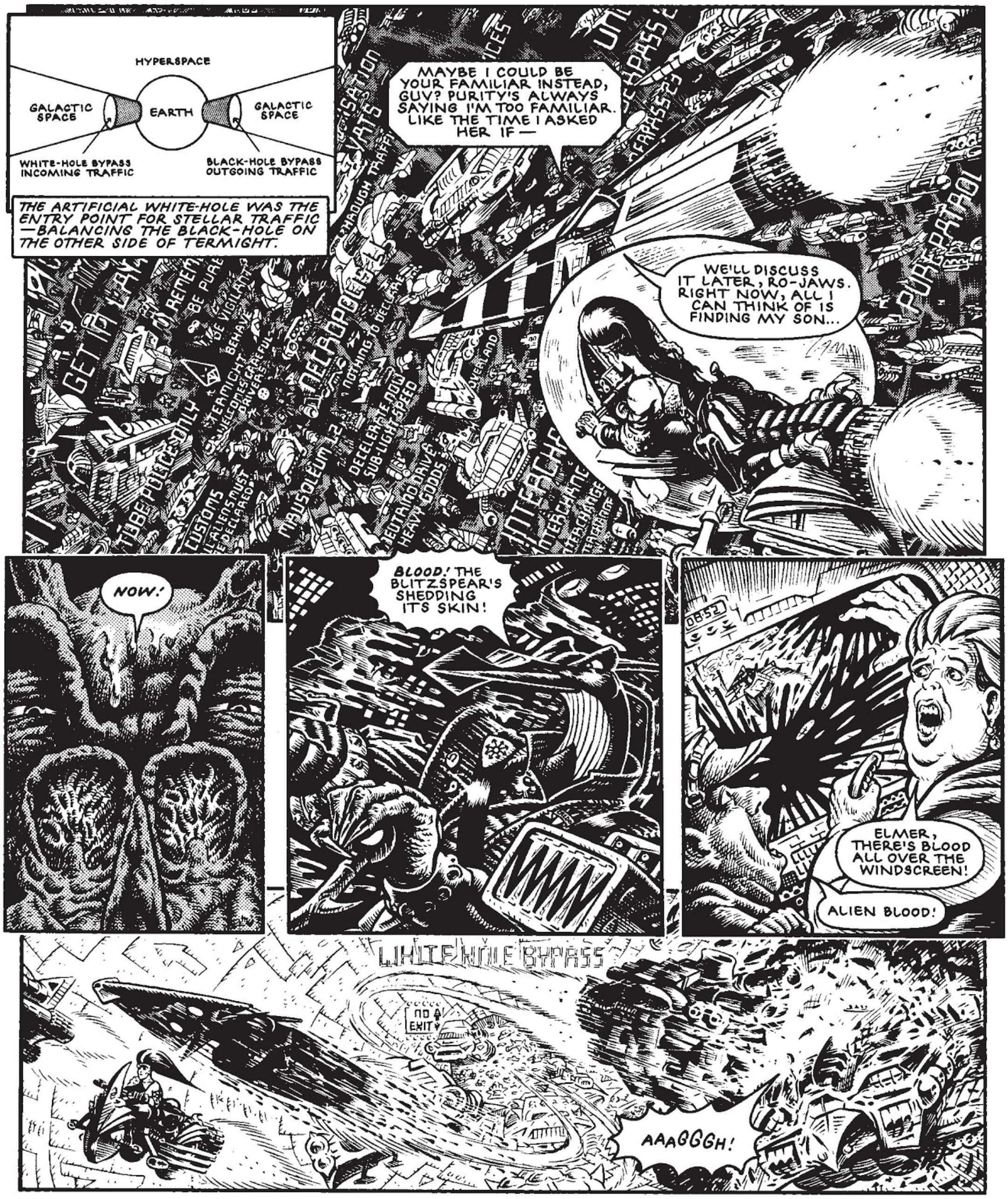

BECAUSE THE UNIFORM REMINDED HIM OF JUDGE DREDD...
TO THE TYRANNOSAUR, THIS WAS HIS OLD ENEMY FROM THE CURSED EARTH...
IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE THE JUDGE DIED...
THOTH TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO ANOTHER MATTER...
TO MAKING HIS FATHER SUFFER FOR DESERTING HIM...
AT THAT MOMENT, NEMESIS AND PURITY WERE HEADING DOWN THE WHITE-HOLE BYPASS TO TERMIGHT ...USING THE HEAVY TRAFFIC AS COVER...
SO IT LOOKS LIKE MAGNA WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR GROBBENDONK'S DISAPPEARANCE, GUV?
I'M AFRAID SO, RO-JAWS.


HYPERSPACE
GALACTIC SPACE
EARTH
GALACTIC SPACE
WHITE-HOLE BYPASS INCOMING TRAFFIC
BLACK-HOLE BYPASS OUTGOING TRAFFIC
THE ARTIFICIAL WHITE-HOLE WAS THE ENTRY POINT FOR STELLAR TRAFFIC —BALANCING THE BLACK-HOLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TERMIGHT.
MAYBE I COULD BE YOUR FAMILIAR INSTEAD, GUV? PURITY'S ALWAYS SAYING I'M TOO FAMILIAR. LIKE THE TIME I ASKED HER IF—
WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER, RO-JAWS. RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN THINK OF IS FINDING MY SON...
GET IN LANE
NECROPOLIS
TUBE POLICE ONLY
CUSTOMS
MAUSOLEUM 1.2
DECELERATE NOW
SUB-LIGHT SPEED
INTERCHANGE
PURE PATROL
NOW!
BLOOD! THE BLITZSPEAR'S SHEDDING ITS SKIN!
ELMER, THERE'S BLOOD ALL OVER THE WINDSCREEN!
ALIEN BLOOD!
WHITE HOLE BYPASS
NO EXIT
AAAGGGH!

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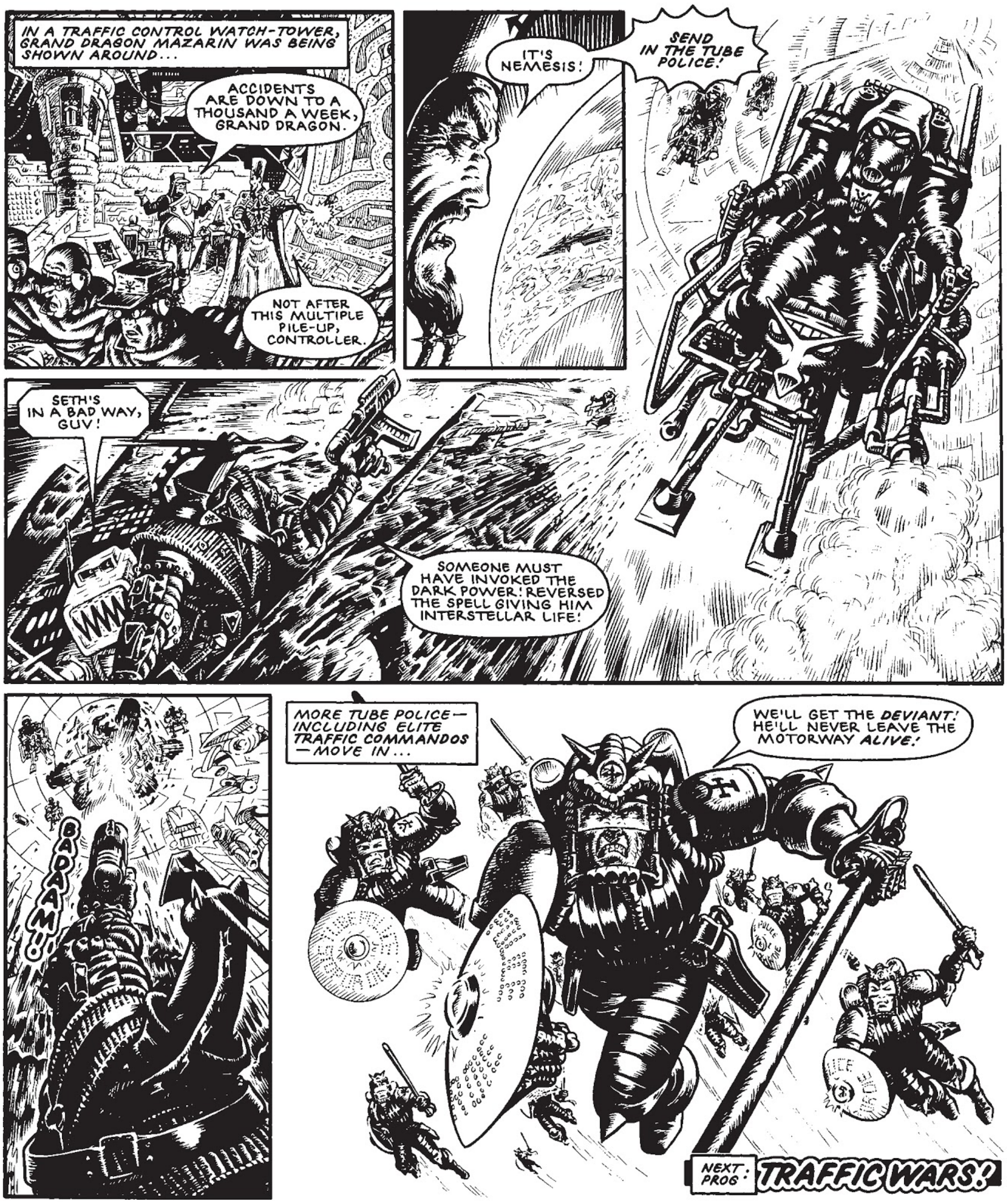
IN A TRAFFIC CONTROL WATCH-TOWER, GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN WAS BEING SHOWN AROUND...
ACCIDENTS ARE DOWN TO A THOUSAND A WEEK, GRAND DRAGON.
NOT AFTER THIS MULTIPLE PILE-UP, CONTROLLER.
IT'S NEMESIS!
SEND IN THE TUBE POLICE!
SETH'S IN A BAD WAY, GUV!
SOMEONE MUST HAVE INVOKED THE DARK POWER! REVERSED THE SPELL GIVING HIM INTERSTELLAR LIFE!
BADAAM!
MORE TUBE POLICE — INCLUDING ELITE TRAFFIC COMMANDOS — MOVE IN...
WE'LL GET THE DEVIANT! HE'LL NEVER LEAVE THE MOTORWAY ALIVE!
POLICE
NEXT PROG: TRAFFIC WARS!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000 A.D.
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ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
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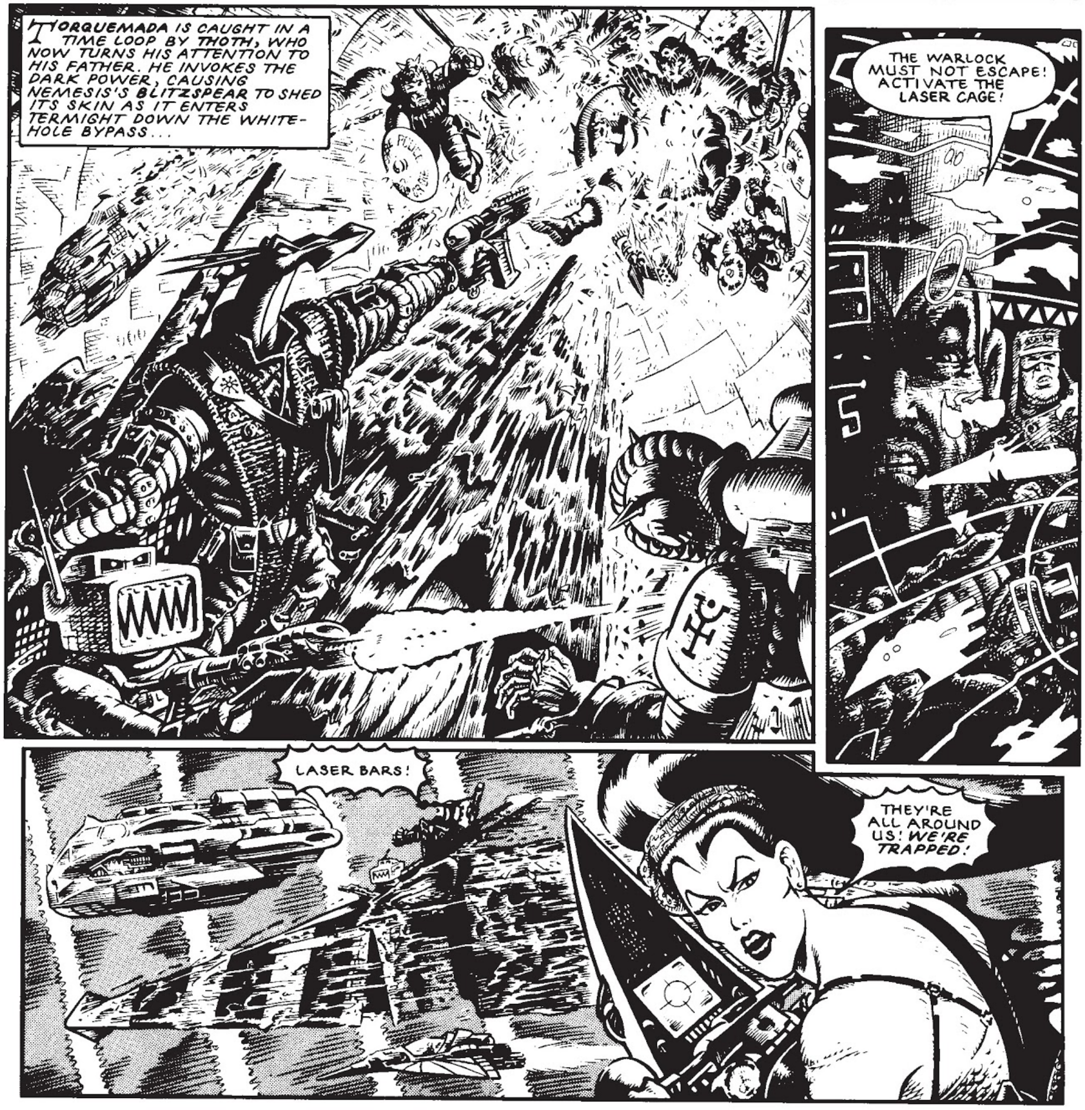
TORQUEMADA IS CAUGHT IN A TIME LOOP BY THOTH, WHO NOW TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO HIS FATHER. HE INVOKES THE DARK POWER, CAUSING NEMESIS'S BLITZSPEAR TO SHED ITS SKIN AS IT ENTERS TERMIGHT DOWN THE WHITE-HOLE BYPASS...
THE WARLOCK MUST NOT ESCAPE! ACTIVATE THE LASER CAGE!
LASER BARS!
THEY'RE ALL AROUND US! WE'RE TRAPPED!

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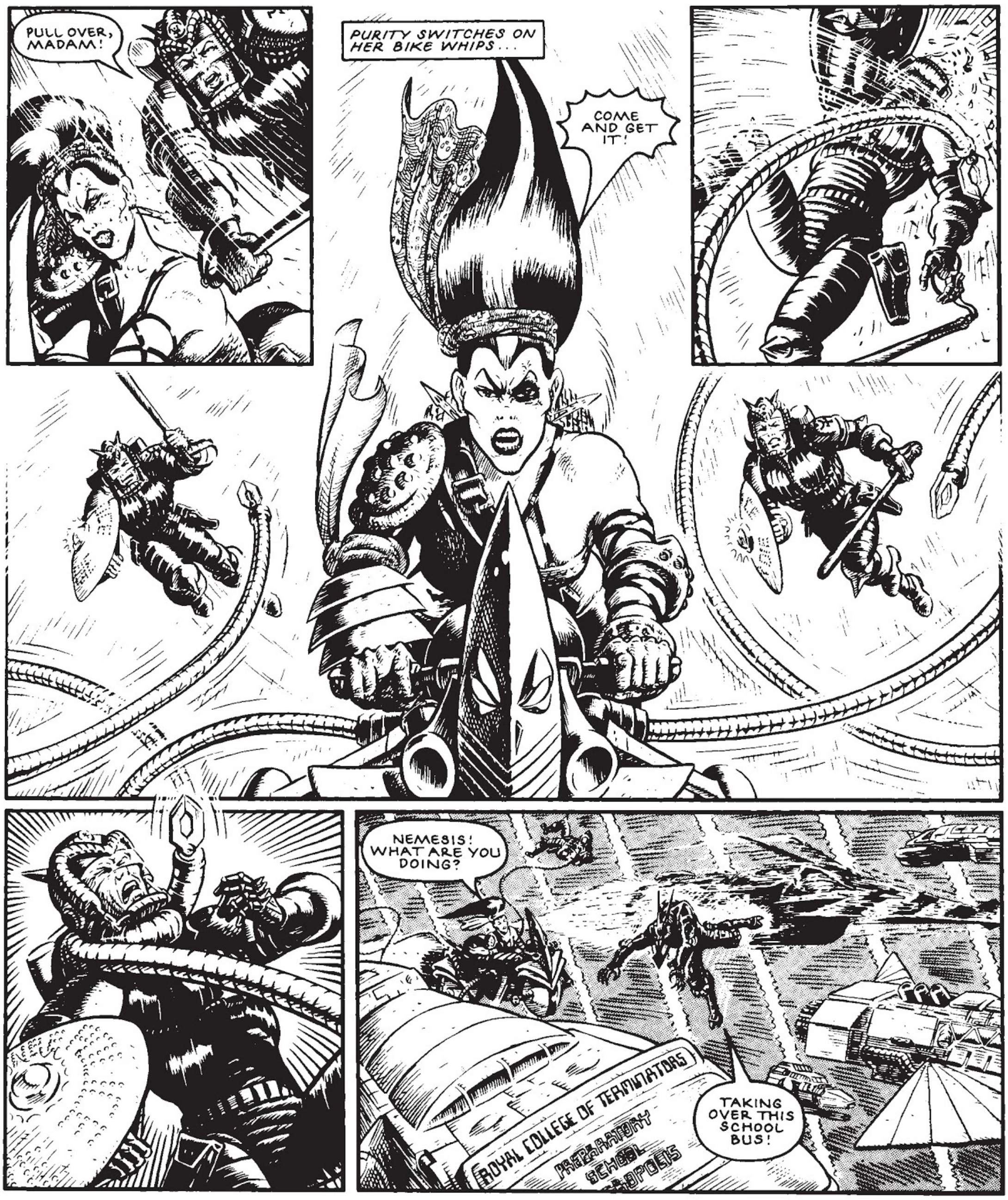
PULL OVER, MADAM!
PURITY SWITCHES ON HER BIKE WHIPS...
COME AND GET IT!
NEMESIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ROYAL COLLEGE OF TERMINATORS
PREPARATORY SCHOOL
TAKING OVER THIS SCHOOL BUS!

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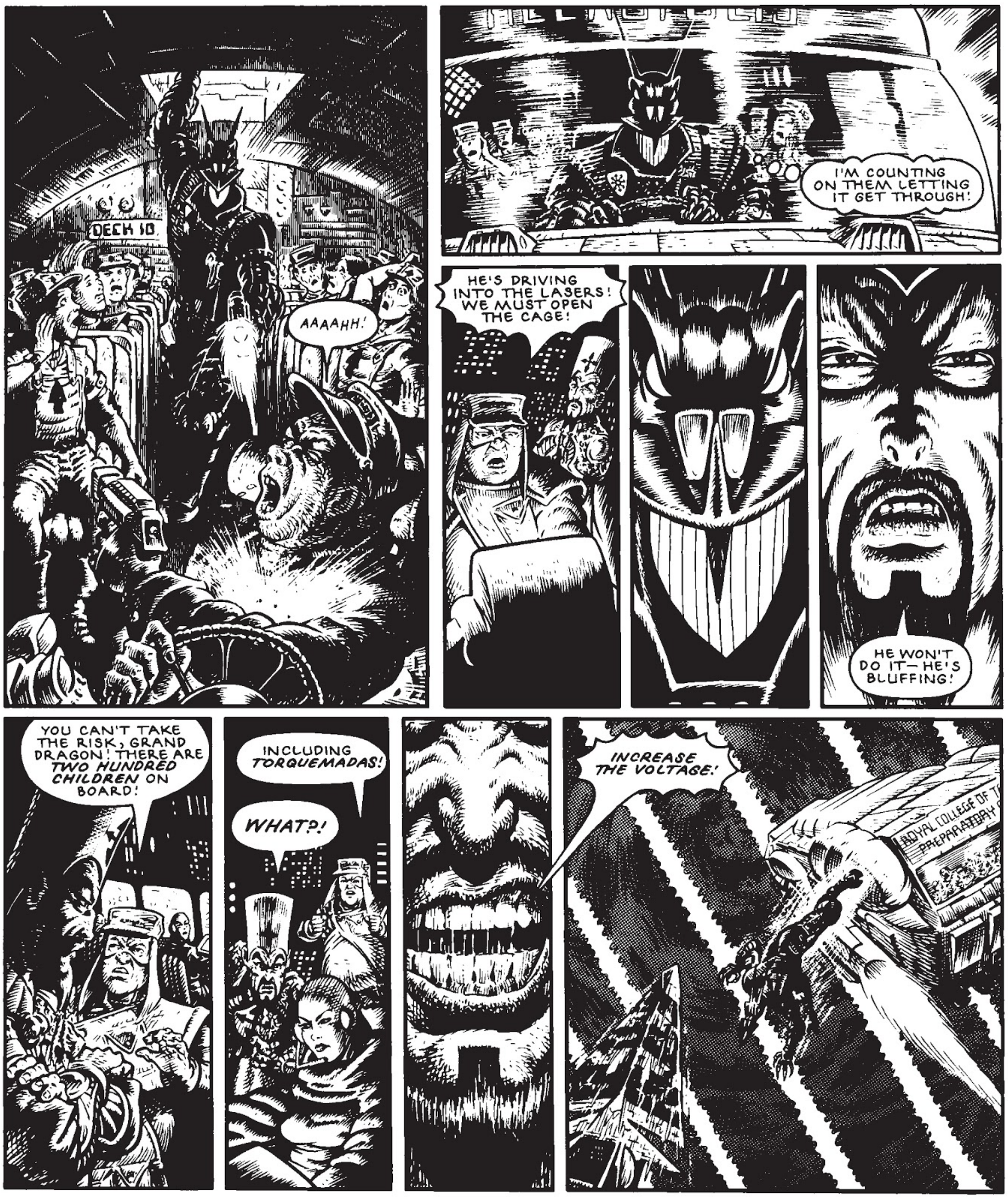
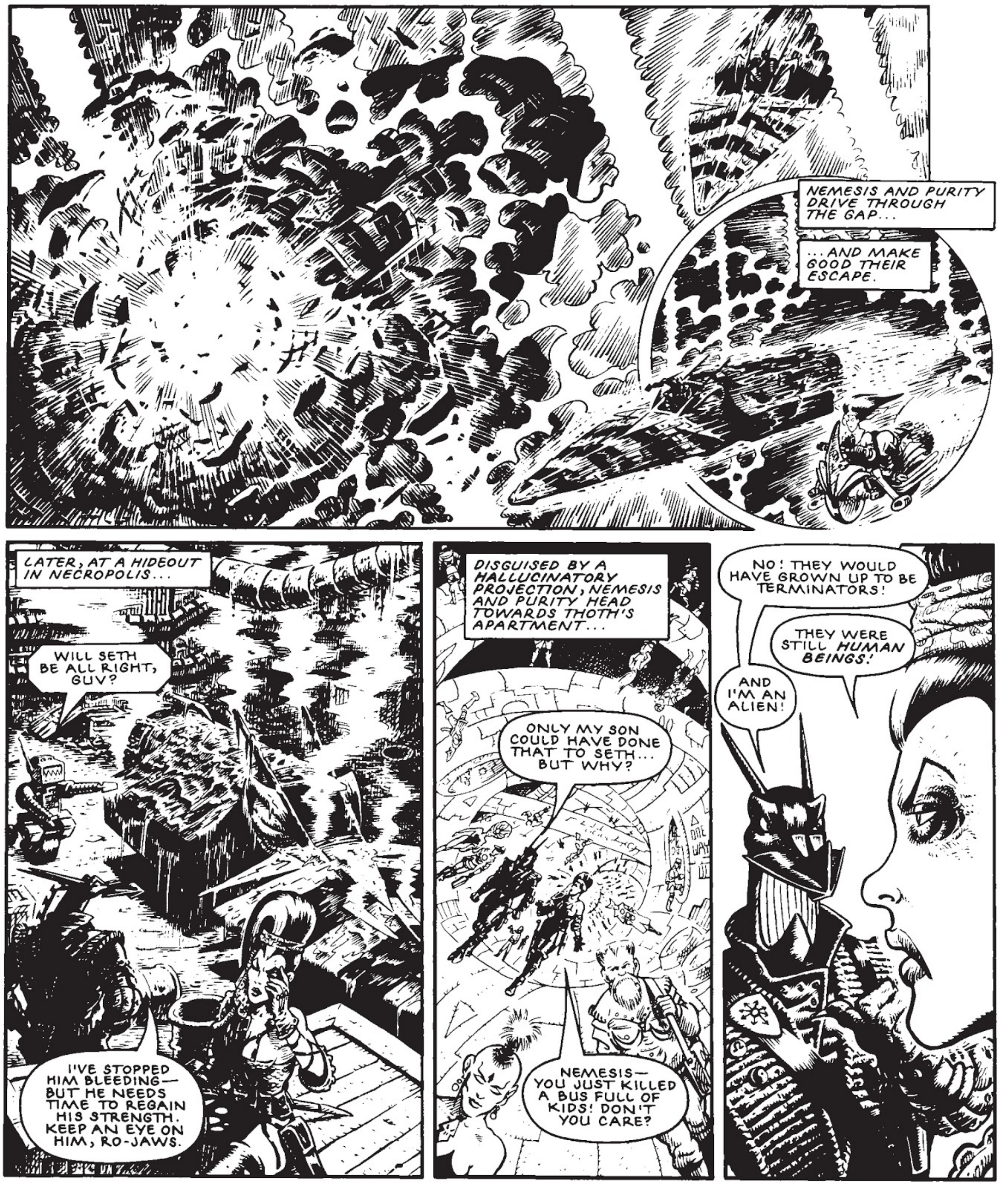
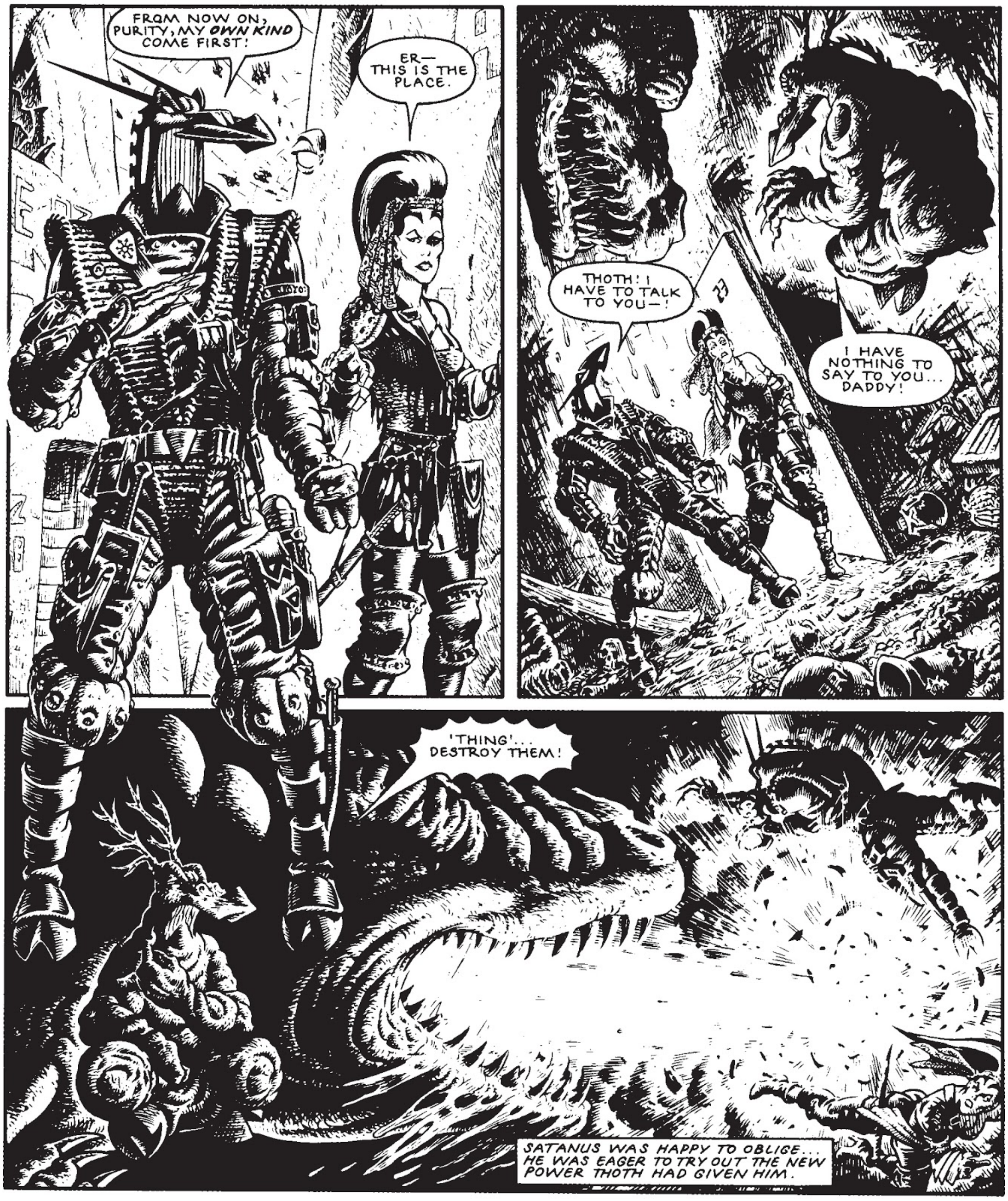
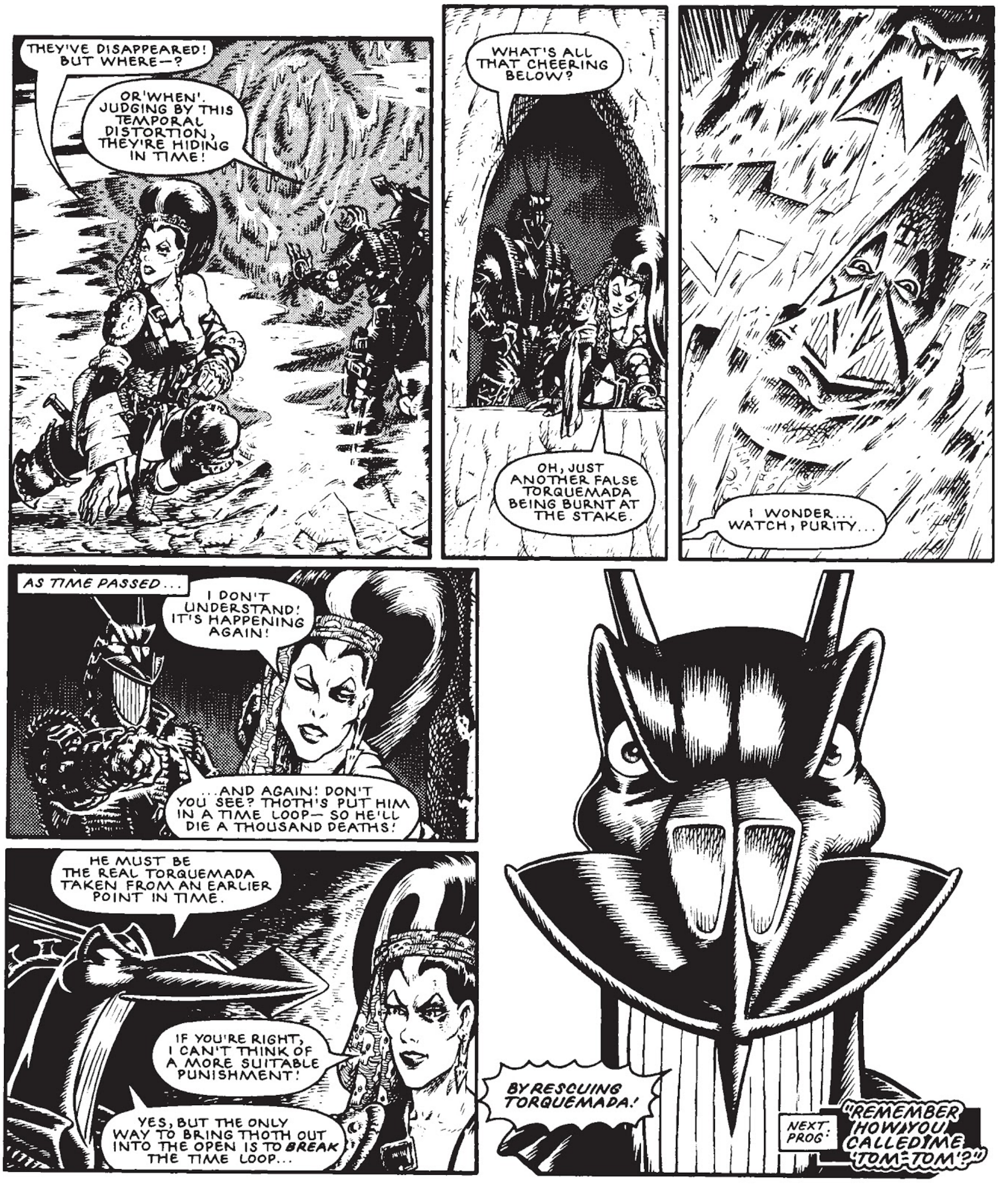
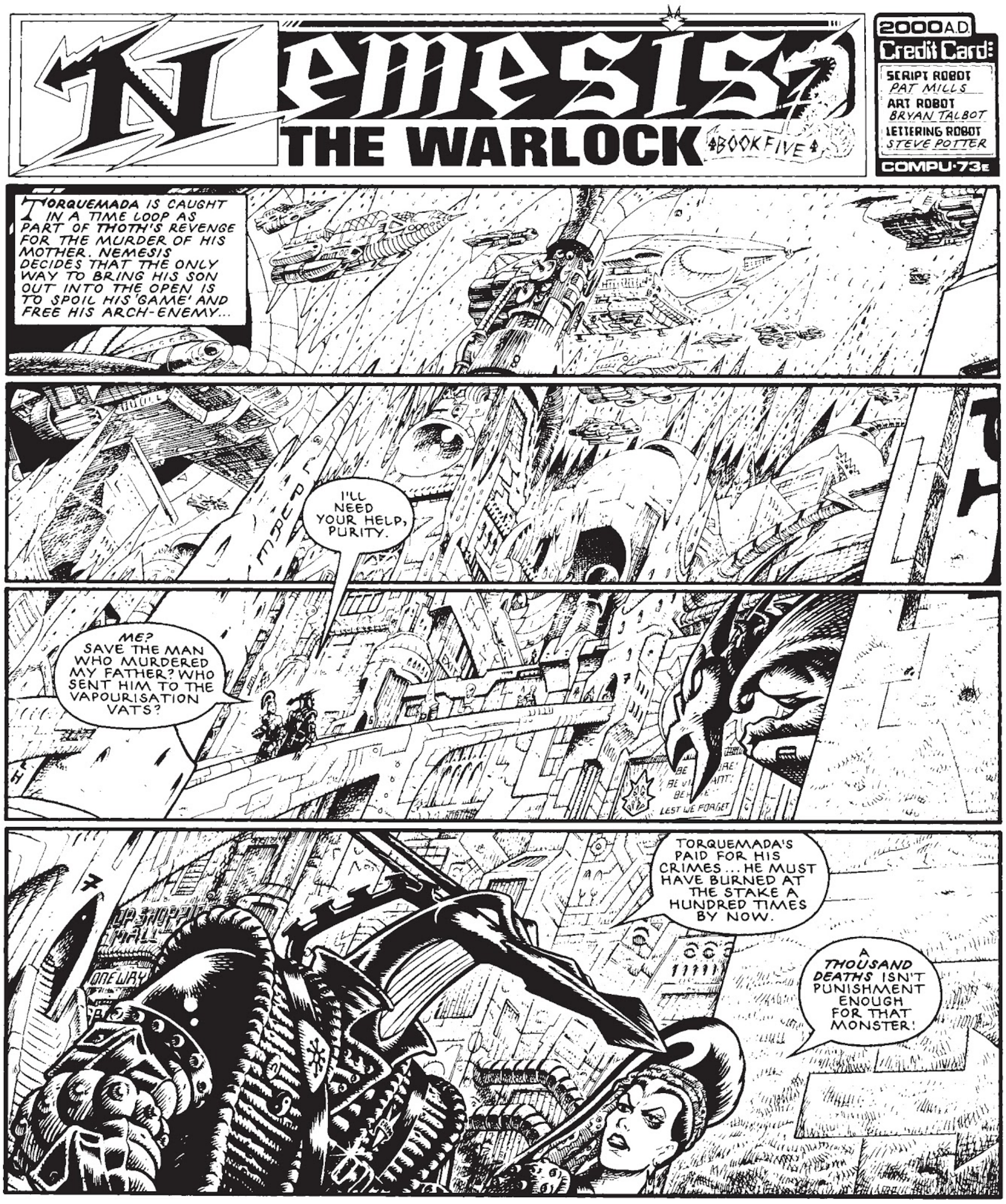
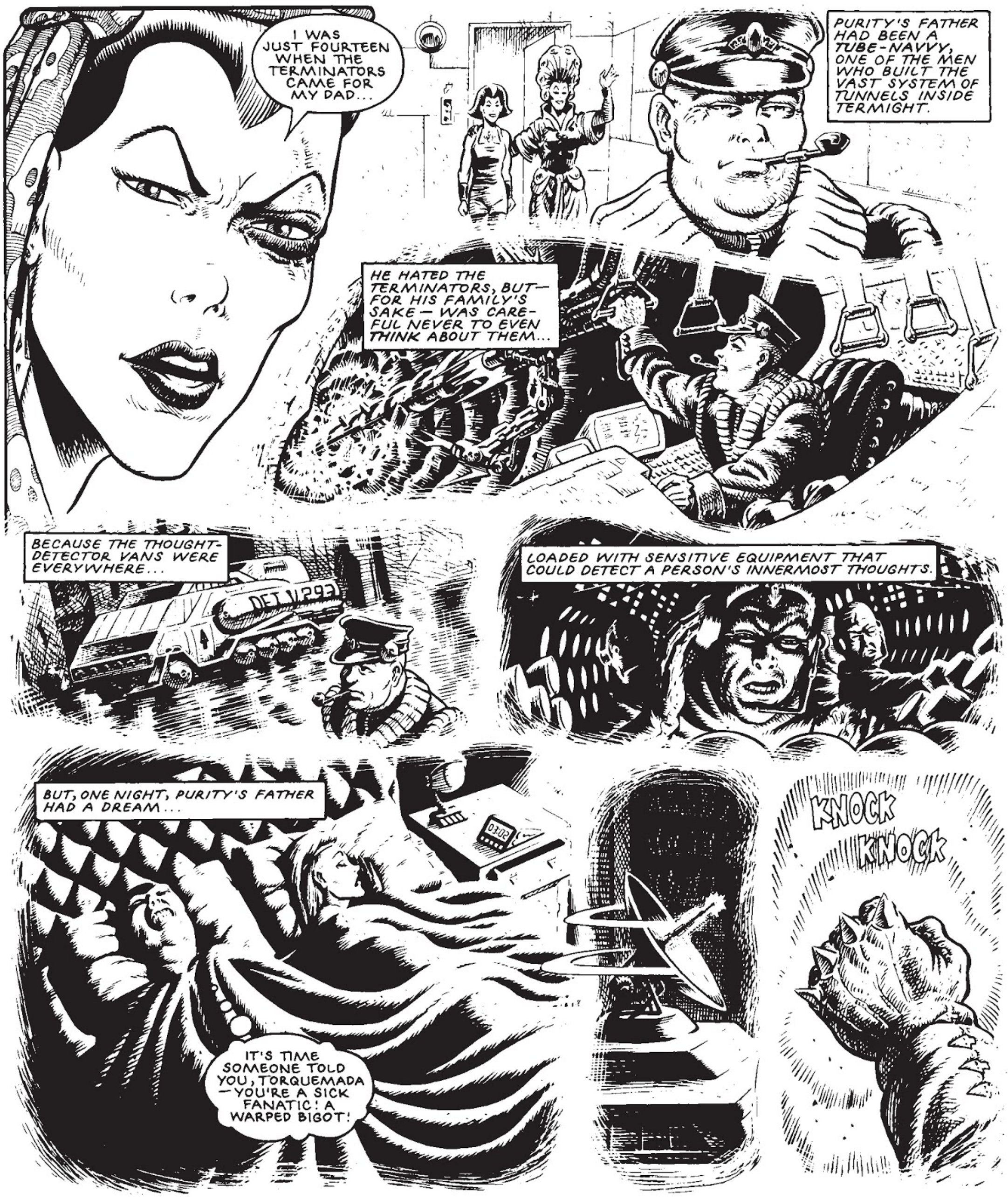

DECK 10
AAAAHH!
I'M COUNTING ON THEM LETTING IT GET THROUGH!
HE'S DRIVING INTO THE LASERS! WE MUST OPEN THE CAGE!
HE WON'T DO IT— HE'S BLUFFING!
YOU CAN'T TAKE THE RISK, GRAND DRAGON! THERE ARE *TWO HUNDRED CHILDREN* ON BOARD!
INCLUDING *TORQUEMADAS!*
WHAT?!
INCREASE THE VOLTAGE!
ROYAL COLLEGE OF T
PREPARATORY

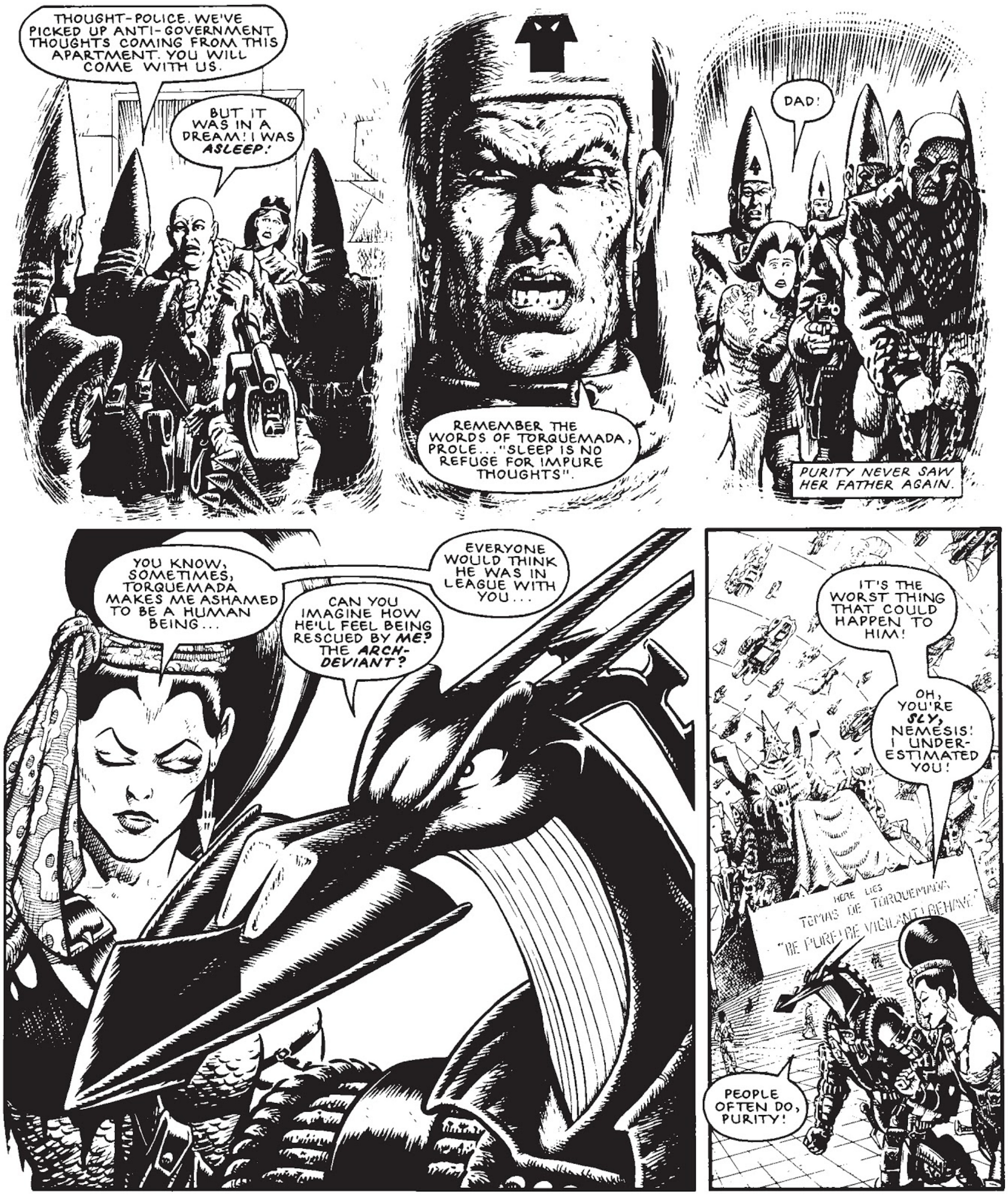

NEMESIS AND PURITY DRIVE THROUGH THE GAP...
...AND MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE.
LATER, AT A HIDEOUT IN NECROPOLIS...
WILL SETH BE ALL RIGHT, GUV?
I'VE STOPPED HIM BLEEDING— BUT HE NEEDS TIME TO REGAIN HIS STRENGTH. KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, RO-JAWS.
DISGUISED BY A HALLUCINATORY PROJECTION, NEMESIS AND PURITY HEAD TOWARDS THOTH'S APARTMENT...
ONLY MY SON COULD HAVE DONE THAT TO SETH... BUT WHY?
NEMESIS— YOU JUST KILLED A BUS FULL OF KIDS! DON'T YOU CARE?
NO! THEY WOULD HAVE GROWN UP TO BE TERMINATORS!
THEY WERE STILL HUMAN BEINGS!
AND I'M AN ALIEN!

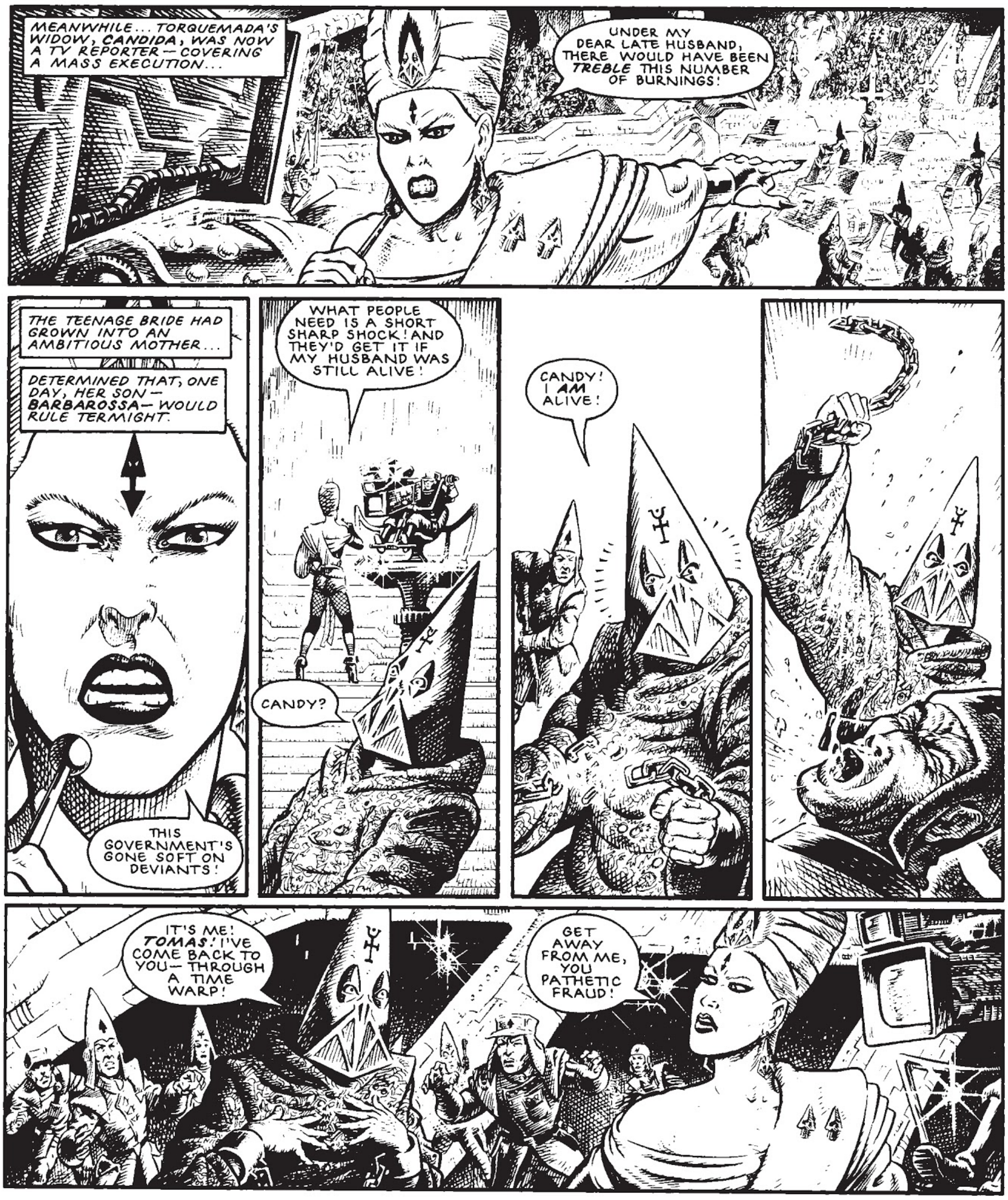

FROM NOW ON, PURITY, MY *OWN KIND* COME FIRST!
ER— THIS IS THE PLACE.
THOTH! I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU—!
I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU... DADDY!
'THING'... DESTROY THEM!
SATANUS WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE... HE WAS EAGER TO TRY OUT THE NEW POWER THOTH HAD GIVEN HIM.

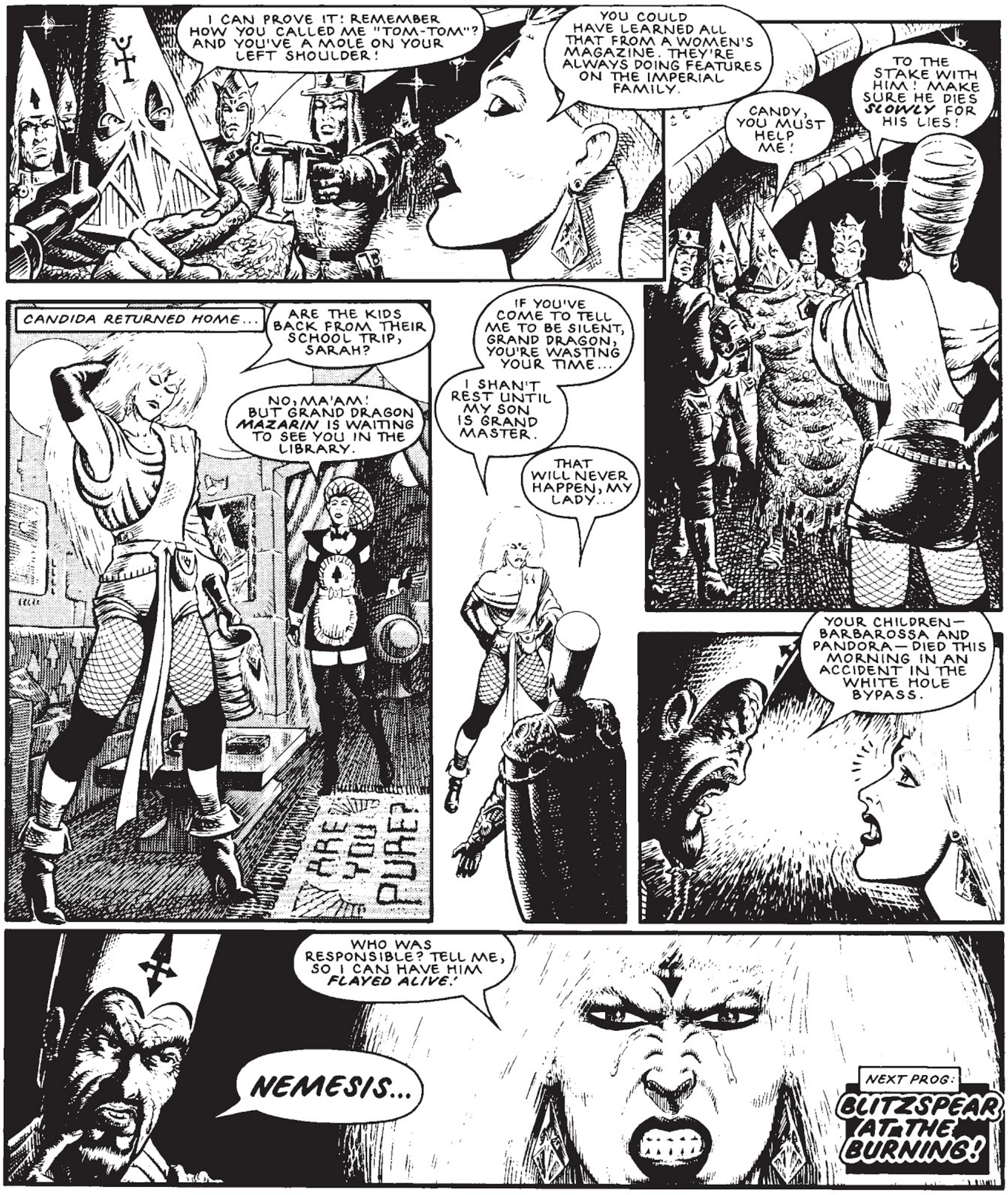

THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! BUT WHERE—?
OR 'WHEN'. JUDGING BY THIS TEMPORAL DISTORTION, THEY'RE HIDING IN TIME!
WHAT'S ALL THAT CHEERING BELOW?
OH, JUST ANOTHER FALSE TORQUEMADA BEING BURNT AT THE STAKE.
I WONDER... WATCH, PURITY...
AS TIME PASSED...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
...AND AGAIN! DON'T YOU SEE? THOTH'S PUT HIM IN A TIME LOOP— SO HE'LL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS!
HE MUST BE THE REAL TORQUEMADA TAKEN FROM AN EARLIER POINT IN TIME.
IF YOU'RE RIGHT, I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE SUITABLE PUNISHMENT!
YES, BUT THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THOTH OUT INTO THE OPEN IS TO BREAK THE TIME LOOP...
BY RESCUING TORQUEMADA!
NEXT PROG:
"REMEMBER HOW YOU CALLED ME 'TOM-TOM'?"


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK FIVE
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
TORQUEMADA IS CAUGHT IN A TIME LOOP AS PART OF THOTH'S REVENGE FOR THE MURDER OF HIS MOTHER. NEMESIS DECIDES THAT THE ONLY WAY TO BRING HIS SON OUT INTO THE OPEN IS TO SPOIL HIS 'GAME' AND FREE HIS ARCH-ENEMY...
I'LL NEED YOUR HELP, PURITY.
ME? SAVE THE MAN WHO MURDERED MY FATHER? WHO SENT HIM TO THE VAPOURISATION VATS?
LEST WE FORGET
TORQUEMADA'S PAID FOR HIS CRIMES... HE MUST HAVE BURNED AT THE STAKE A HUNDRED TIMES BY NOW.
A THOUSAND DEATHS ISN'T PUNISHMENT ENOUGH FOR THAT MONSTER!
ONE WAY


I WAS JUST FOURTEEN WHEN THE TERMINATORS CAME FOR MY DAD...
PURITY'S FATHER HAD BEEN A TUBE-NAVVY, ONE OF THE MEN WHO BUILT THE VAST SYSTEM OF TUNNELS INSIDE TERMIGHT.
HE HATED THE TERMINATORS, BUT— FOR HIS FAMILY'S SAKE — WAS CAREFUL NEVER TO EVEN THINK ABOUT THEM...
BECAUSE THE THOUGHT-DETECTOR VANS WERE EVERYWHERE...
LOADED WITH SENSITIVE EQUIPMENT THAT COULD DETECT A PERSON'S INNERMOST THOUGHTS.
BUT, ONE NIGHT, PURITY'S FATHER HAD A DREAM...
IT'S TIME SOMEONE TOLD YOU, TORQUEMADA —YOU'RE A SICK FANATIC! A WARPED BIGOT!
KNOCK
KNOCK


THOUGHT-POLICE. WE'VE PICKED UP ANTI-GOVERNMENT THOUGHTS COMING FROM THIS APARTMENT. YOU WILL COME WITH US.
BUT IT WAS IN A DREAM! I WAS *ASLEEP!*
REMEMBER THE WORDS OF TORQUEMADA, PROLE... "SLEEP IS NO REFUGE FOR IMPURE THOUGHTS".
DAD!
PURITY NEVER SAW HER FATHER AGAIN.
YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES, TORQUEMADA MAKES ME ASHAMED TO BE A HUMAN BEING...
EVERYONE WOULD THINK HE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH YOU...
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW HE'LL FEEL BEING RESCUED BY *ME?* THE *ARCH-DEVIANT?*
IT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO HIM!
OH, YOU'RE *SLY,* NEMESIS! I UNDER-ESTIMATED YOU!
HERE LIES
TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA
"BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!"
PEOPLE OFTEN DO, PURITY!


MEANWHILE... TORQUEMADA'S WIDOW, CANDIDA, WAS NOW A TV REPORTER — COVERING A MASS EXECUTION...
UNDER MY DEAR LATE HUSBAND, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN TREBLE THIS NUMBER OF BURNINGS!
THE TEENAGE BRIDE HAD GROWN INTO AN AMBITIOUS MOTHER...
DETERMINED THAT, ONE DAY, HER SON — BARBAROSSA — WOULD RULE TERMIGHT.
THIS GOVERNMENT'S GONE SOFT ON DEVIANTS!
WHAT PEOPLE NEED IS A SHORT SHARP SHOCK! AND THEY'D GET IT IF MY HUSBAND WAS STILL ALIVE!
CANDY?
CANDY! I AM ALIVE!
IT'S ME! TOMAS! I'VE COME BACK TO YOU — THROUGH A TIME WARP!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU PATHETIC FRAUD!


I CAN PROVE IT! REMEMBER HOW YOU CALLED ME "TOM-TOM"? AND YOU'VE A MOLE ON YOUR LEFT SHOULDER!
YOU COULD HAVE LEARNED ALL THAT FROM A WOMEN'S MAGAZINE. THEY'RE ALWAYS DOING FEATURES ON THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.
CANDY, YOU MUST HELP ME!
TO THE STAKE WITH HIM! MAKE SURE HE DIES *SLOWLY* FOR HIS LIES!
CANDIDA RETURNED HOME...
ARE THE KIDS BACK FROM THEIR SCHOOL TRIP, SARAH?
NO, MA'AM! BUT GRAND DRAGON *MAZARIN* IS WAITING TO SEE YOU IN THE LIBRARY.
ARE YOU PURE?
IF YOU'VE COME TO TELL ME TO BE SILENT, GRAND DRAGON, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME...
I SHAN'T REST UNTIL MY SON IS GRAND MASTER.
THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN, MY LADY...
YOUR CHILDREN— BARBAROSSA AND PANDORA— DIED THIS MORNING IN AN ACCIDENT IN THE WHITE HOLE BYPASS.
WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE? TELL ME, SO I CAN HAVE HIM *FLAYED ALIVE!*
NEMESIS...
NEXT PROG:
BLITZSPEAR AT THE BURNING!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

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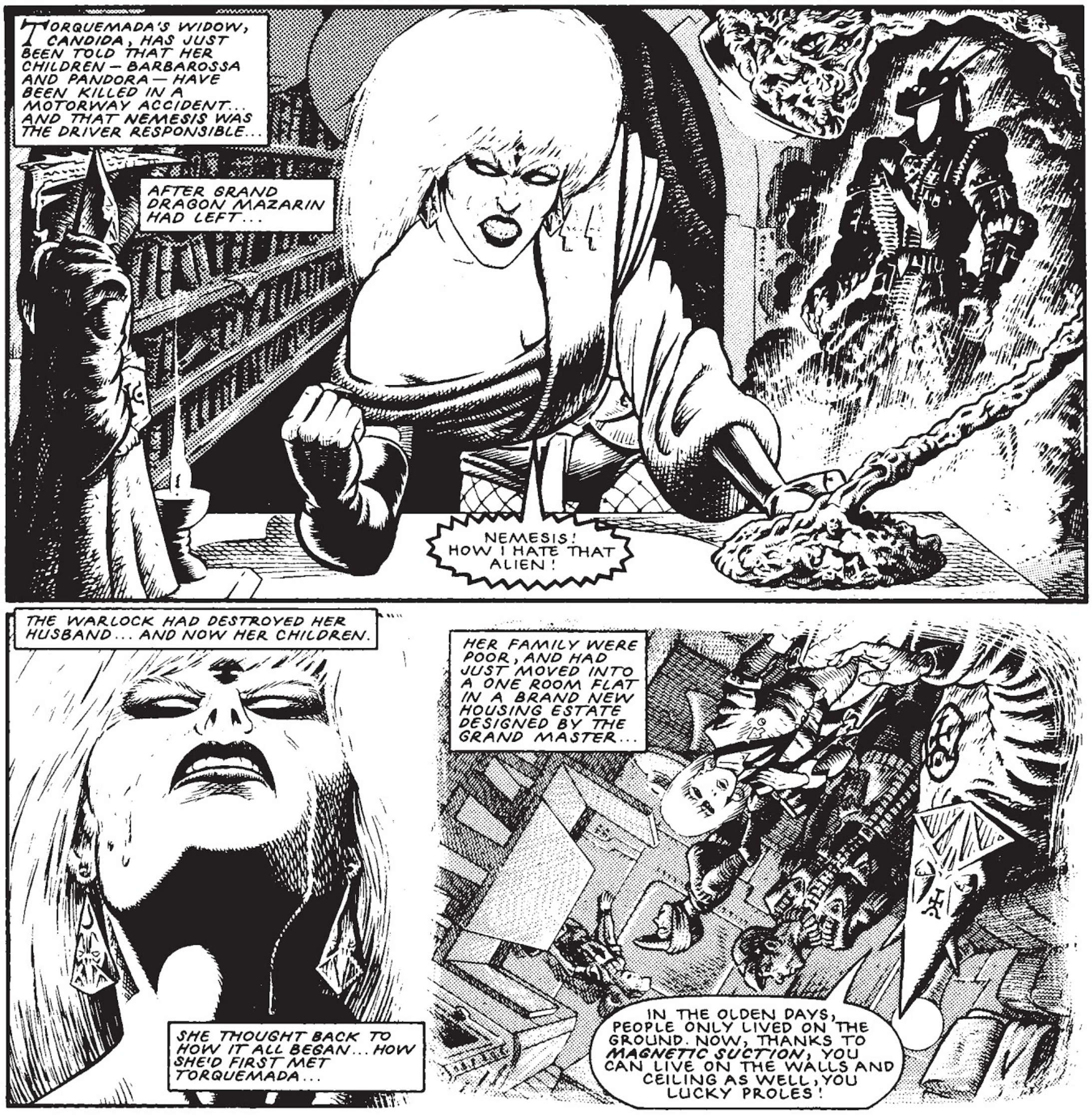
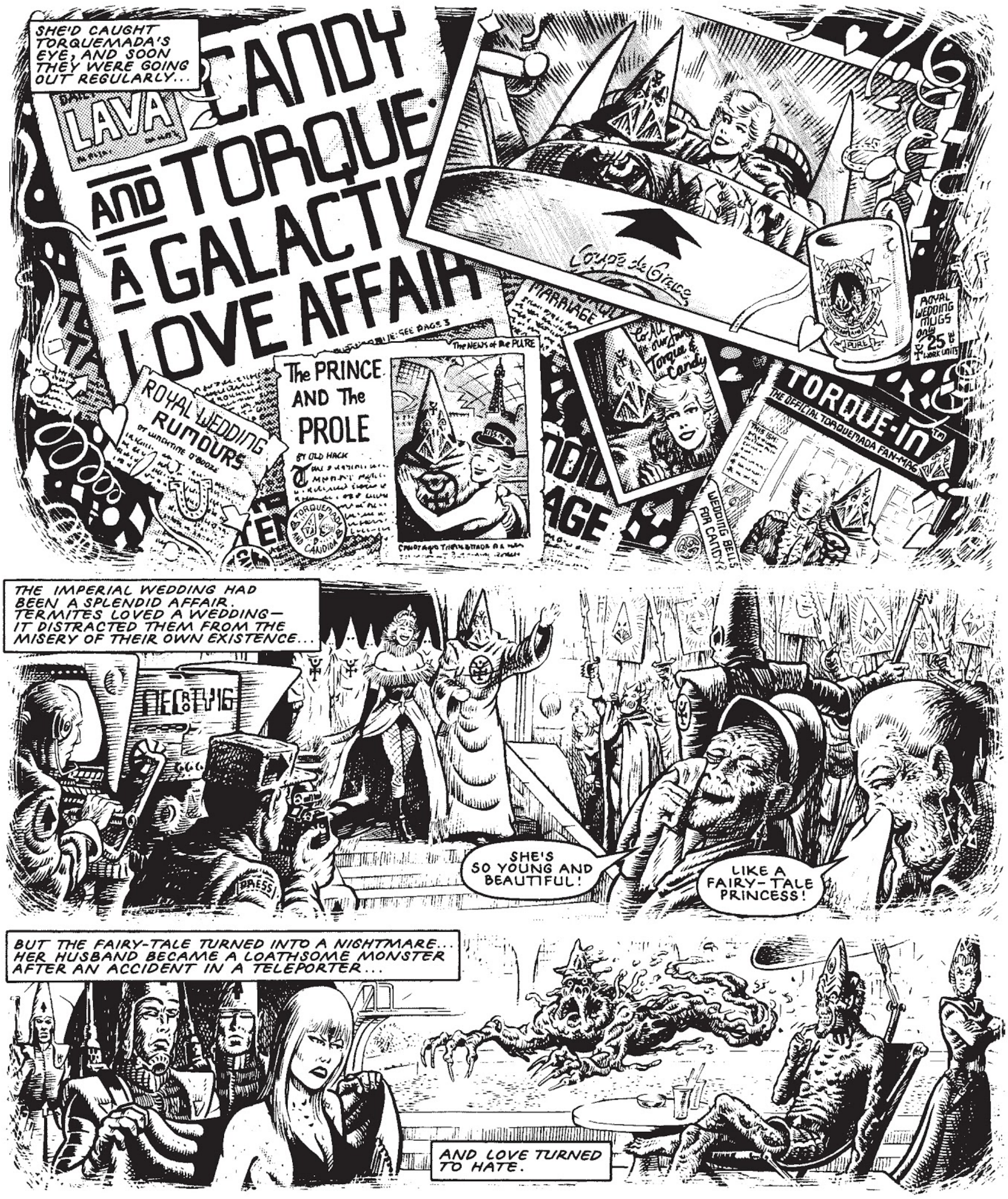
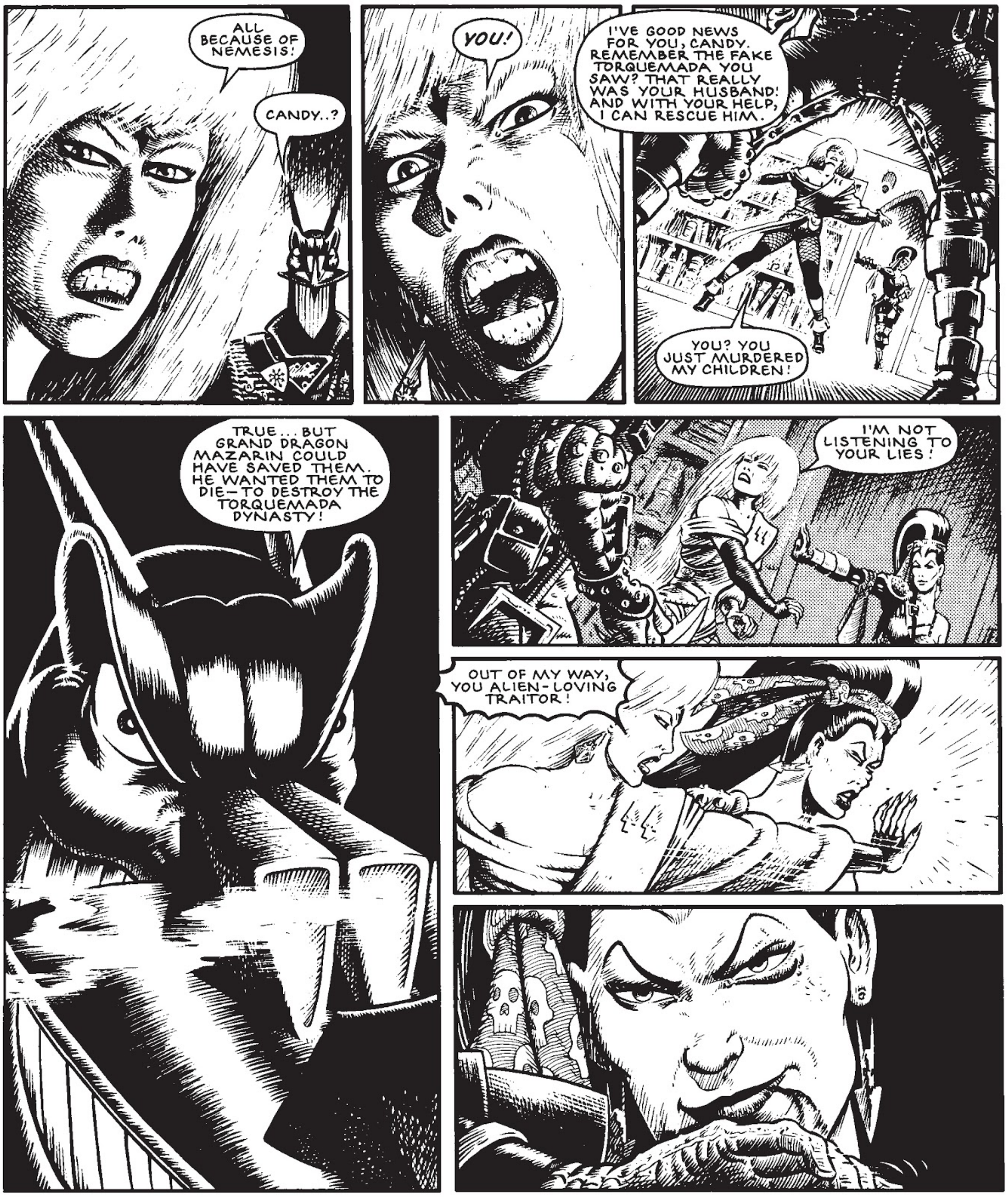
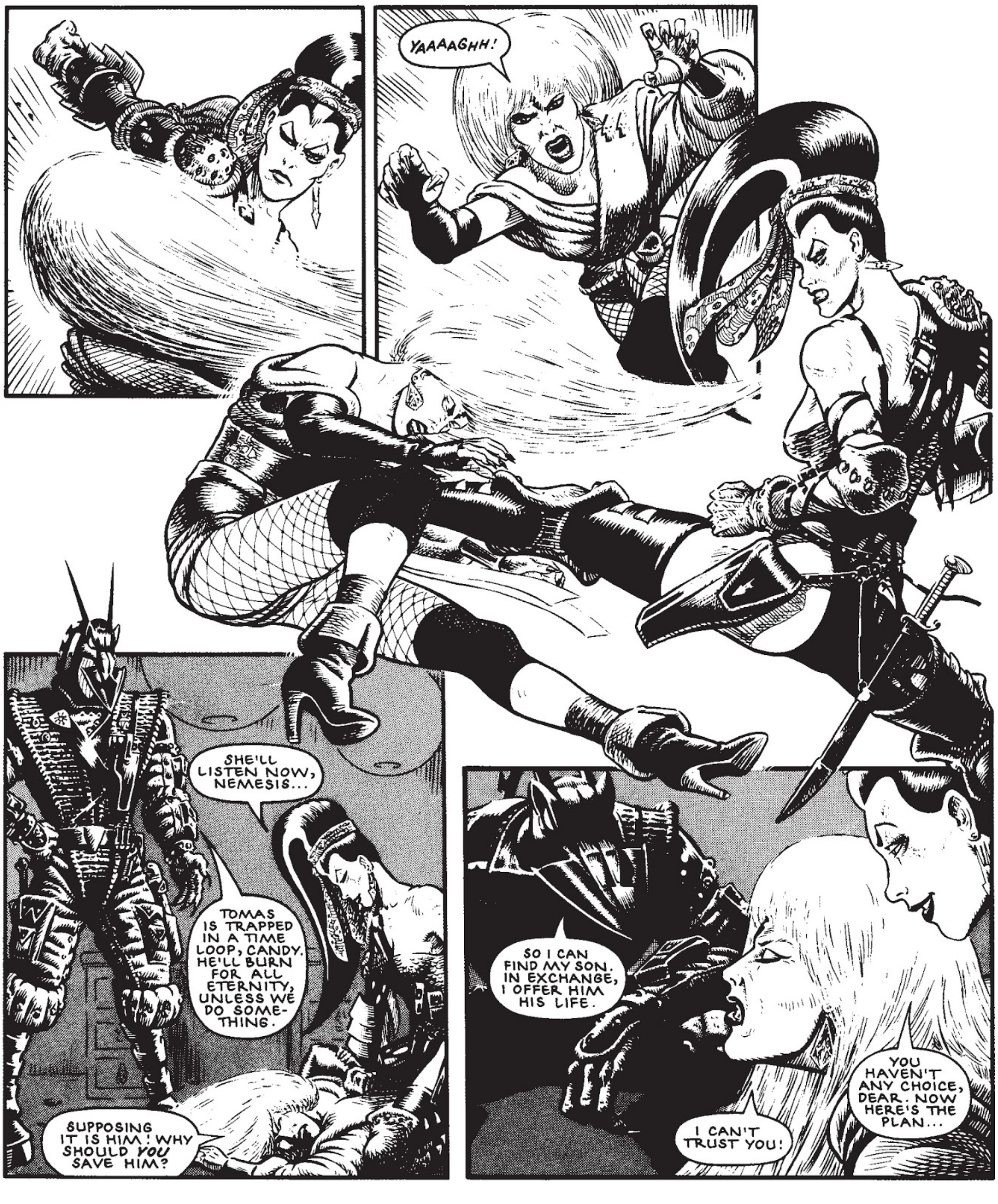
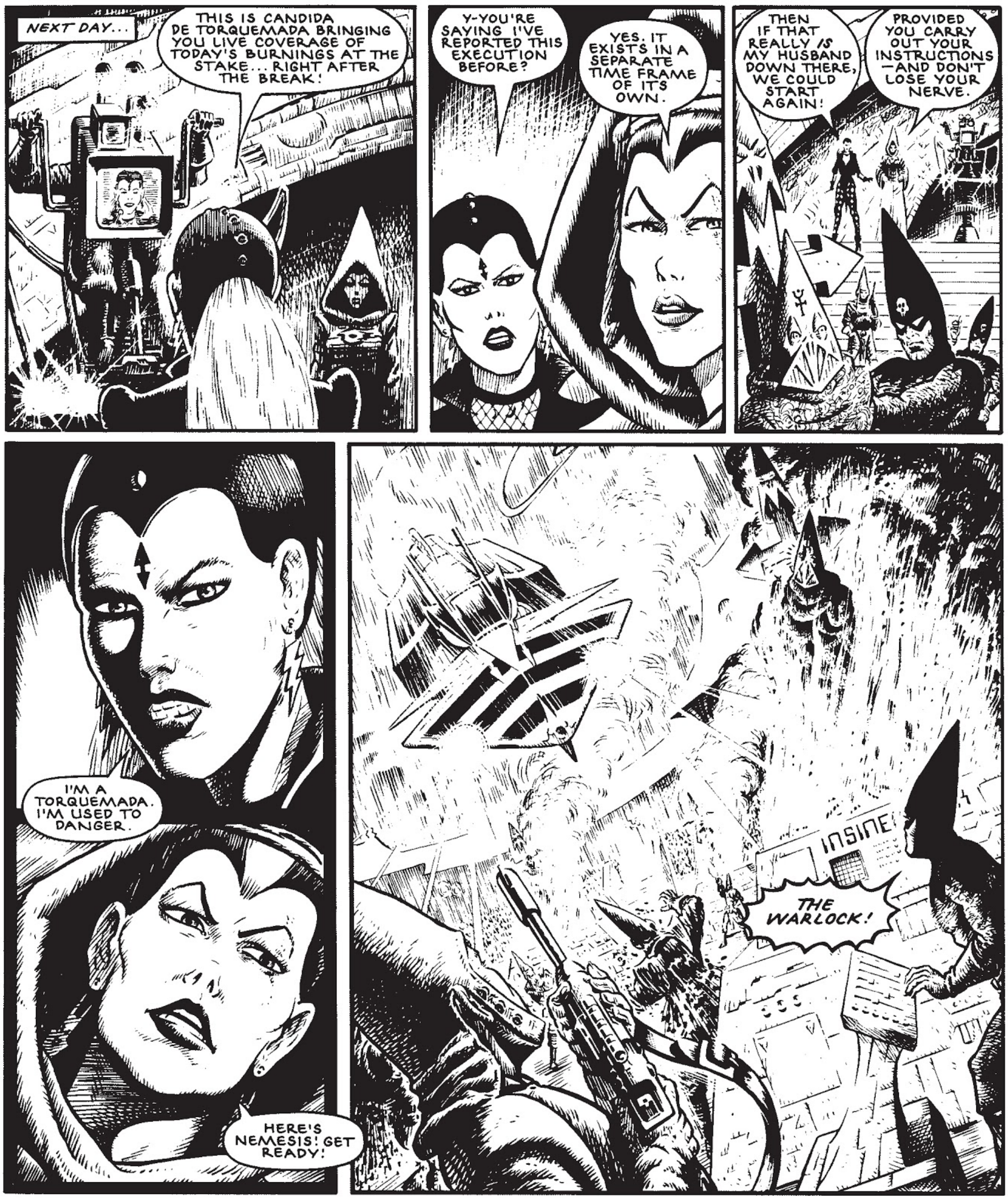
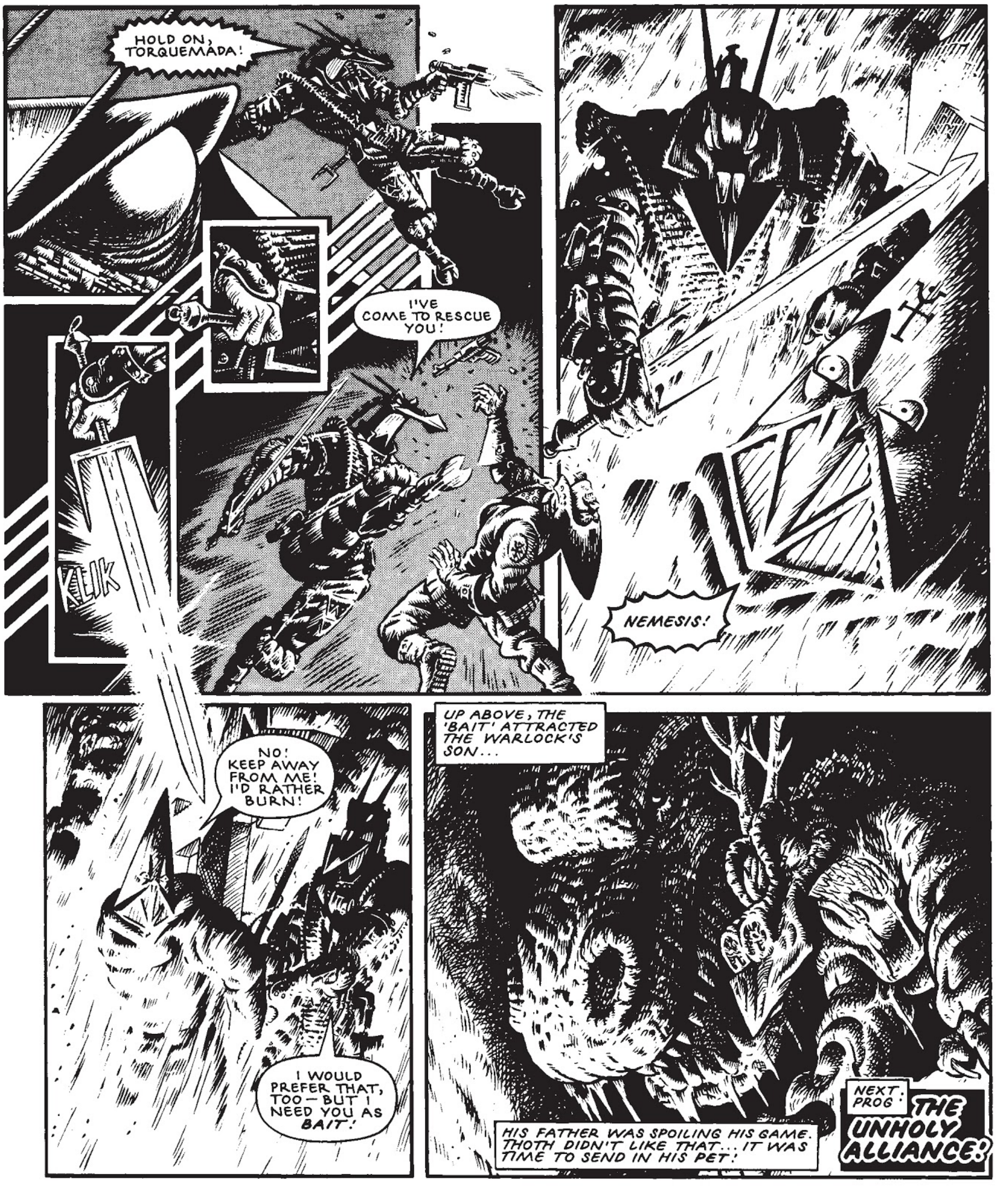

TORQUEMADA'S WIDOW, CANDIDA, HAS JUST BEEN TOLD THAT HER CHILDREN — BARBAROSSA AND PANDORA — HAVE BEEN KILLED IN A MOTORWAY ACCIDENT... AND THAT NEMESIS WAS THE DRIVER RESPONSIBLE...
AFTER GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN HAD LEFT...
NEMESIS! HOW I HATE THAT ALIEN!
THE WARLOCK HAD DESTROYED HER HUSBAND... AND NOW HER CHILDREN.
SHE THOUGHT BACK TO HOW IT ALL BEGAN... HOW SHE'D FIRST MET TORQUEMADA...
HER FAMILY WERE POOR, AND HAD JUST MOVED INTO A ONE ROOM FLAT IN A BRAND NEW HOUSING ESTATE DESIGNED BY THE GRAND MASTER...
IN THE OLDEN DAYS, PEOPLE ONLY LIVED ON THE GROUND. NOW, THANKS TO MAGNETIC SUCTION, YOU CAN LIVE ON THE WALLS AND CEILING AS WELL, YOU LUCKY PROLES!

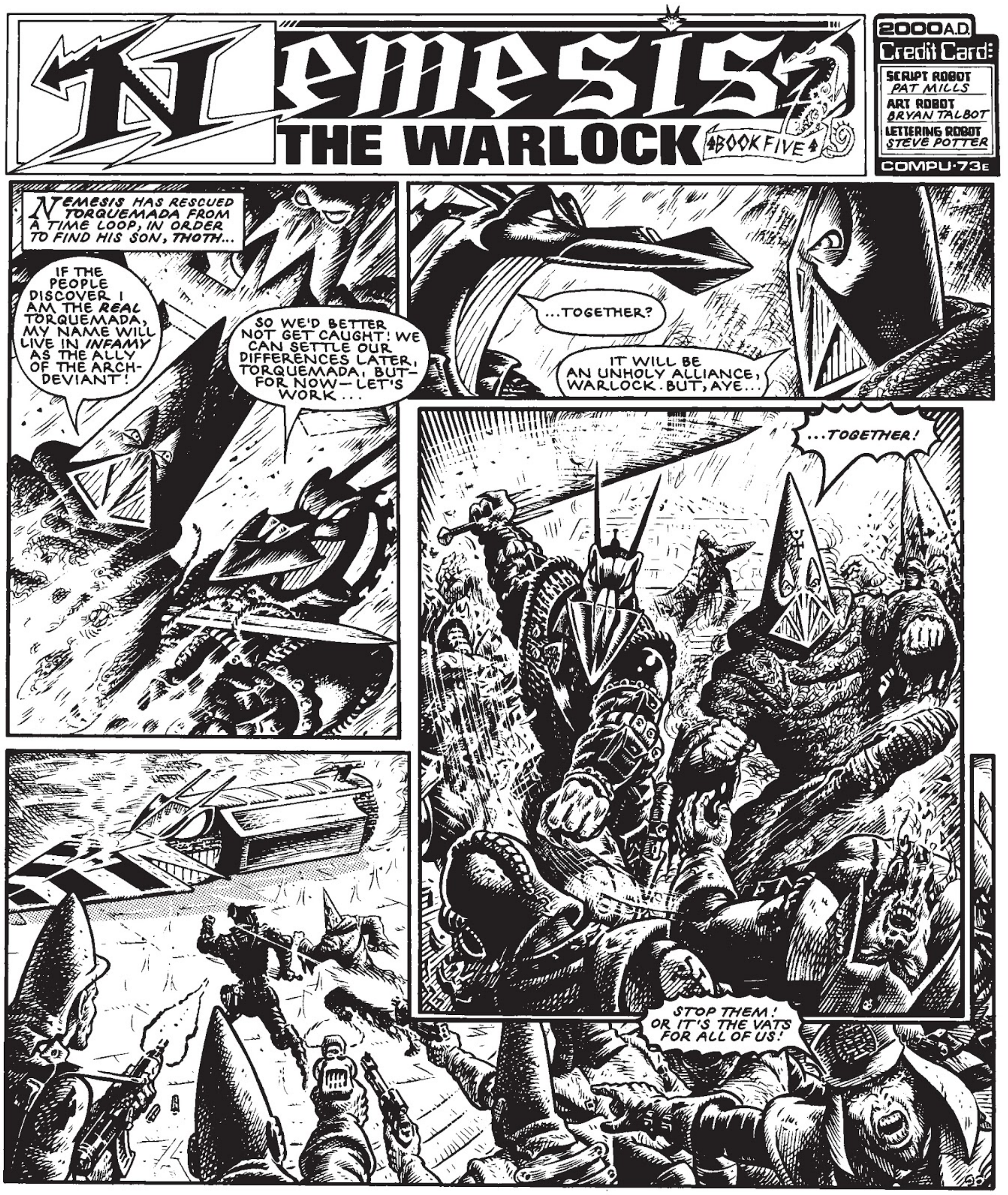

SHE'D CAUGHT TORQUEMADA'S EYE, AND SOON THEY WERE GOING OUT REGULARLY...
LAVA
CANDY AND TORQUE: A GALACTIC LOVE AFFAIR
SEE PAGE 3
Coupé de Grace
ROYAL WEDDING MUGS only 25 WORK UNITS
PURE
MARRIAGE
To All our fans Torque & Candy
ROYAL WEDDING RUMOURS
BY WINCHTIME O'BOOZE
The NEWS of the PURE
The PRINCE AND The PROLE
BY OLD HACK
TORQUEMADA AND CANDIDA
AGE
TORQUE-IN™
THE OFFICIAL TORQUEMADA FAN-MAG
THIS ISH:
WEDDING BELLS FOR CANDY
THE IMPERIAL WEDDING HAD BEEN A SPLENDID AFFAIR. TERMITES LOVED A WEDDING— IT DISTRACTED THEM FROM THE MISERY OF THEIR OWN EXISTENCE...
SHE'S SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL!
LIKE A FAIRY-TALE PRINCESS!
PRESS
BUT THE FAIRY-TALE TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE... HER HUSBAND BECAME A LOATHSOME MONSTER AFTER AN ACCIDENT IN A TELEPORTER...
AND LOVE TURNED TO HATE.

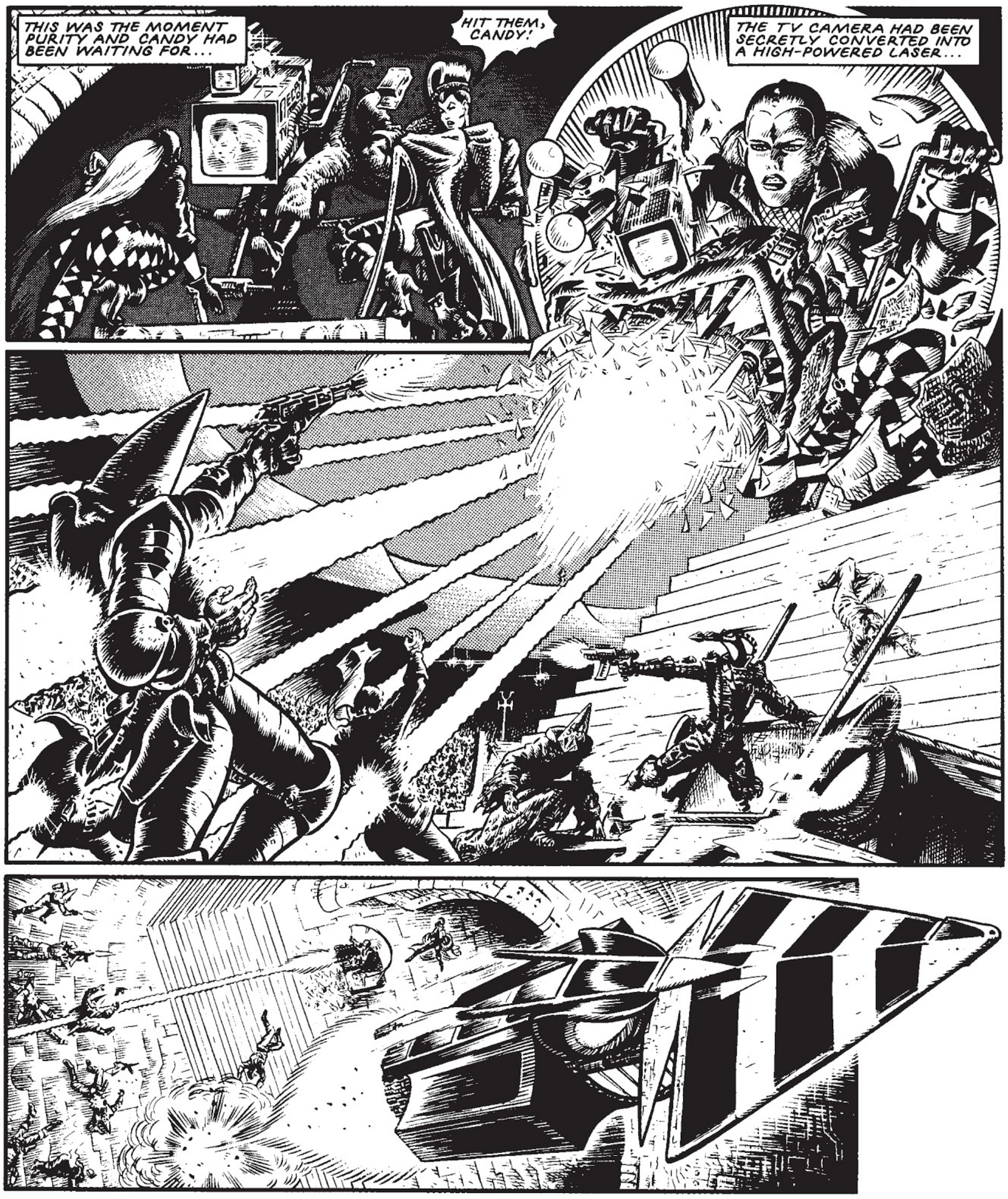

ALL BECAUSE OF NEMESIS!
CANDY..?
YOU!
I'VE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, CANDY. REMEMBER THE FAKE TORQUEMADA YOU SAW? THAT REALLY WAS YOUR HUSBAND! AND WITH YOUR HELP, I CAN RESCUE HIM.
YOU? YOU JUST MURDERED MY CHILDREN!
TRUE... BUT GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN COULD HAVE SAVED THEM. HE WANTED THEM TO DIE—TO DESTROY THE TORQUEMADA DYNASTY!
I'M NOT LISTENING TO YOUR LIES!
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU ALIEN-LOVING TRAITOR!

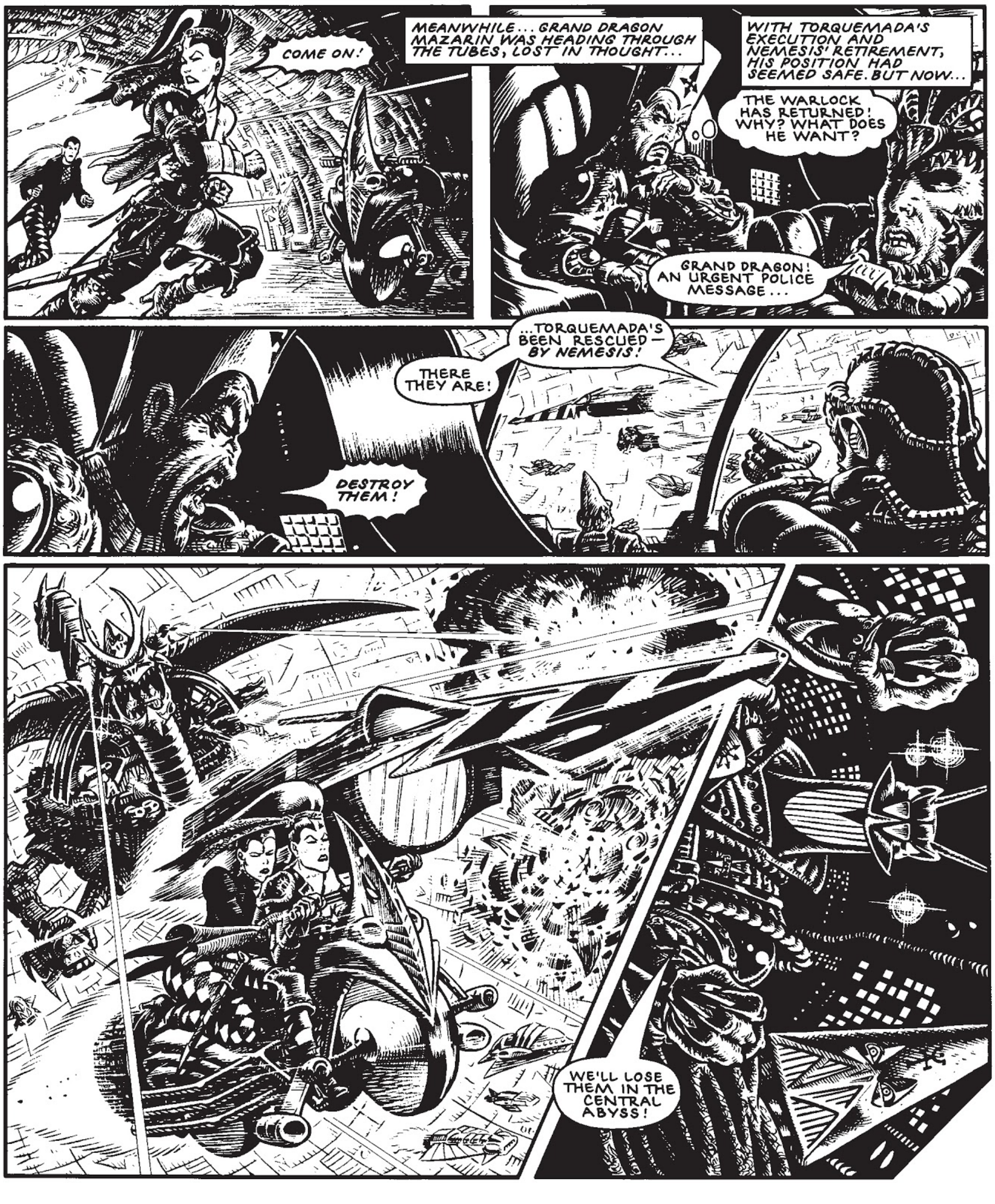

YAAAAGHH!
SHE'LL LISTEN NOW, NEMESIS...
TOMAS IS TRAPPED IN A TIME LOOP, CANDY. HE'LL BURN FOR ALL ETERNITY, UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING.
SUPPOSING IT IS HIM! WHY SHOULD *YOU* SAVE HIM?
SO I CAN FIND MY SON. IN EXCHANGE, I OFFER HIM HIS LIFE.
I CAN'T TRUST YOU!
YOU HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE, DEAR. NOW HERE'S THE PLAN...

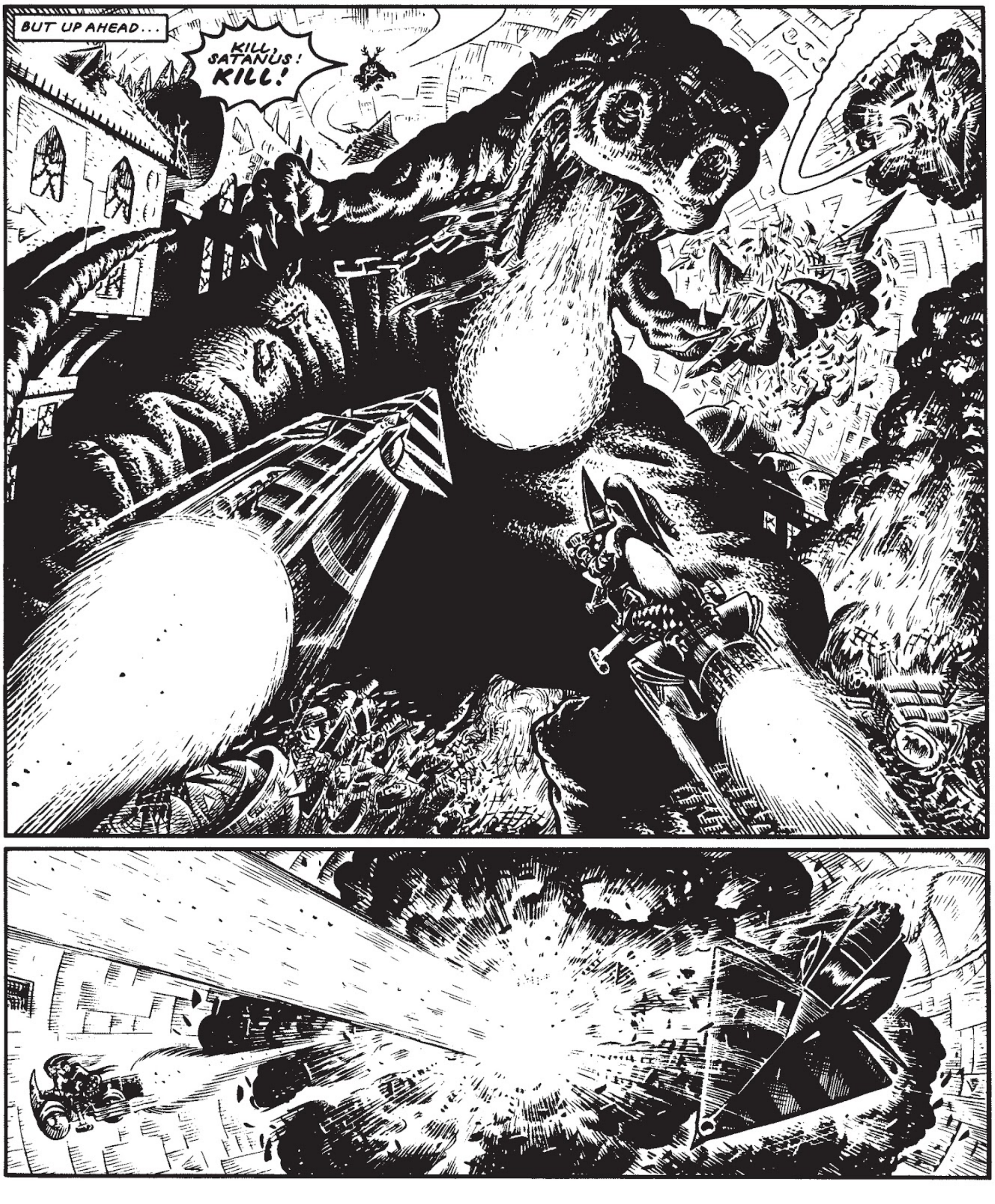

NEXT DAY...
THIS IS CANDIDA DE TORQUEMADA BRINGING YOU LIVE COVERAGE OF TODAY'S BURNINGS AT THE STAKE... RIGHT AFTER THE BREAK!
Y-YOU'RE SAYING I'VE REPORTED THIS EXECUTION BEFORE?
YES. IT EXISTS IN A SEPARATE TIME FRAME OF ITS OWN.
THEN IF THAT REALLY *IS* MY HUSBAND DOWN THERE, WE COULD START AGAIN!
PROVIDED YOU CARRY OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS—AND DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE.
I'M A TORQUEMADA. I'M USED TO DANGER.
HERE'S NEMESIS! GET READY!
INSINE
THE WARLOCK!

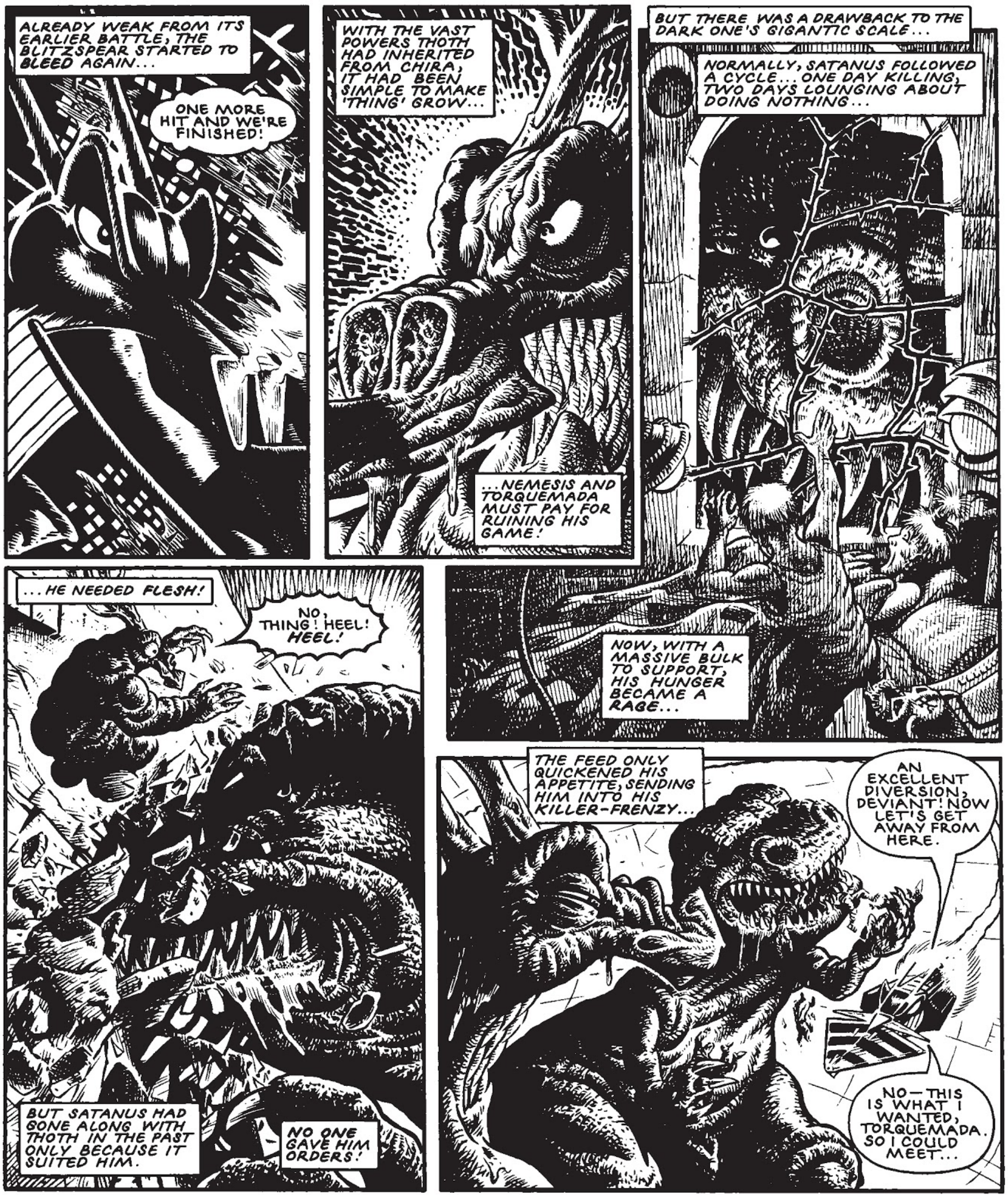

HOLD ON, TORQUEMADA!
I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!
KLIK
NEMESIS!
NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I'D RATHER BURN!
I WOULD PREFER THAT, TOO—BUT I NEED YOU AS *BAIT*!
UP ABOVE, THE 'BAIT' ATTRACTED THE WARLOCK'S SON...
HIS FATHER WAS SPOILING HIS GAME. THOTH DIDN'T LIKE THAT... IT WAS TIME TO SEND IN HIS *PET*!
NEXT PROG: THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

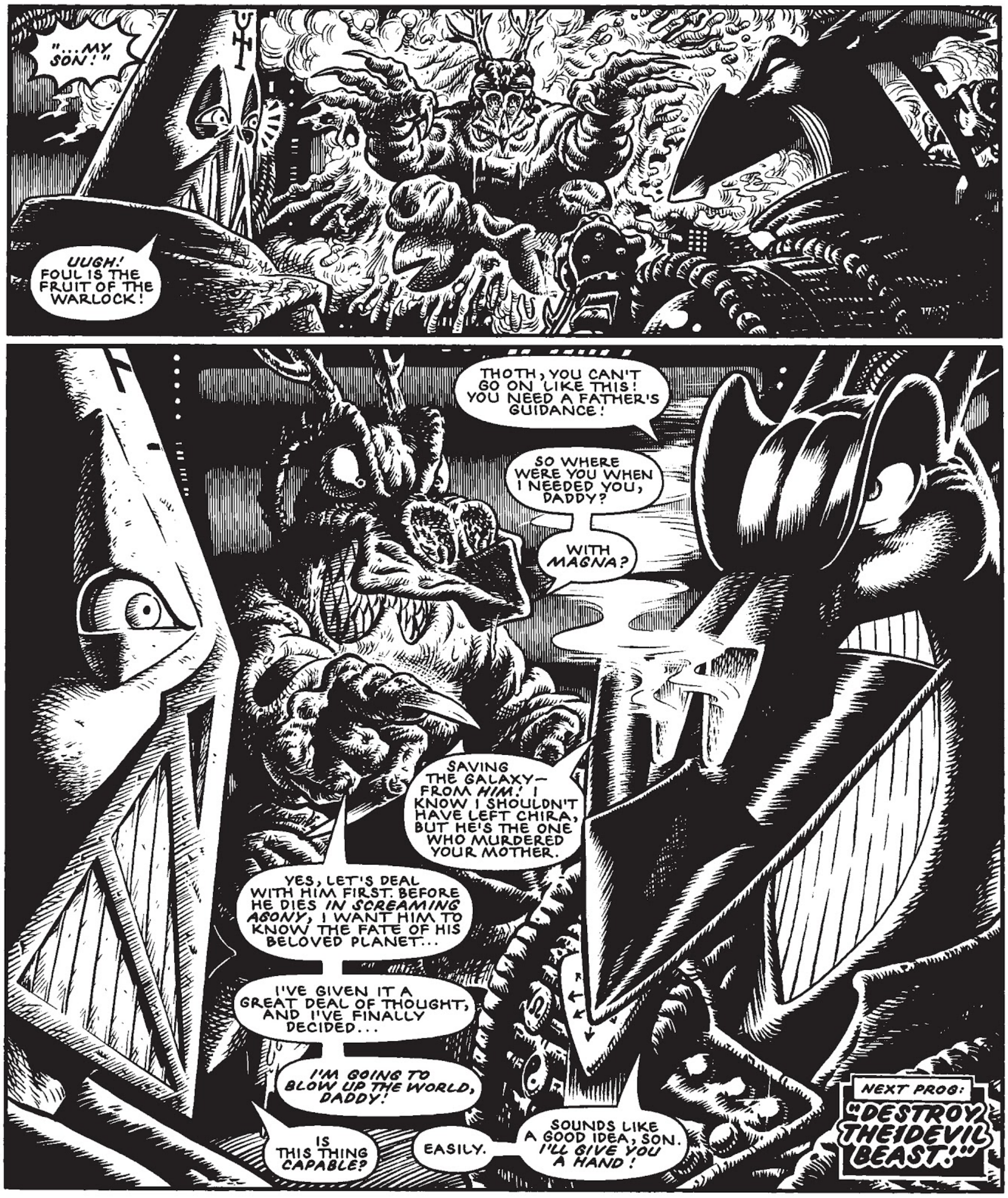

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK FIVE
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
NEMESIS HAS RESCUED TORQUEMADA FROM A TIME LOOP, IN ORDER TO FIND HIS SON, THOTH...
IF THE PEOPLE DISCOVER I AM THE REAL TORQUEMADA, MY NAME WILL LIVE IN INFAMY AS THE ALLY OF THE ARCH-DEVIANT!
SO WE'D BETTER NOT GET CAUGHT! WE CAN SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES LATER, TORQUEMADA, BUT— FOR NOW— LET'S WORK...
...TOGETHER?
IT WILL BE AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE, WARLOCK. BUT, AYE...
...TOGETHER!
STOP THEM! OR IT'S THE VATS FOR ALL OF US!

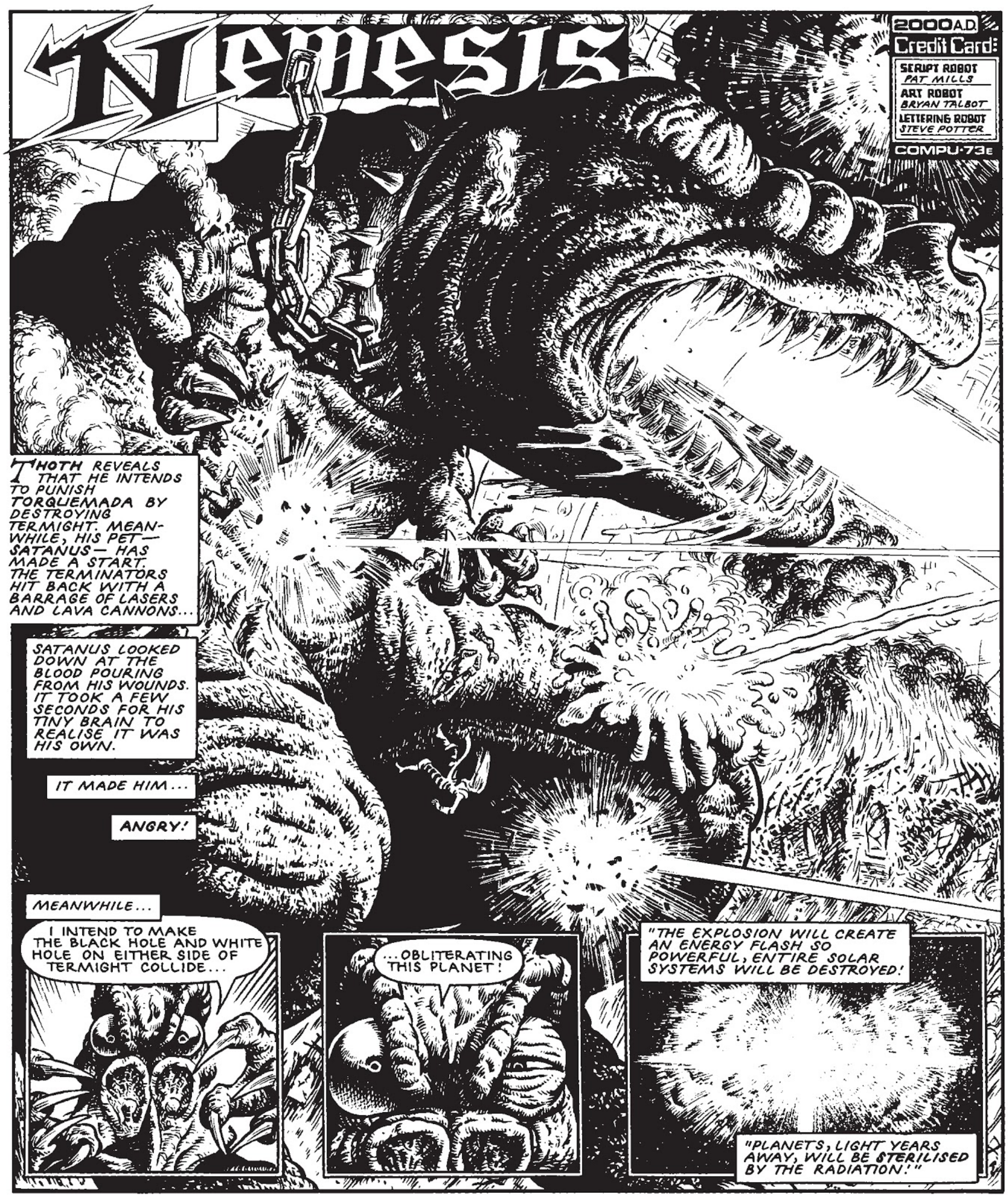

THIS WAS THE MOMENT PURITY AND CANDY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR...
HIT THEM, CANDY!
THE TV CAMERA HAD BEEN SECRETLY CONVERTED INTO A HIGH-POWERED LASER...


COME ON!
MEANWHILE... GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN WAS HEADING THROUGH THE TUBES, LOST IN THOUGHT...
WITH TORQUEMADA'S EXECUTION AND NEMESIS' RETIREMENT, HIS POSITION HAD SEEMED SAFE. BUT NOW...
THE WARLOCK HAS RETURNED! WHY? WHAT DOES HE WANT?
GRAND DRAGON! AN URGENT POLICE MESSAGE...
...TORQUEMADA'S BEEN RESCUED — BY NEMESIS!
THERE THEY ARE!
DESTROY THEM!
WE'LL LOSE THEM IN THE CENTRAL ABYSS!


BUT UP AHEAD...
KILL, SATANUS! KILL!


ALREADY WEAK FROM ITS EARLIER BATTLE, THE BLITZSPEAR STARTED TO BLEED AGAIN...
ONE MORE HIT AND WE'RE FINISHED!
WITH THE VAST POWERS THOTH HAD INHERITED FROM CHIRA, IT HAD BEEN SIMPLE TO MAKE 'THING' GROW...
...NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA MUST PAY FOR RUINING HIS GAME!
BUT THERE WAS A DRAWBACK TO THE DARK ONE'S GIGANTIC SCALE...
NORMALLY, SATANUS FOLLOWED A CYCLE... ONE DAY KILLING, TWO DAYS LOUNGING ABOUT DOING NOTHING...
NOW, WITH A MASSIVE BULK TO SUPPORT, HIS HUNGER BECAME A RAGE...
...HE NEEDED FLESH!
NO, THING! HEEL! HEEL!
BUT SATANUS HAD GONE ALONG WITH THOTH IN THE PAST ONLY BECAUSE IT SUITED HIM.
NO ONE GAVE HIM ORDERS!
THE FEED ONLY QUICKENED HIS APPETITE, SENDING HIM INTO HIS KILLER-FRENZY...
AN EXCELLENT DIVERSION, DEVIANT! NOW LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE.
NO—THIS IS WHAT I WANTED, TORQUEMADA. SO I COULD MEET...


"...MY SON!"
UUGH! FOUL IS THE FRUIT OF THE WARLOCK!
THOTH, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! YOU NEED A FATHER'S GUIDANCE!
SO WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU, DADDY?
WITH *MAGNA?*
SAVING THE GALAXY— FROM *HIM!* I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT CHIRA, BUT HE'S THE ONE WHO MURDERED YOUR MOTHER.
YES, LET'S DEAL WITH HIM FIRST. BEFORE HE DIES *IN SCREAMING AGONY*, I WANT HIM TO KNOW THE FATE OF HIS BELOVED PLANET...
I'VE GIVEN IT A GREAT DEAL OF THOUGHT, AND I'VE FINALLY DECIDED...
I'M GOING TO BLOW UP THE WORLD, DADDY!
IS THIS THING *CAPABLE?*
EASILY.
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA, SON. *I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!*
NEXT PROG: "DESTROY THE DEVIL BEAST!"


NEMESIS
2000 A.D.
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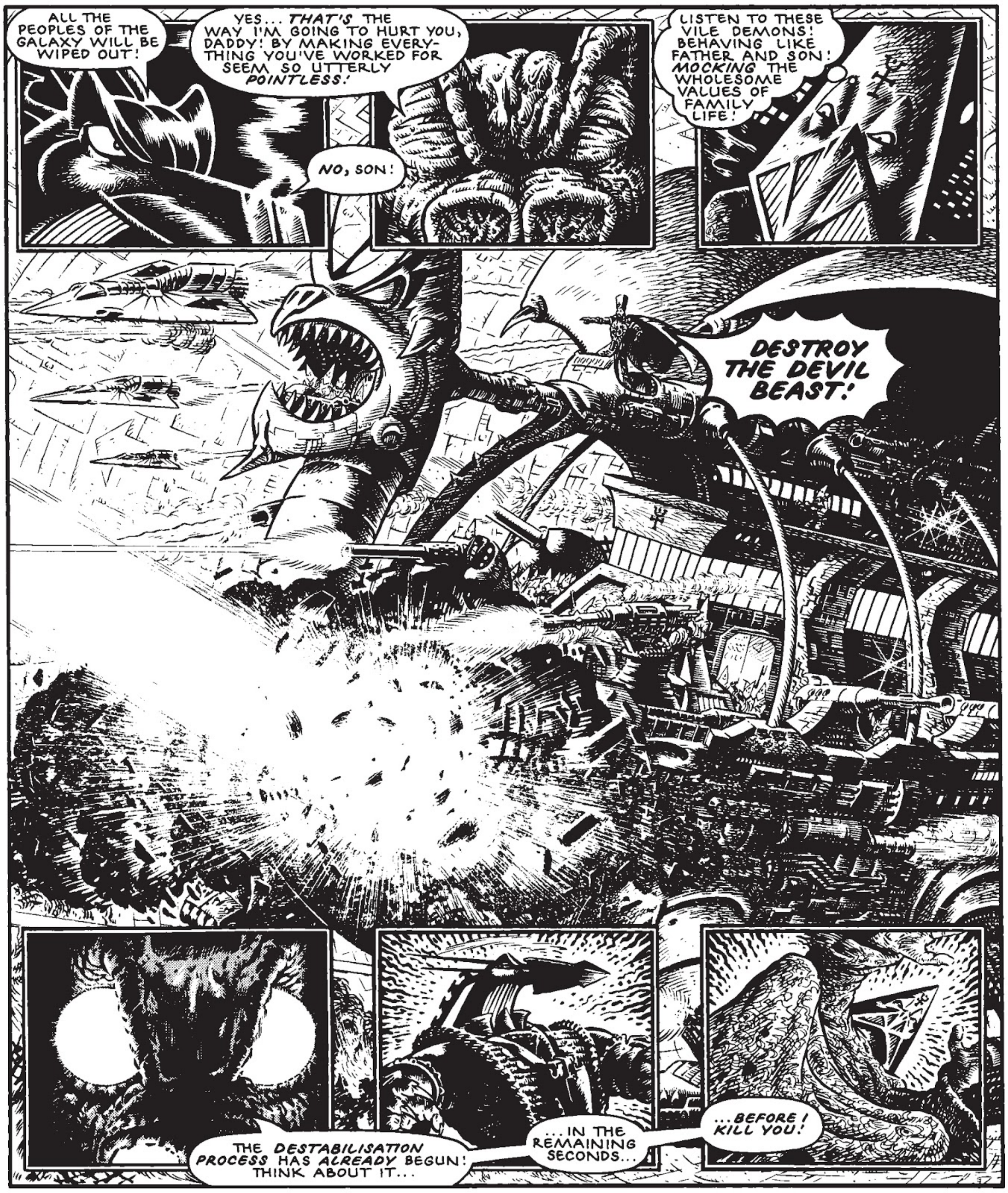
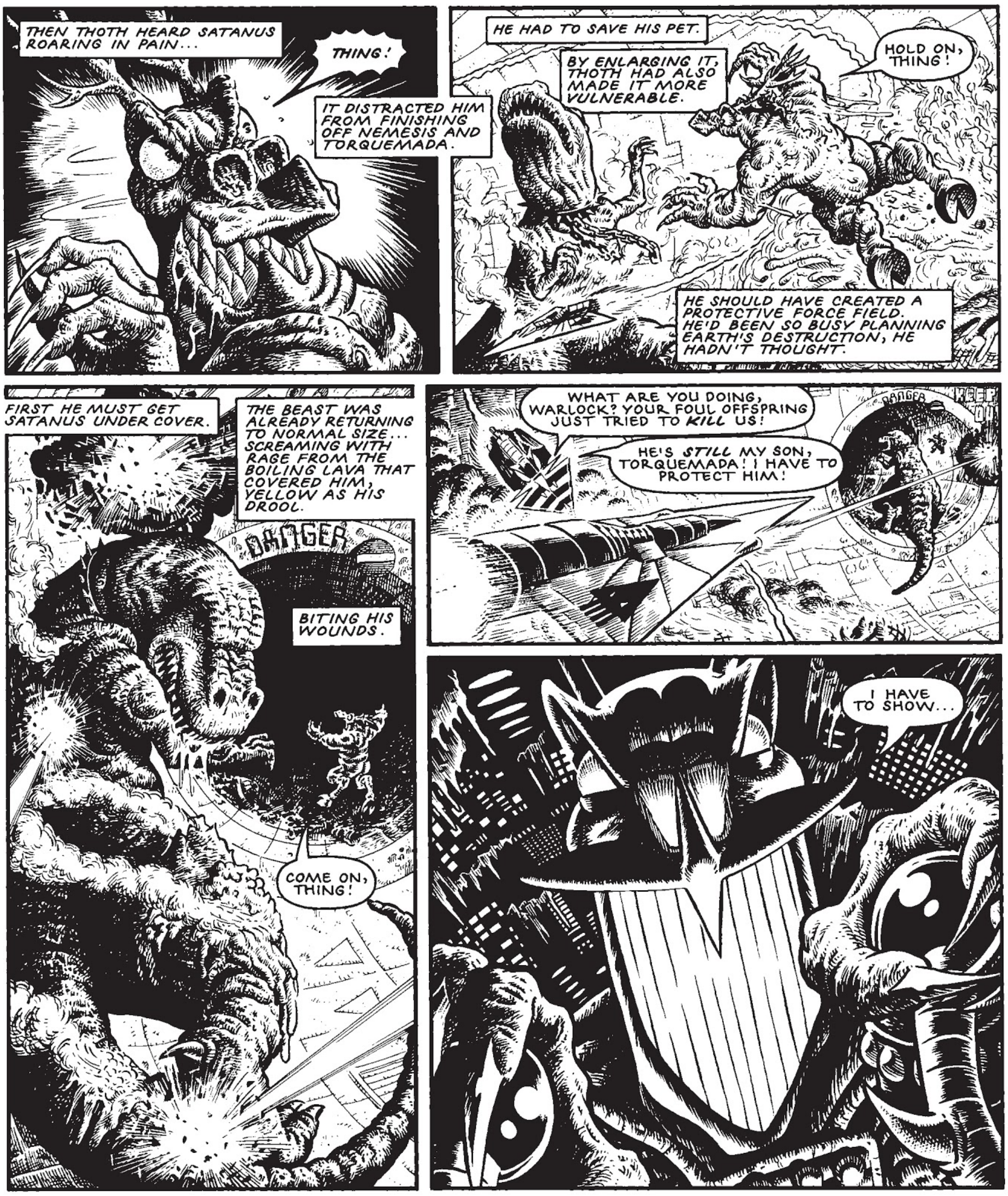
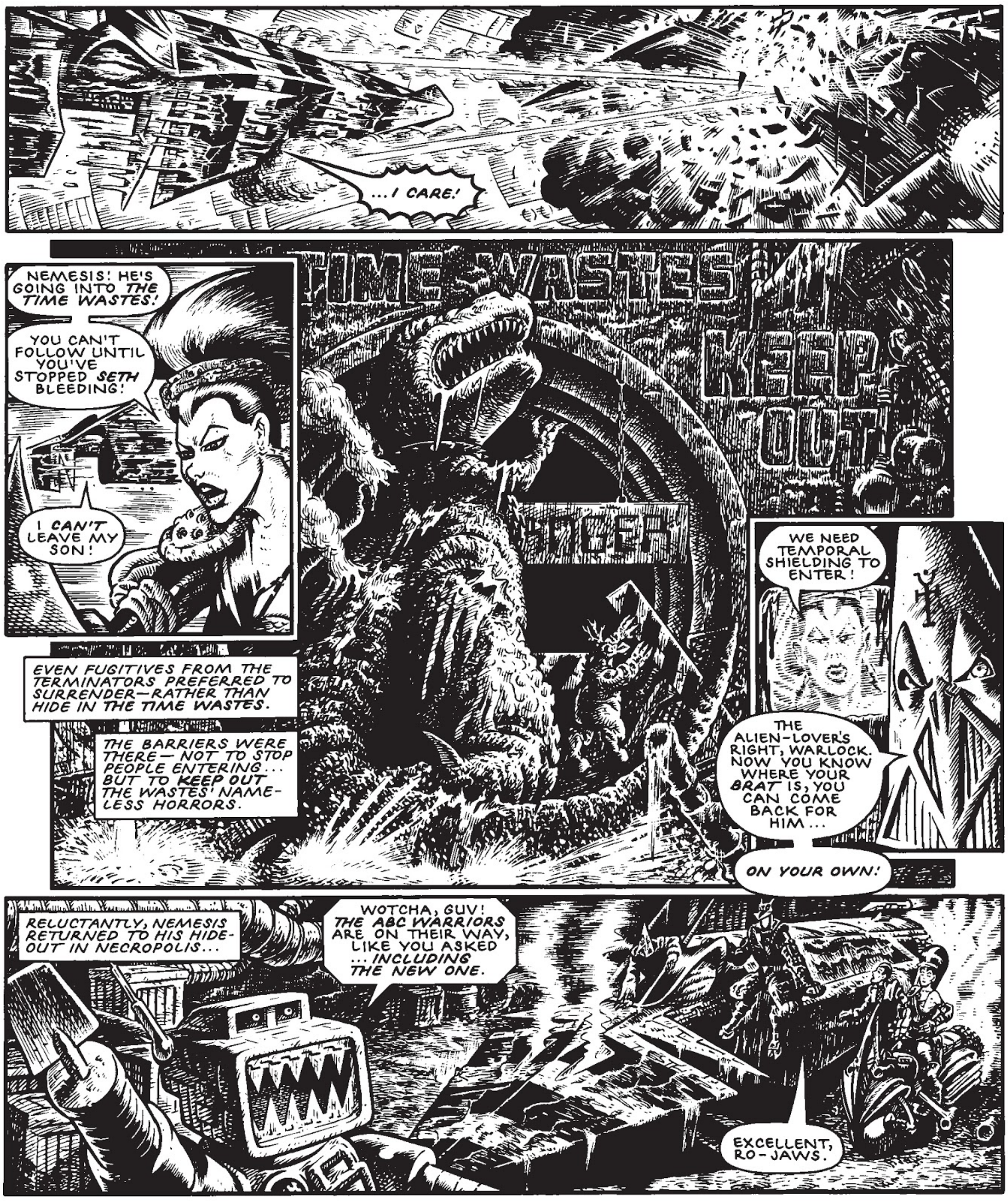
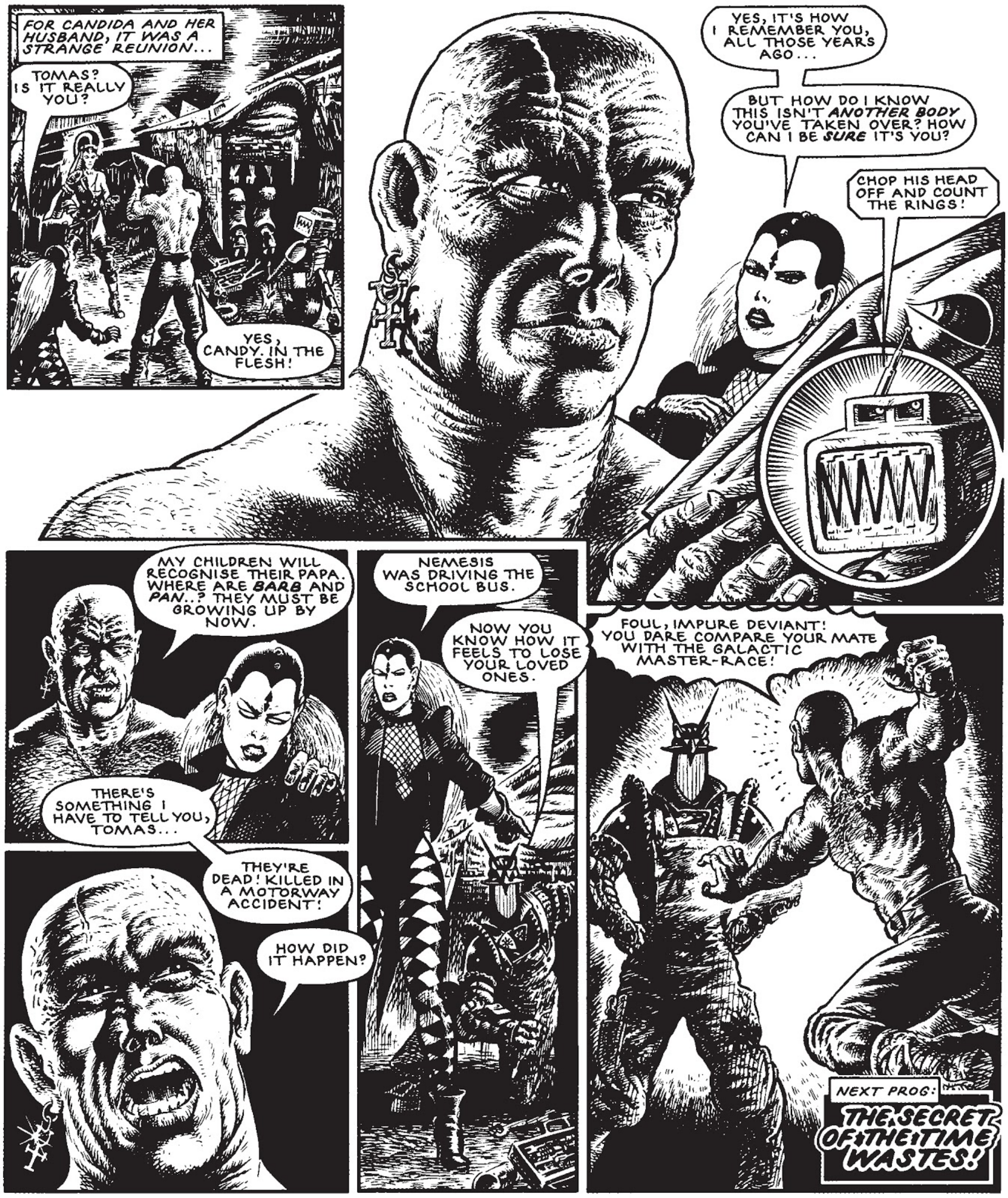
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
THOTH REVEALS THAT HE INTENDS TO PUNISH TORQUEMADA BY DESTROYING TERMIGHT. MEANWHILE, HIS PET— SATANUS— HAS MADE A START. THE TERMINATORS HIT BACK WITH A BARRAGE OF LASERS AND LAVA CANNONS...
SATANUS LOOKED DOWN AT THE BLOOD POURING FROM HIS WOUNDS. IT TOOK A FEW SECONDS FOR HIS TINY BRAIN TO REALISE IT WAS HIS OWN.
IT MADE HIM...
ANGRY!
MEANWHILE...
I INTEND TO MAKE THE BLACK HOLE AND WHITE HOLE ON EITHER SIDE OF TERMIGHT COLLIDE...
...OBLITERATING THIS PLANET!
"THE EXPLOSION WILL CREATE AN ENERGY FLASH SO POWERFUL, ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEMS WILL BE DESTROYED!
"PLANETS, LIGHT YEARS AWAY, WILL BE STERILISED BY THE RADIATION!"


ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE GALAXY WILL BE WIPED OUT!
YES... *THAT'S* THE WAY I'M GOING TO HURT YOU, DADDY! BY MAKING EVERYTHING YOU'VE WORKED FOR SEEM SO UTTERLY *POINTLESS!*
NO, SON!
LISTEN TO THESE VILE DEMONS! BEHAVING LIKE FATHER AND SON! *MOCKING* THE WHOLESOME VALUES OF FAMILY LIFE!
DESTROY THE DEVIL BEAST!
THE *DESTABILISATION PROCESS* HAS *ALREADY* BEGUN! THINK ABOUT IT...
...IN THE REMAINING SECONDS...
...BEFORE I KILL YOU!


THEN THOTH HEARD SATANUS ROARING IN PAIN...
THING!
IT DISTRACTED HIM FROM FINISHING OFF NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA.
HE HAD TO SAVE HIS PET.
BY ENLARGING IT, THOTH HAD ALSO MADE IT MORE VULNERABLE.
HOLD ON, THING!
HE SHOULD HAVE CREATED A PROTECTIVE FORCE FIELD. HE'D BEEN SO BUSY PLANNING EARTH'S DESTRUCTION, HE HADN'T THOUGHT.
FIRST HE MUST GET SATANUS UNDER COVER.
THE BEAST WAS ALREADY RETURNING TO NORMAL SIZE... SCREAMING WITH RAGE FROM THE BOILING LAVA THAT COVERED HIM, YELLOW AS HIS DROOL.
DANGER
BITING HIS WOUNDS.
COME ON, THING!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, WARLOCK? YOUR FOUL OFFSPRING JUST TRIED TO KILL US!
HE'S STILL MY SON, TORQUEMADA! I HAVE TO PROTECT HIM!
DANGER
I HAVE TO SHOW...


...I CARE!
TIME WASTES
NEMESIS! HE'S GOING INTO THE TIME WASTES!
YOU CAN'T FOLLOW UNTIL YOU'VE STOPPED SETH BLEEDING!
I CAN'T LEAVE MY SON!
KEEP OUT!
NGER
EVEN FUGITIVES FROM THE TERMINATORS PREFERRED TO SURRENDER—RATHER THAN HIDE IN THE TIME WASTES.
THE BARRIERS WERE THERE— NOT TO STOP PEOPLE ENTERING... BUT TO KEEP OUT THE WASTES' NAMELESS HORRORS.
WE NEED TEMPORAL SHIELDING TO ENTER!
THE ALIEN-LOVER'S RIGHT, WARLOCK. NOW YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BRAT IS, YOU CAN COME BACK FOR HIM...
ON YOUR OWN!
RELUCTANTLY, NEMESIS RETURNED TO HIS HIDE-OUT IN NECROPOLIS...
WOTCHA, GUV! THE ABC WARRIORS ARE ON THEIR WAY, LIKE YOU ASKED ...INCLUDING THE NEW ONE.
EXCELLENT, RO-JAWS.


FOR CANDIDA AND HER HUSBAND, IT WAS A STRANGE REUNION...
TOMAS? IS IT REALLY YOU?
YES, CANDY. IN THE FLESH!
YES, IT'S HOW I REMEMBER YOU, ALL THOSE YEARS AGO...
BUT HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T ANOTHER BODY YOU'VE TAKEN OVER? HOW CAN I BE SURE IT'S YOU?
CHOP HIS HEAD OFF AND COUNT THE RINGS!
MY CHILDREN WILL RECOGNISE THEIR PAPA. WHERE ARE BARB AND PAN..? THEY MUST BE GROWING UP BY NOW.
THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU, TOMAS...
THEY'RE DEAD! KILLED IN A MOTORWAY ACCIDENT!
HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
NEMESIS WAS DRIVING THE SCHOOL BUS.
NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO LOSE YOUR LOVED ONES.
FOUL, IMPURE DEVIANT! YOU DARE COMPARE YOUR MATE WITH THE GALACTIC MASTER-RACE!
NEXT PROG:
THE SECRET OF THE TIME WASTES!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000 A.D.
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ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
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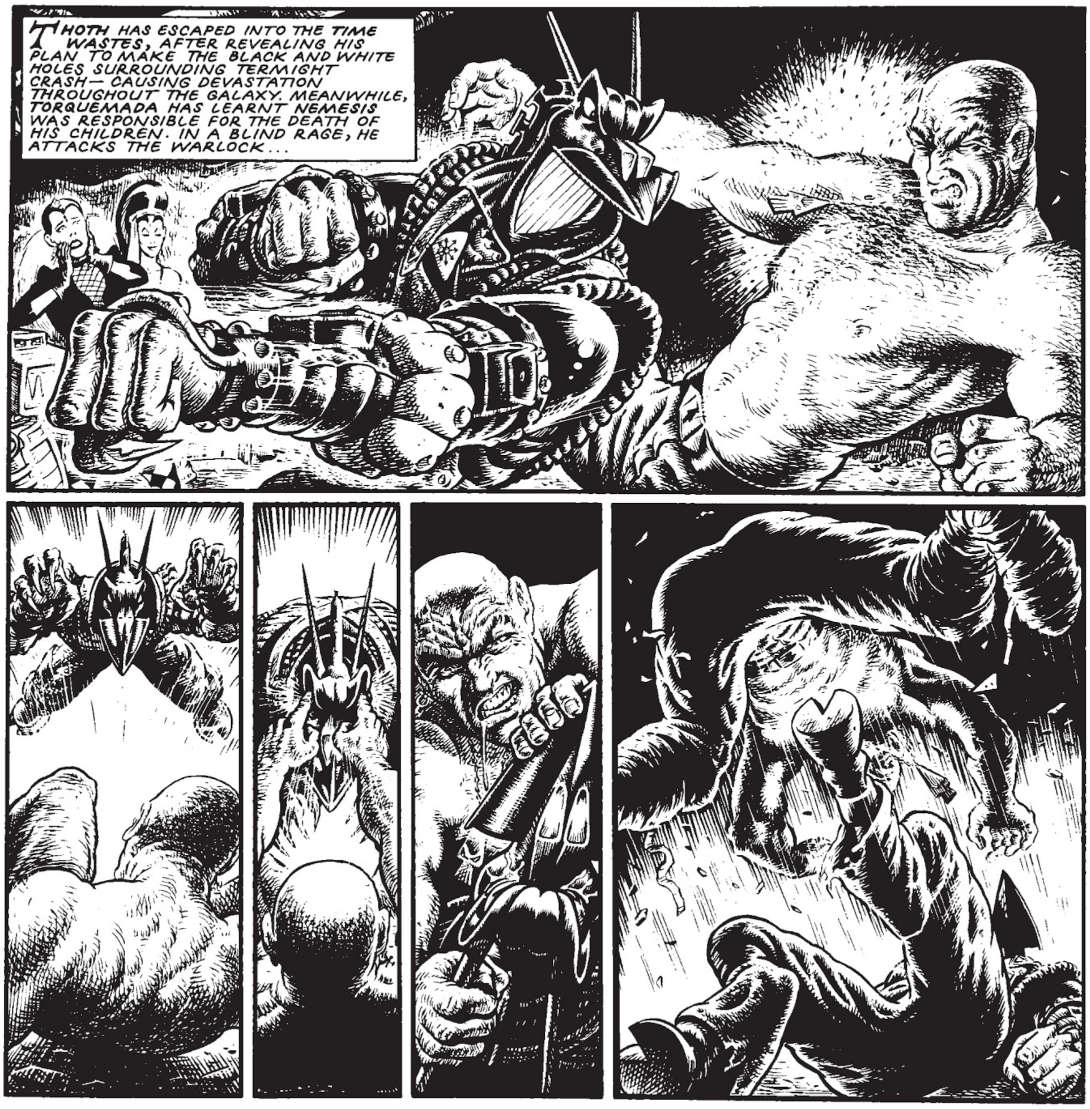
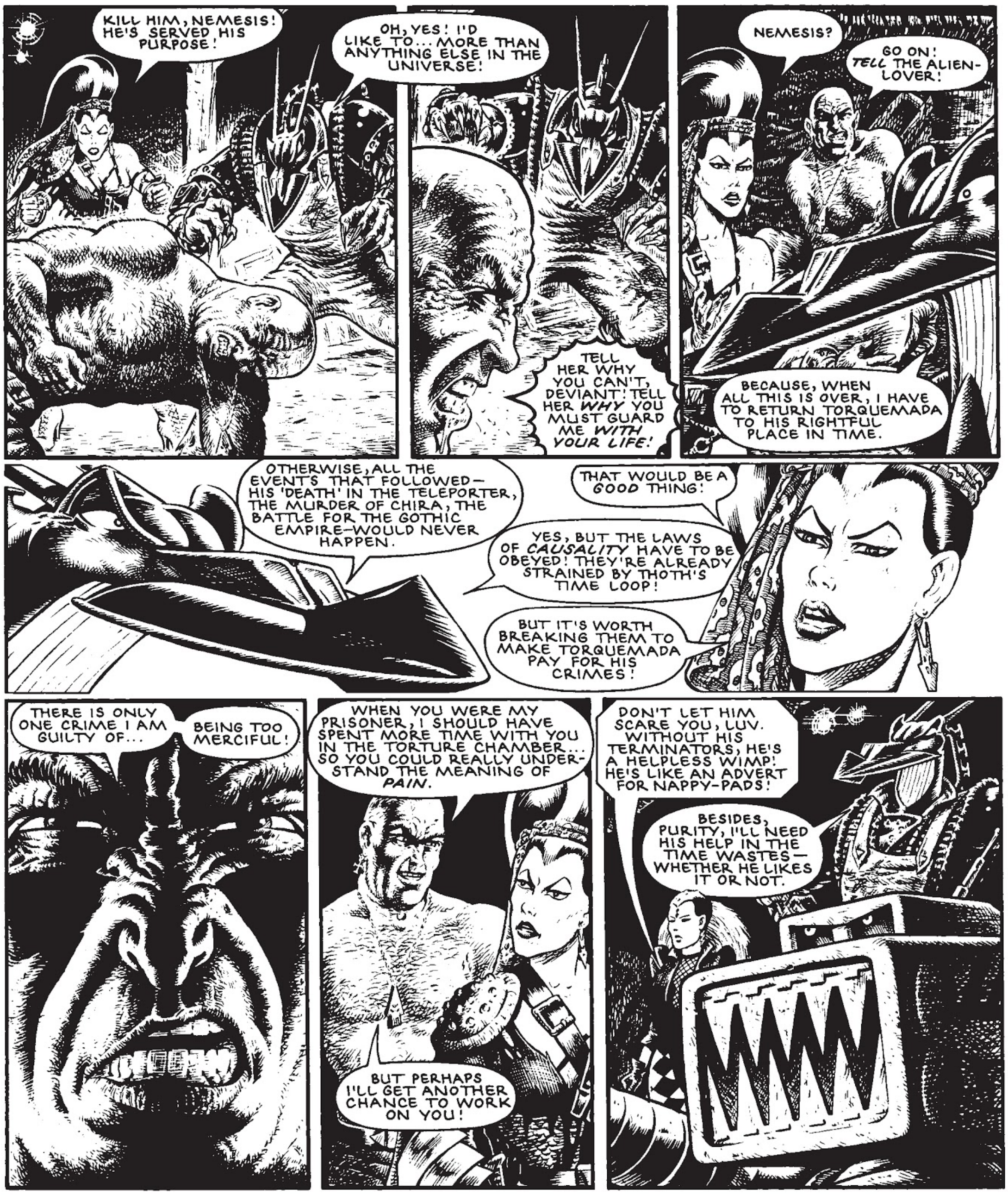
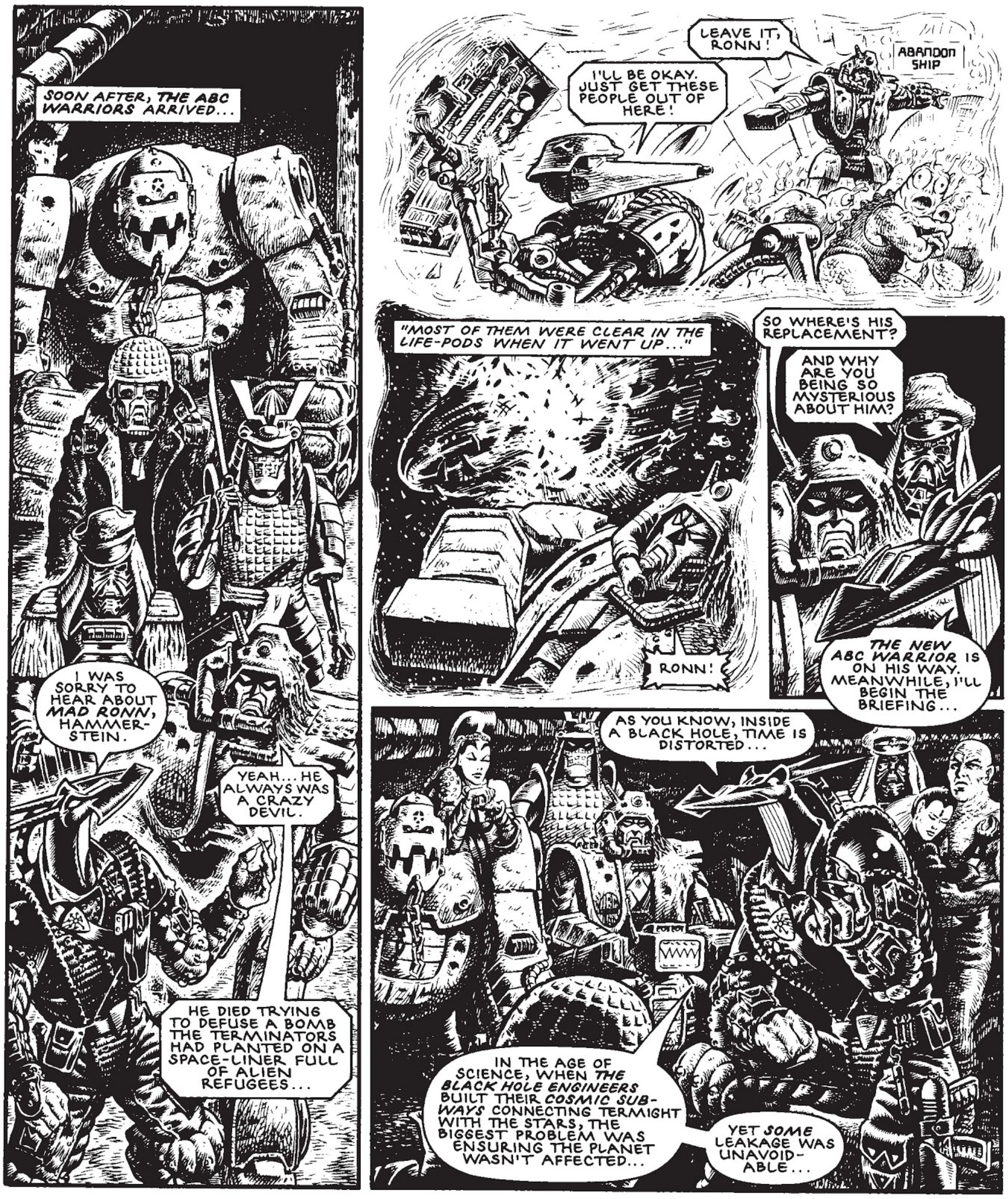
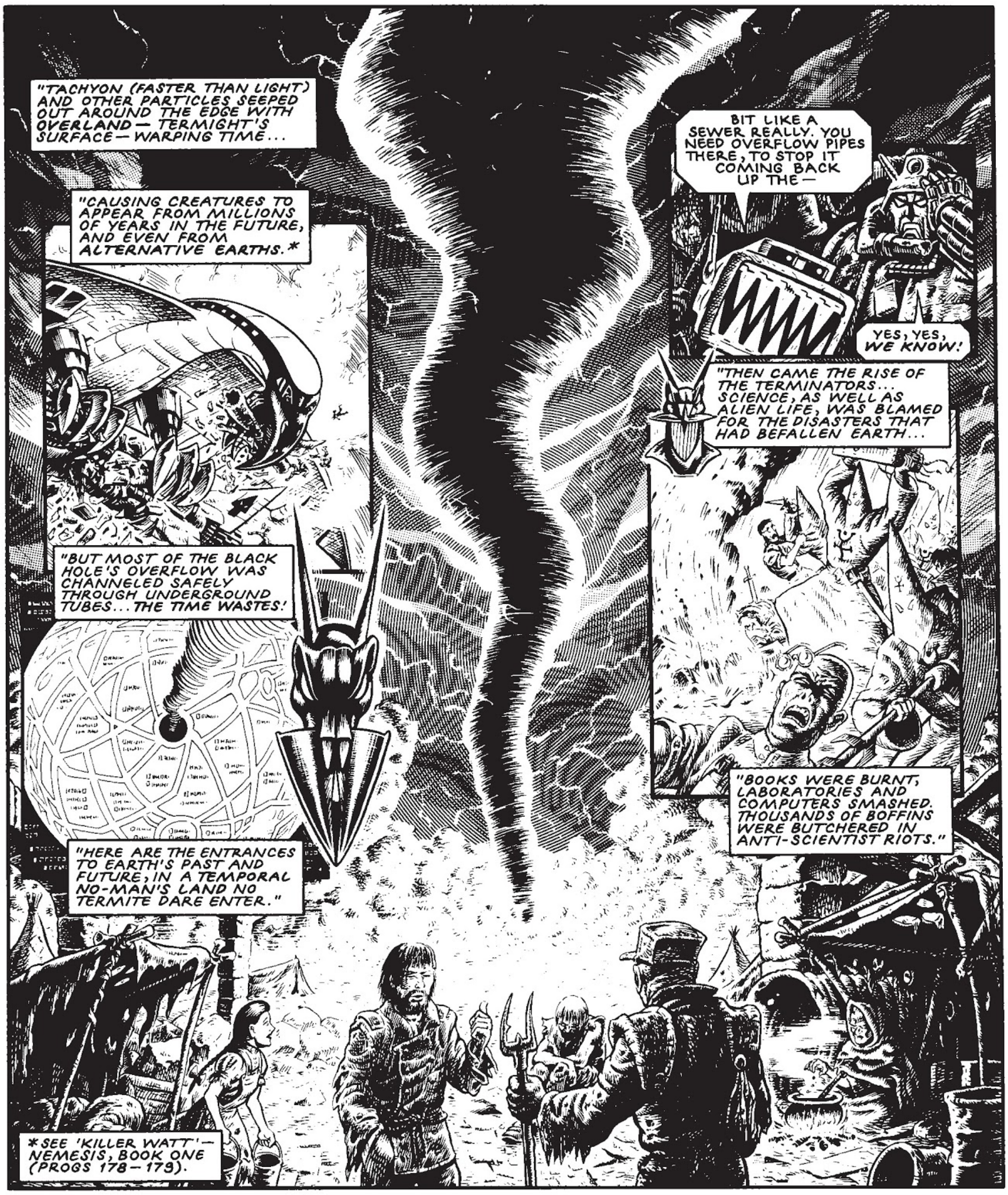

THOTH HAS ESCAPED INTO THE TIME WASTES, AFTER REVEALING HIS PLAN TO MAKE THE BLACK AND WHITE HOLES SURROUNDING TERMIGHT CRASH— CAUSING DEVASTATION THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY. MEANWHILE, TORQUEMADA HAS LEARNT NEMESIS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF HIS CHILDREN. IN A BLIND RAGE, HE ATTACKS THE WARLOCK...


KILL HIM, NEMESIS! HE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE!
OH, YES! I'D LIKE TO... MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE!
TELL HER WHY YOU CAN'T, DEVIANT! TELL HER WHY YOU MUST GUARD ME WITH YOUR LIFE!
NEMESIS?
GO ON! TELL THE ALIEN-LOVER!
BECAUSE, WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER, I HAVE TO RETURN TORQUEMADA TO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE IN TIME.
OTHERWISE, ALL THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED— HIS 'DEATH' IN THE TELEPORTER, THE MURDER OF CHIRA, THE BATTLE FOR THE GOTHIC EMPIRE—WOULD NEVER HAPPEN.
THAT WOULD BE A GOOD THING!
YES, BUT THE LAWS OF CAUSALITY HAVE TO BE OBEYED! THEY'RE ALREADY STRAINED BY THOTH'S TIME LOOP!
BUT IT'S WORTH BREAKING THEM TO MAKE TORQUEMADA PAY FOR HIS CRIMES!
THERE IS ONLY ONE CRIME I AM GUILTY OF...
BEING TOO MERCIFUL!
WHEN YOU WERE MY PRISONER, I SHOULD HAVE SPENT MORE TIME WITH YOU IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER... SO YOU COULD REALLY UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF PAIN.
BUT PERHAPS I'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO WORK ON YOU!
DON'T LET HIM SCARE YOU, LUV. WITHOUT HIS TERMINATORS, HE'S A HELPLESS WIMP! HE'S LIKE AN ADVERT FOR NAPPY-PADS!
BESIDES, PURITY, I'LL NEED HIS HELP IN THE TIME WASTES— WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT.


SOON AFTER, *THE ABC WARRIORS* ARRIVED...
I WAS SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT *MAD RONN*, HAMMERSTEIN.
YEAH... HE ALWAYS WAS A CRAZY DEVIL.
HE DIED TRYING TO DEFUSE A BOMB THE TERMINATORS HAD PLANTED ON A SPACE-LINER FULL OF ALIEN REFUGEES...
I'LL BE OKAY. JUST GET THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE!
LEAVE IT, RONN!
ABANDON SHIP
"MOST OF THEM WERE CLEAR IN THE LIFE-PODS WHEN IT WENT UP..."
RONN!
SO WHERE'S HIS REPLACEMENT?
AND WHY ARE YOU BEING SO MYSTERIOUS ABOUT HIM?
THE NEW ABC WARRIOR IS ON HIS WAY. MEANWHILE, I'LL BEGIN THE BRIEFING...
AS YOU KNOW, INSIDE A BLACK HOLE, TIME IS DISTORTED...
IN THE AGE OF SCIENCE, WHEN *THE BLACK HOLE ENGINEERS* BUILT THEIR *COSMIC SUBWAYS* CONNECTING TERMIGHT WITH THE STARS, THE BIGGEST PROBLEM WAS ENSURING THE PLANET WASN'T AFFECTED...
YET *SOME* LEAKAGE WAS UNAVOIDABLE...


"TACHYON (FASTER THAN LIGHT) AND OTHER PARTICLES SEEPED OUT AROUND THE EDGE WITH OVERLAND — TERMIGHT'S SURFACE — WARPING TIME...
"CAUSING CREATURES TO APPEAR FROM MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE, AND EVEN FROM ALTERNATIVE EARTHS.*
"BUT MOST OF THE BLACK HOLE'S OVERFLOW WAS CHANNELED SAFELY THROUGH UNDERGROUND TUBES... THE TIME WASTES!
"HERE ARE THE ENTRANCES TO EARTH'S PAST AND FUTURE, IN A TEMPORAL NO-MAN'S LAND NO TERMITE DARE ENTER."
BIT LIKE A SEWER REALLY. YOU NEED OVERFLOW PIPES THERE, TO STOP IT COMING BACK UP THE —
YES, YES, WE KNOW!
"THEN CAME THE RISE OF THE TERMINATORS... SCIENCE, AS WELL AS ALIEN LIFE, WAS BLAMED FOR THE DISASTERS THAT HAD BEFALLEN EARTH...
"BOOKS WERE BURNT, LABORATORIES AND COMPUTERS SMASHED. THOUSANDS OF BOFFINS WERE BUTCHERED IN ANTI-SCIENTIST RIOTS."
*SEE 'KILLER WATT' — NEMESIS, BOOK ONE (PROGS 178 — 179).

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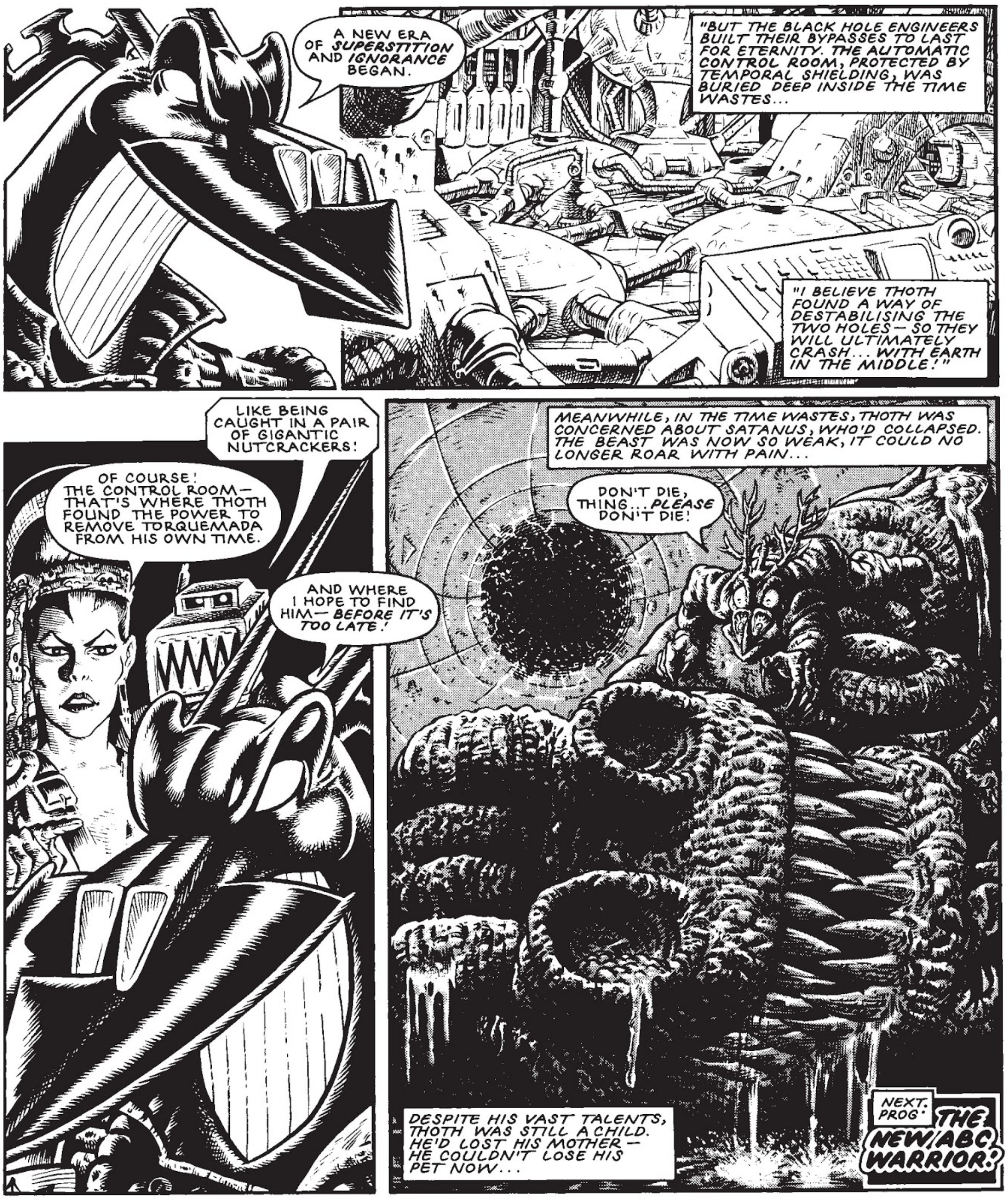
A NEW ERA OF *SUPERSTITION* AND *IGNORANCE* BEGAN.
"BUT THE BLACK HOLE ENGINEERS BUILT THEIR BYPASSES TO LAST FOR ETERNITY. THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL ROOM, PROTECTED BY TEMPORAL SHIELDING, WAS BURIED DEEP INSIDE THE TIME WASTES...
"I BELIEVE THOTH FOUND A WAY OF DESTABILISING THE TWO HOLES — SO THEY WILL ULTIMATELY CRASH... WITH EARTH IN THE MIDDLE!"
LIKE BEING CAUGHT IN A PAIR OF GIGANTIC NUTCRACKERS!
OF COURSE! THE CONTROL ROOM— THAT'S WHERE THOTH FOUND THE POWER TO REMOVE TORQUEMADA FROM HIS OWN TIME.
AND WHERE I HOPE TO FIND HIM— *BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!*
MEANWHILE, IN THE TIME WASTES, THOTH WAS CONCERNED ABOUT SATANUS, WHO'D COLLAPSED. THE BEAST WAS NOW SO WEAK, IT COULD NO LONGER ROAR WITH PAIN...
DON'T DIE, THING... *PLEASE* DON'T DIE!
DESPITE HIS VAST TALENTS, THOTH WAS STILL A CHILD. HE'D LOST HIS MOTHER — HE COULDN'T LOSE HIS PET NOW...
NEXT PROG: THE NEW ABC WARRIOR?

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000 A.D.
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ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
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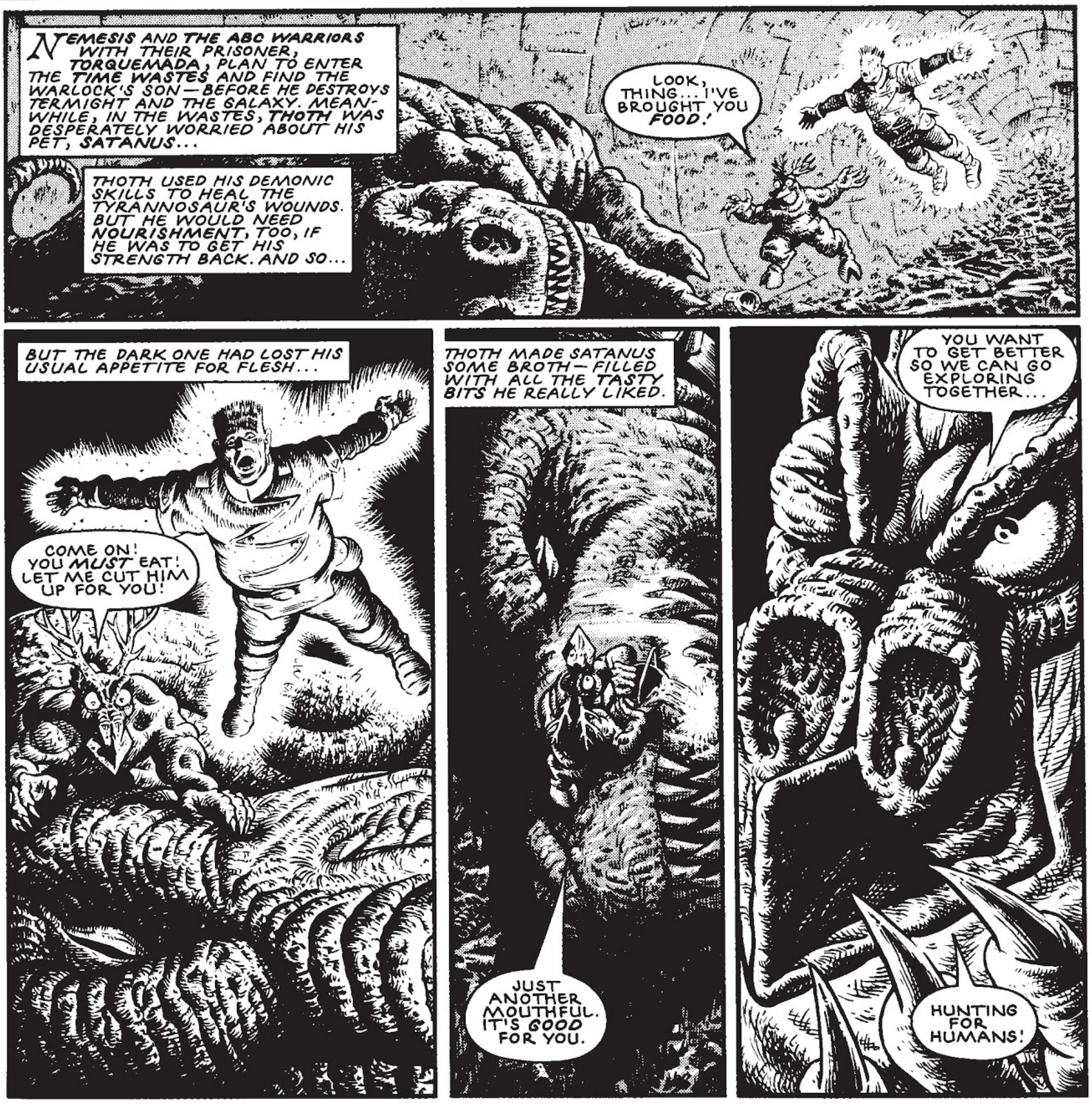
NEMESIS AND THE ABC WARRIORS WITH THEIR PRISONER, TORQUEMADA, PLAN TO ENTER THE TIME WASTES AND FIND THE WARLOCK'S SON—BEFORE HE DESTROYS TERMIGHT AND THE GALAXY. MEANWHILE, IN THE WASTES, THOTH WAS DESPERATELY WORRIED ABOUT HIS PET, SATANUS...
LOOK, THING...I'VE BROUGHT YOU FOOD.'
THOTH USED HIS DEMONIC SKILLS TO HEAL THE TYRANNOSAUR'S WOUNDS. BUT HE WOULD NEED NOURISHMENT, TOO, IF HE WAS TO GET HIS STRENGTH BACK. AND SO...
BUT THE DARK ONE HAD LOST HIS USUAL APPETITE FOR FLESH...
COME ON! YOU MUST EAT! LET ME CUT HIM UP FOR YOU!
THOTH MADE SATANUS SOME BROTH—FILLED WITH ALL THE TASTY BITS HE REALLY LIKED.
JUST ANOTHER MOUTHFUL. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.
YOU WANT TO GET BETTER SO WE CAN GO EXPLORING TOGETHER...
HUNTING FOR HUMANS!

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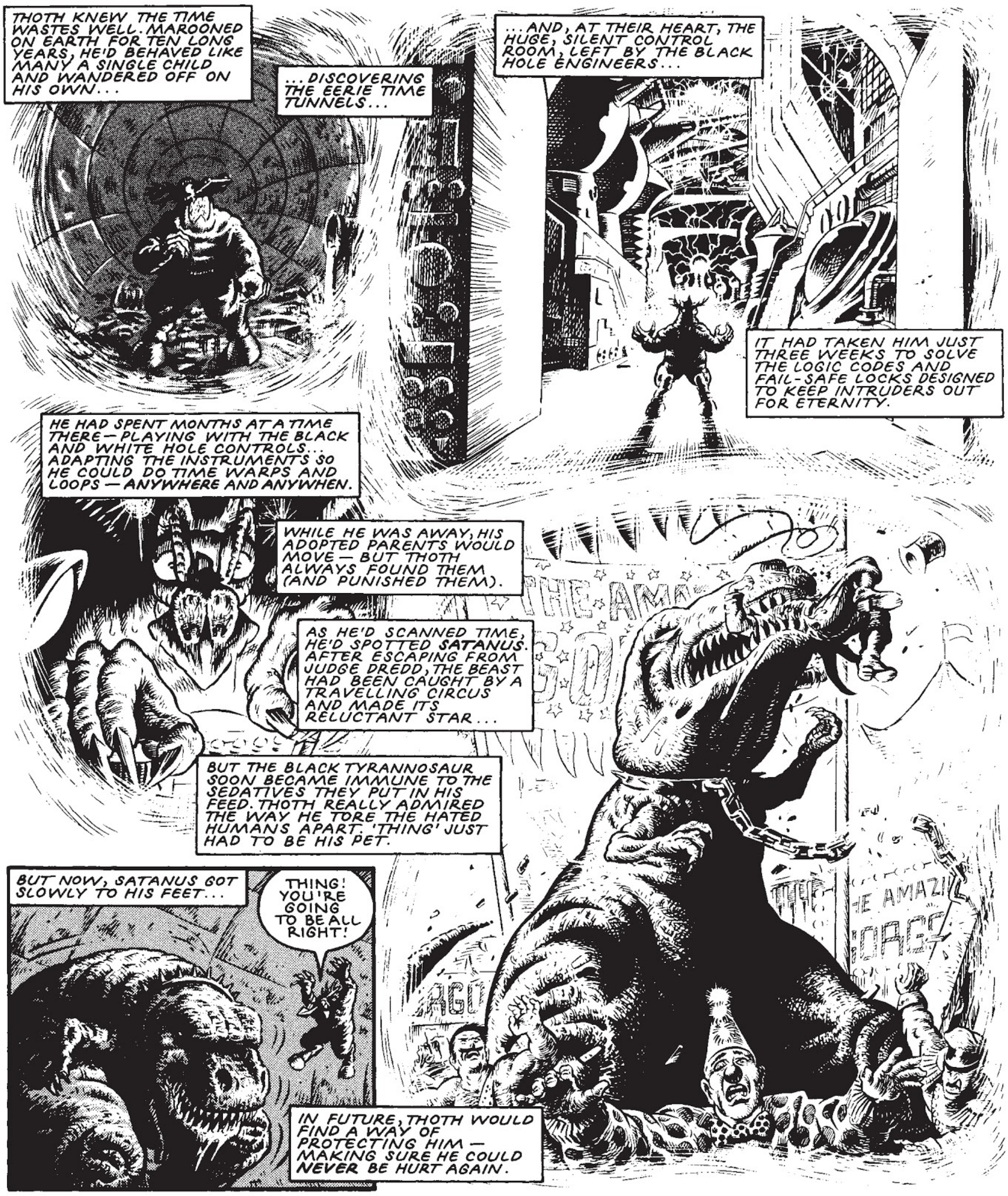
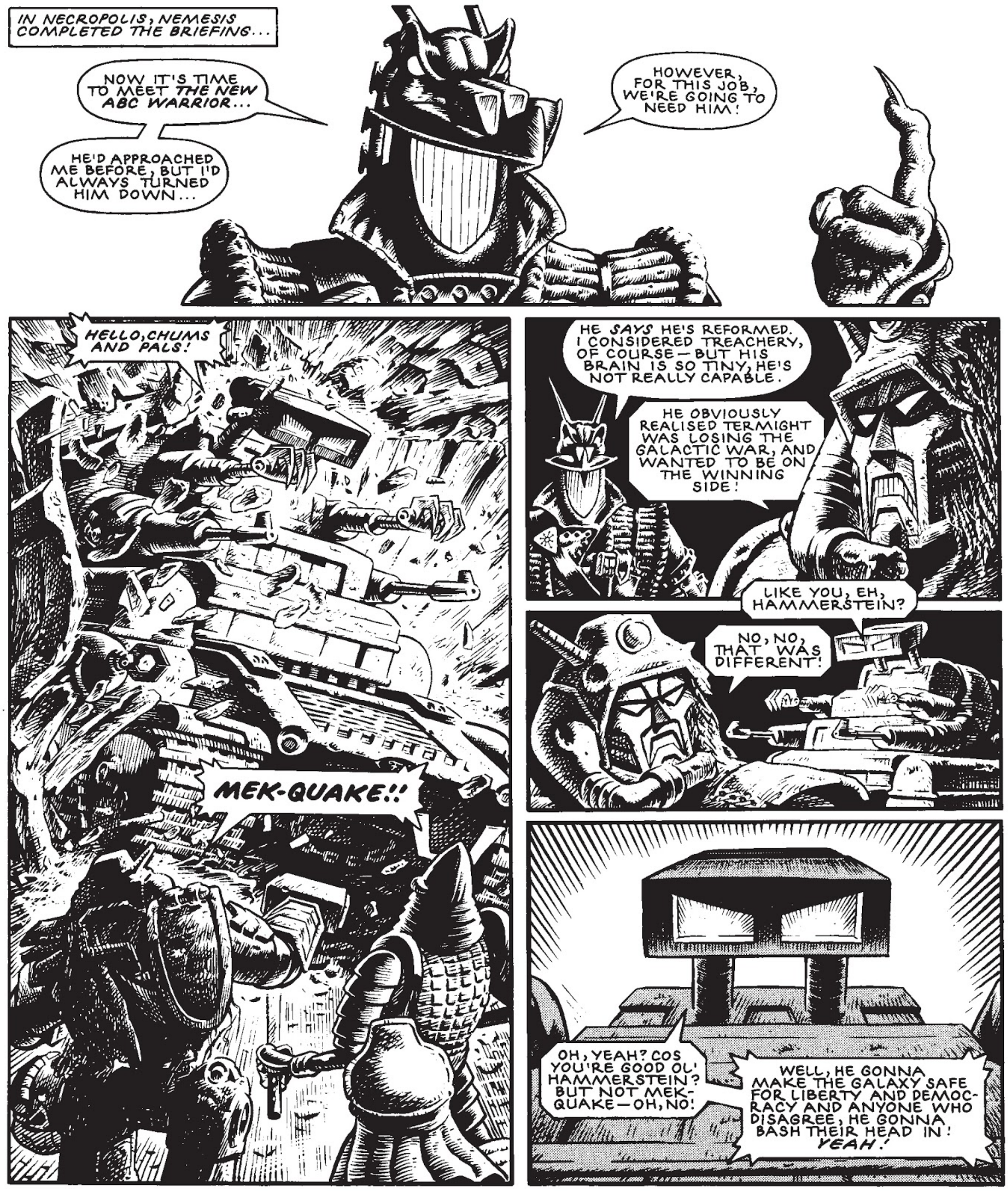
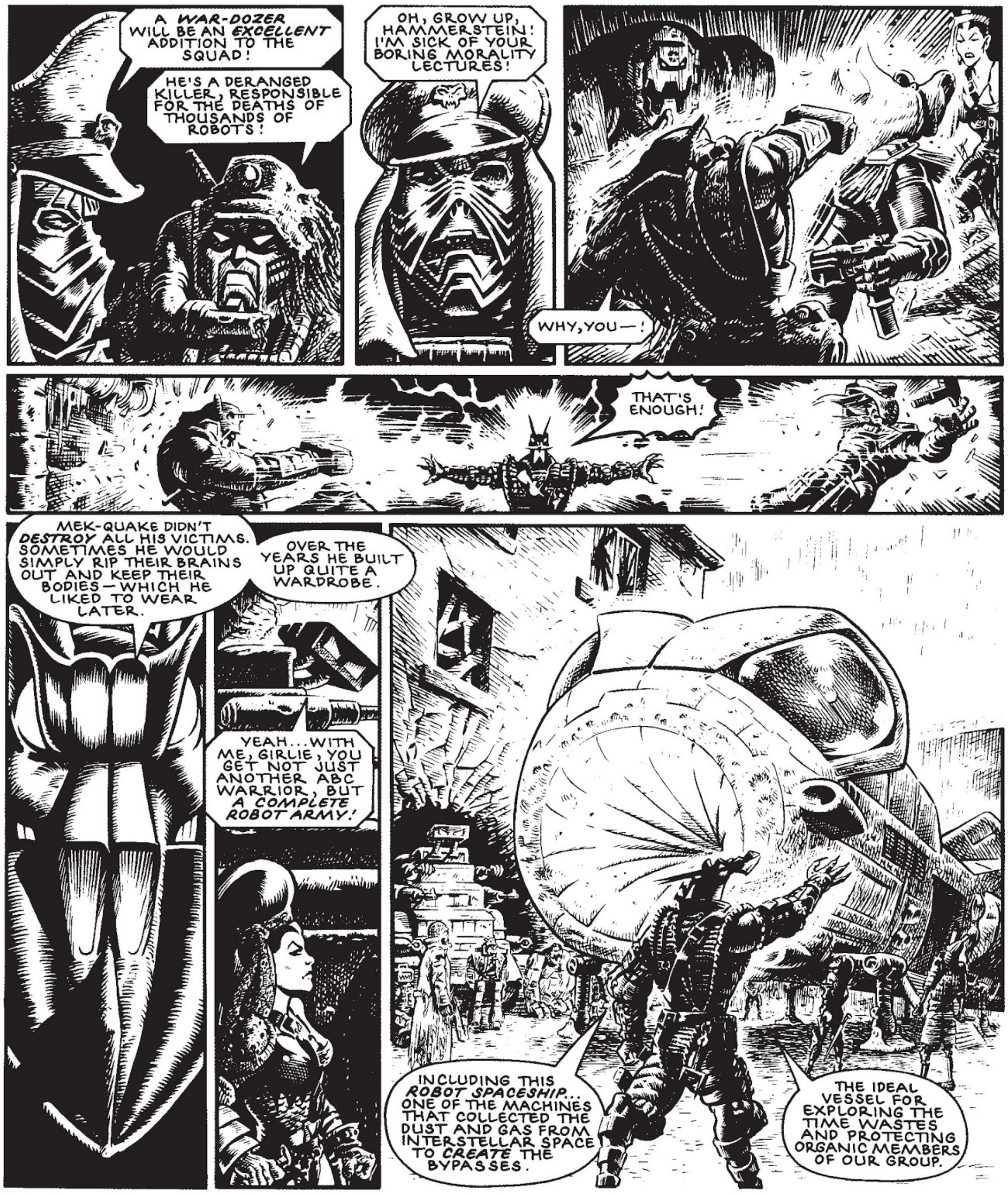

THOTH KNEW THE TIME WASTES WELL. MAROONED ON EARTH FOR TEN LONG YEARS, HE'D BEHAVED LIKE MANY A SINGLE CHILD AND WANDERED OFF ON HIS OWN...
...DISCOVERING THE EERIE TIME TUNNELS...
...AND, AT THEIR HEART, THE HUGE, SILENT CONTROL ROOM, LEFT BY THE BLACK HOLE ENGINEERS...
IT HAD TAKEN HIM JUST THREE WEEKS TO SOLVE THE LOGIC CODES AND FAIL-SAFE LOCKS DESIGNED TO KEEP INTRUDERS OUT FOR ETERNITY.
HE HAD SPENT MONTHS AT A TIME THERE — PLAYING WITH THE BLACK AND WHITE HOLE CONTROLS... ADAPTING THE INSTRUMENTS SO HE COULD DO TIME WARPS AND LOOPS — ANYWHERE AND ANYWHEN.
WHILE HE WAS AWAY, HIS ADOPTED PARENTS WOULD MOVE — BUT THOTH ALWAYS FOUND THEM (AND PUNISHED THEM).
AS HE'D SCANNED TIME, HE'D SPOTTED SATANUS. AFTER ESCAPING FROM JUDGE DREDD, THE BEAST HAD BEEN CAUGHT BY A TRAVELLING CIRCUS AND MADE ITS RELUCTANT STAR...
THE AMA
GO
BUT THE BLACK TYRANNOSAUR SOON BECAME IMMUNE TO THE SEDATIVES THEY PUT IN HIS FEED. THOTH REALLY ADMIRED THE WAY HE TORE THE HATED HUMANS APART. 'THING' JUST HAD TO BE HIS PET.
HE AMAZI
ORGS
AGO
BUT NOW, SATANUS GOT SLOWLY TO HIS FEET...
THING! YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
IN FUTURE, THOTH WOULD FIND A WAY OF PROTECTING HIM — MAKING SURE HE COULD NEVER BE HURT AGAIN.


IN NECROPOLIS, NEMESIS COMPLETED THE BRIEFING...
NOW IT'S TIME TO MEET *THE NEW ABC WARRIOR*...
HE'D APPROACHED ME BEFORE, BUT I'D ALWAYS TURNED HIM DOWN...
HOWEVER, FOR THIS JOB, WE'RE GOING TO NEED HIM!
HELLO, CHUMS AND PALS!
MEK-QUAKE!!
HE *SAYS* HE'S REFORMED. I CONSIDERED TREACHERY, OF COURSE — BUT HIS BRAIN IS SO TINY, HE'S NOT REALLY CAPABLE.
HE OBVIOUSLY REALISED TERMIGHT WAS LOSING THE GALACTIC WAR, AND WANTED TO BE ON THE WINNING SIDE!
LIKE YOU, EH, HAMMERSTEIN?
NO, NO, THAT WAS DIFFERENT!
OH, YEAH? COS YOU'RE GOOD OL' HAMMERSTEIN? BUT NOT MEK-QUAKE — OH, NO!
WELL, HE GONNA MAKE THE GALAXY SAFE FOR LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY AND ANYONE WHO DISAGREE, HE GONNA BASH THEIR HEAD IN! *YEAH!*


A *WAR-DOZER* WILL BE AN *EXCELLENT* ADDITION TO THE SQUAD!
HE'S A DERANGED KILLER, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS!
OH, GROW UP, HAMMERSTEIN! I'M SICK OF YOUR BORING MORALITY LECTURES!
WHY, YOU—!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
MEK-QUAKE DIDN'T *DESTROY* ALL HIS VICTIMS. SOMETIMES HE WOULD SIMPLY RIP THEIR BRAINS OUT AND KEEP THEIR BODIES—WHICH HE LIKED TO WEAR LATER.
OVER THE YEARS HE BUILT UP QUITE A WARDROBE.
YEAH... WITH ME, GIRLIE, YOU GET NOT JUST ANOTHER ABC WARRIOR, BUT *A COMPLETE ROBOT ARMY!*
INCLUDING THIS *ROBOT SPACESHIP*... ONE OF THE MACHINES THAT COLLECTED THE DUST AND GAS FROM INTERSTELLAR SPACE TO *CREATE* THE BYPASSES.
THE IDEAL VESSEL FOR EXPLORING THE TIME WASTES AND PROTECTING ORGANIC MEMBERS OF OUR GROUP.

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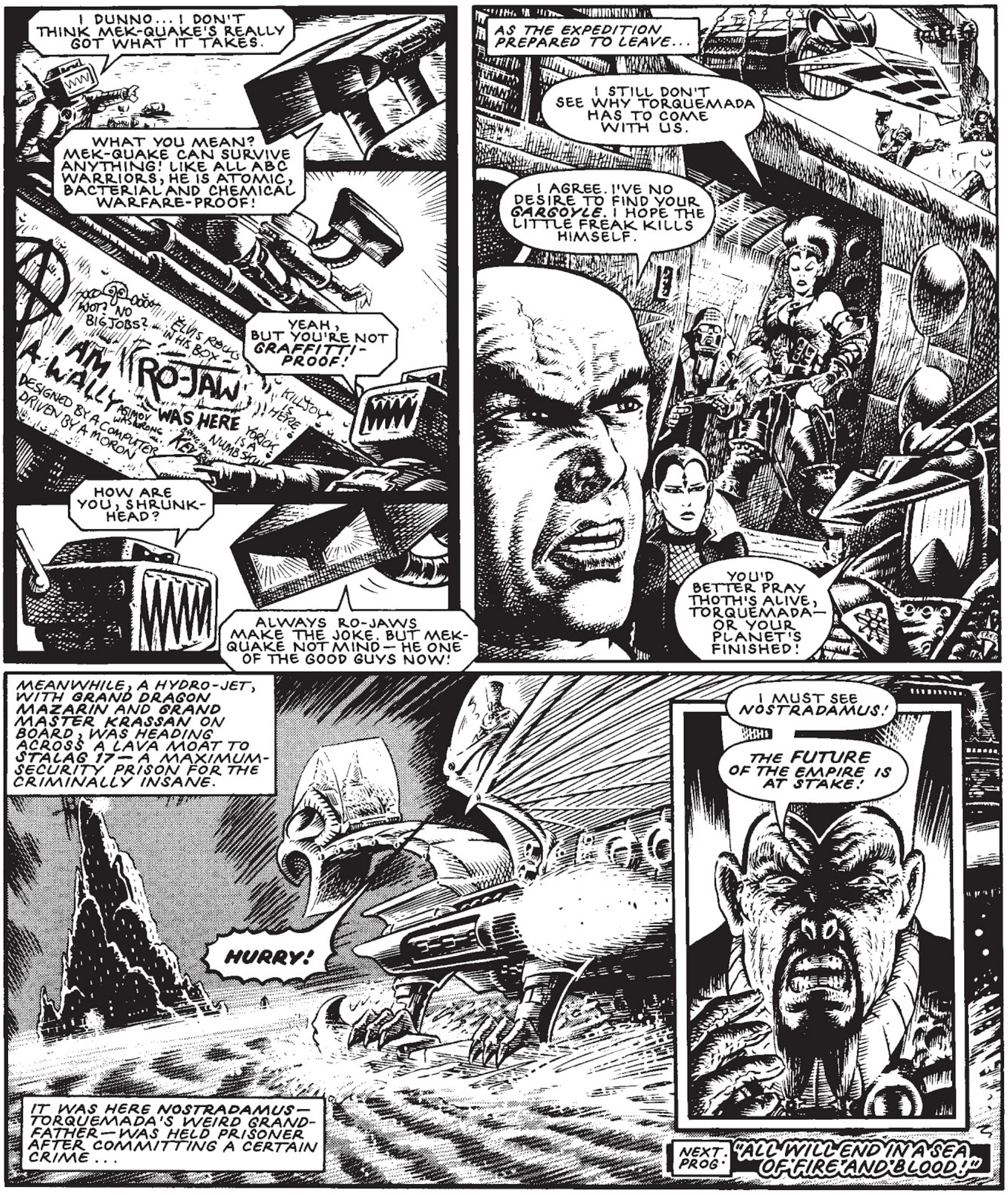
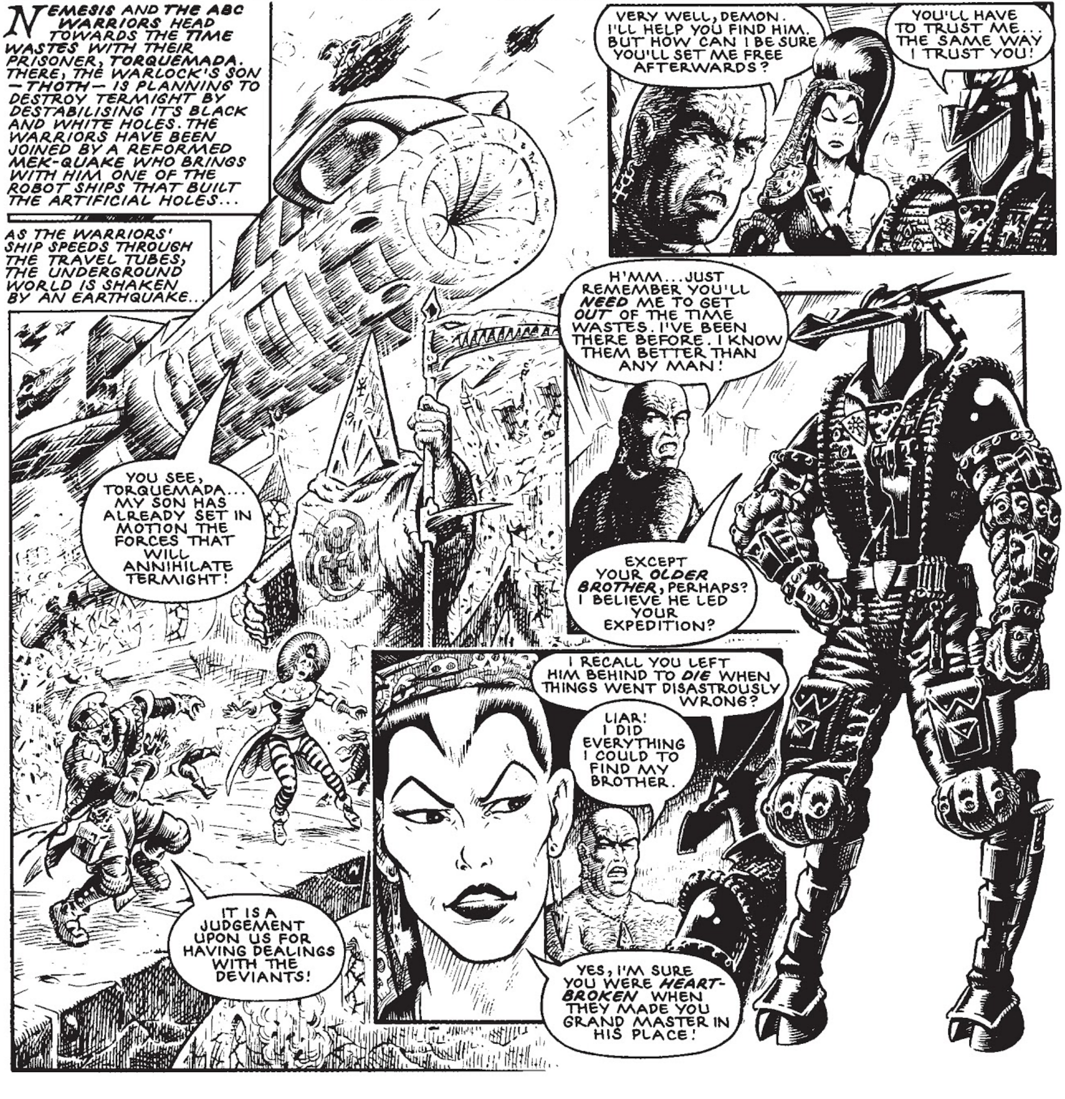
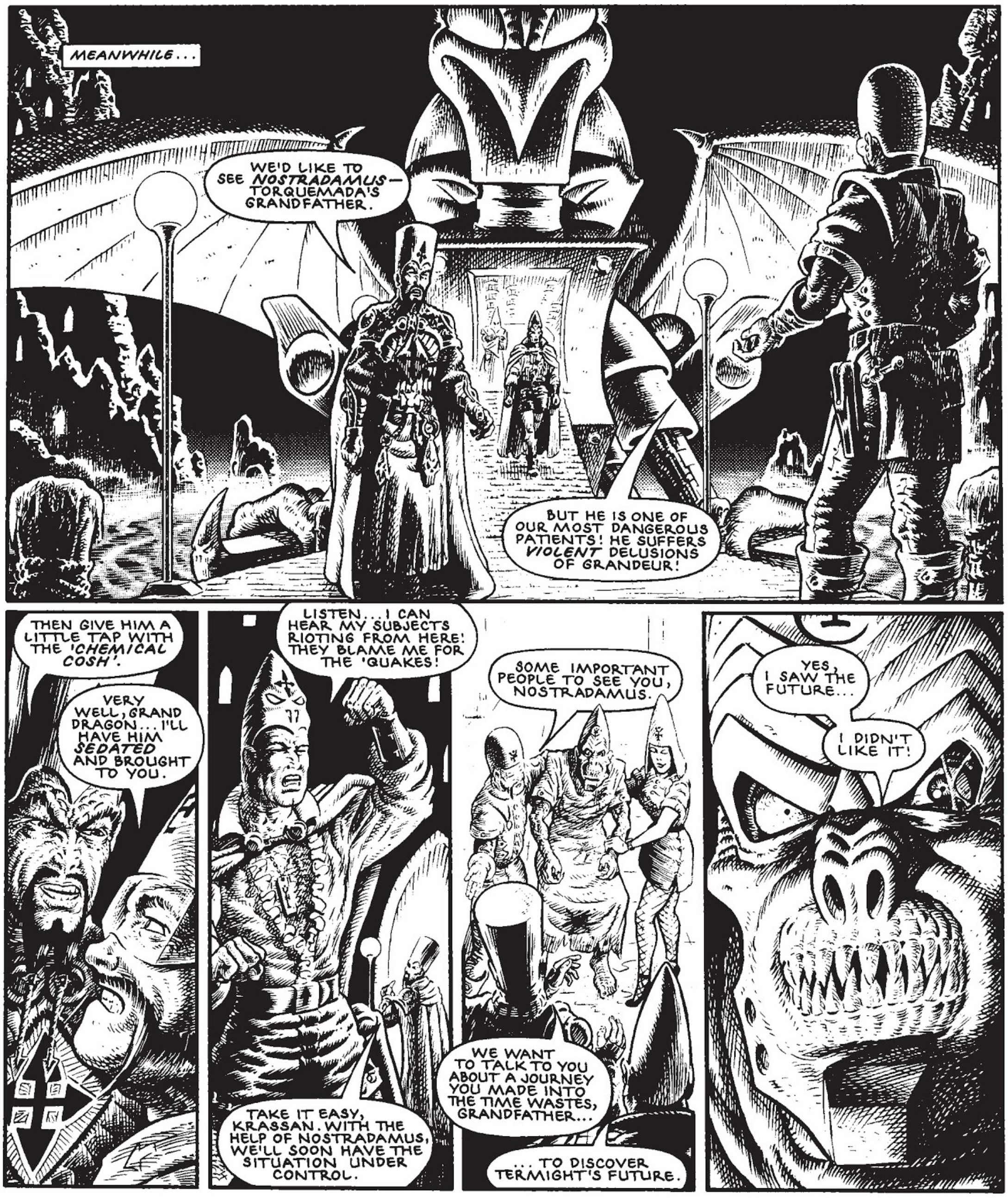

I DUNNO... I DON'T THINK MEK-QUAKE'S REALLY GOT WHAT IT TAKES.
WHAT YOU MEAN? MEK-QUAKE CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING! LIKE ALL ABC WARRIORS, HE IS ATOMIC, BACTERIAL AND CHEMICAL WARFARE-PROOF!
WOT? NO BIG JOBS?
ELVIS ROCKS IN HIS BOX
I AM A WALLY
RO-JAW WAS HERE
DESIGNED BY A COMPUTER DRIVEN BY A MORON
ASIMOV WAS WRONG
KILLJOY IS HERE
YORICK IS A NUMBSKU
YEAH, BUT YOU'RE NOT GRAFFITTI-PROOF!
HOW ARE YOU, SHRUNK-HEAD?
ALWAYS RO-JAWS MAKE THE JOKE. BUT MEK-QUAKE NOT MIND—HE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS NOW!
AS THE EXPEDITION PREPARED TO LEAVE...
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY TORQUEMADA HAS TO COME WITH US.
I AGREE. I'VE NO DESIRE TO FIND YOUR GARGOYLE. I HOPE THE LITTLE FREAK KILLS HIMSELF.
YOU'D BETTER PRAY THOTH'S ALIVE, TORQUEMADA—OR YOUR PLANET'S FINISHED!
MEANWHILE, A HYDRO-JET, WITH GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN AND GRAND MASTER KRASSAN ON BOARD, WAS HEADING ACROSS A LAVA MOAT TO STALAG 17—A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.
HURRY!
I MUST SEE NOSTRADAMUS!
THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE IS AT STAKE!
IT WAS HERE NOSTRADAMUS—TORQUEMADA'S WEIRD GRAND-FATHER—WAS HELD PRISONER AFTER COMMITTING A CERTAIN CRIME...
NEXT PROG: "ALL WILL END IN A SEA OF FIRE AND BLOOD!"

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E


NEMESIS AND THE ABC WARRIORS HEAD TOWARDS THE TIME WASTES WITH THEIR PRISONER, TORQUEMADA. THERE, THE WARLOCK'S SON —THOTH— IS PLANNING TO DESTROY TERMIGHT BY DESTABILISING IT'S BLACK AND WHITE HOLES. THE WARRIORS HAVE BEEN JOINED BY A REFORMED MEK-QUAKE WHO BRINGS WITH HIM ONE OF THE ROBOT SHIPS THAT BUILT THE ARTIFICIAL HOLES...
AS THE WARRIORS' SHIP SPEEDS THROUGH THE TRAVEL TUBES, THE UNDERGROUND WORLD IS SHAKEN BY AN EARTHQUAKE...
VERY WELL, DEMON. I'LL HELP YOU FIND HIM. BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE YOU'LL SET ME FREE AFTERWARDS?
YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME... THE SAME WAY I TRUST YOU!
YOU SEE, TORQUEMADA... MY SON HAS ALREADY SET IN MOTION THE FORCES THAT WILL ANNIHILATE TERMIGHT!
IT IS A JUDGEMENT UPON US FOR HAVING DEALINGS WITH THE DEVIANTS!
H'MM... JUST REMEMBER YOU'LL NEED ME TO GET OUT OF THE TIME WASTES. I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE. I KNOW THEM BETTER THAN ANY MAN!
EXCEPT YOUR OLDER BROTHER, PERHAPS? I BELIEVE HE LED YOUR EXPEDITION?
I RECALL YOU LEFT HIM BEHIND TO DIE WHEN THINGS WENT DISASTROUSLY WRONG?
LIAR! I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO FIND MY BROTHER.
YES, I'M SURE YOU WERE HEART-BROKEN WHEN THEY MADE YOU GRAND MASTER IN HIS PLACE!


MEANWHILE...
WE'D LIKE TO SEE *NOSTRADAMUS*— TORQUEMADA'S GRANDFATHER.
BUT HE IS ONE OF OUR MOST DANGEROUS PATIENTS! HE SUFFERS *VIOLENT* DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!
THEN GIVE HIM A LITTLE TAP WITH THE *'CHEMICAL COSH'*.
VERY WELL, GRAND DRAGON... I'LL HAVE HIM *SEDATED* AND BROUGHT TO YOU.
LISTEN... I CAN HEAR MY SUBJECTS RIOTING FROM HERE! THEY BLAME ME FOR THE 'QUAKES!
TAKE IT EASY, KRASSAN. WITH THE HELP OF NOSTRADAMUS, WE'LL SOON HAVE THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL.
SOME IMPORTANT PEOPLE TO SEE YOU, NOSTRADAMUS.
WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A JOURNEY YOU MADE INTO THE TIME WASTES, GRANDFATHER...
... TO DISCOVER TERMIGHT'S FUTURE.
YES, I SAW THE FUTURE...
I DIDN'T LIKE IT!

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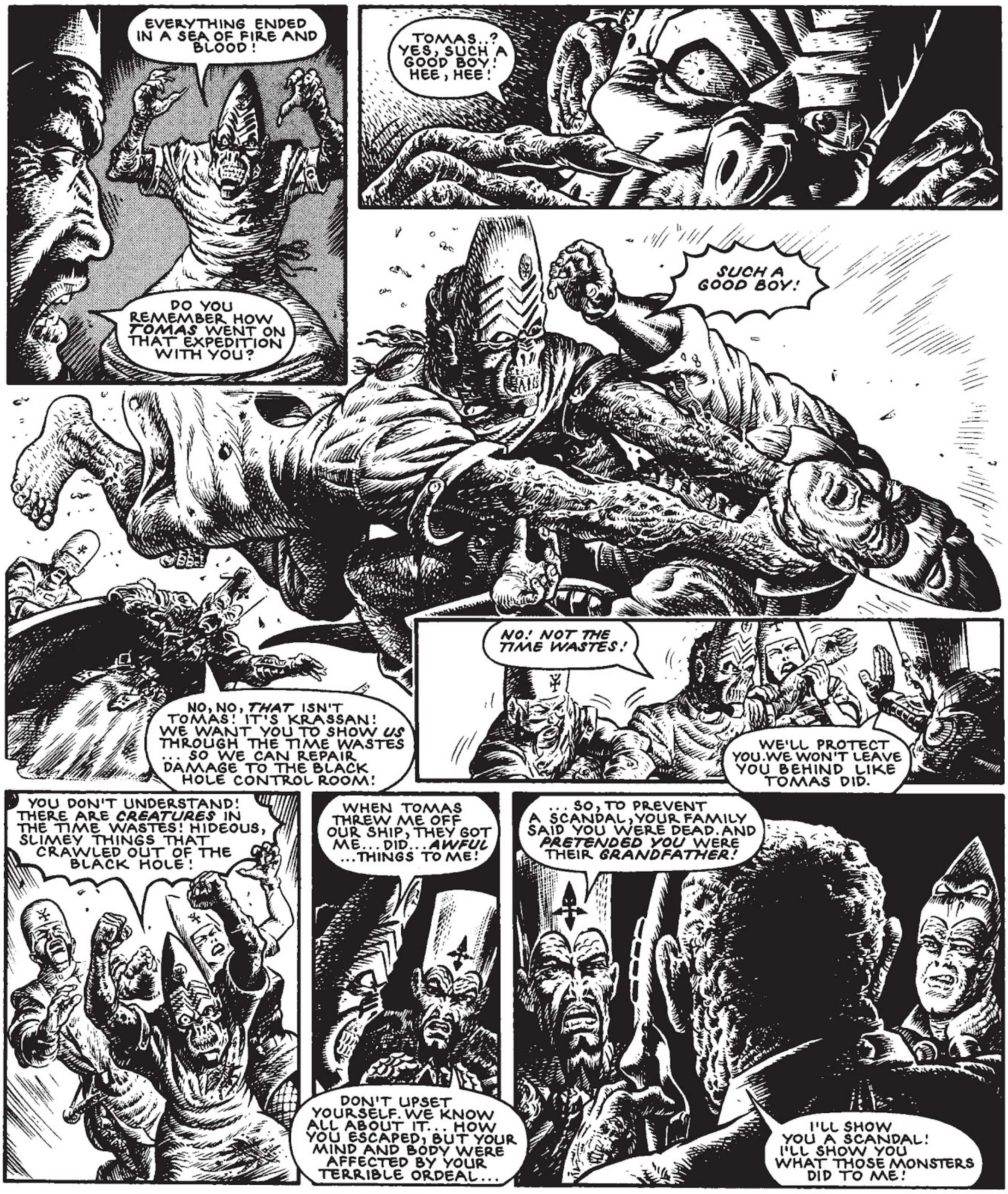
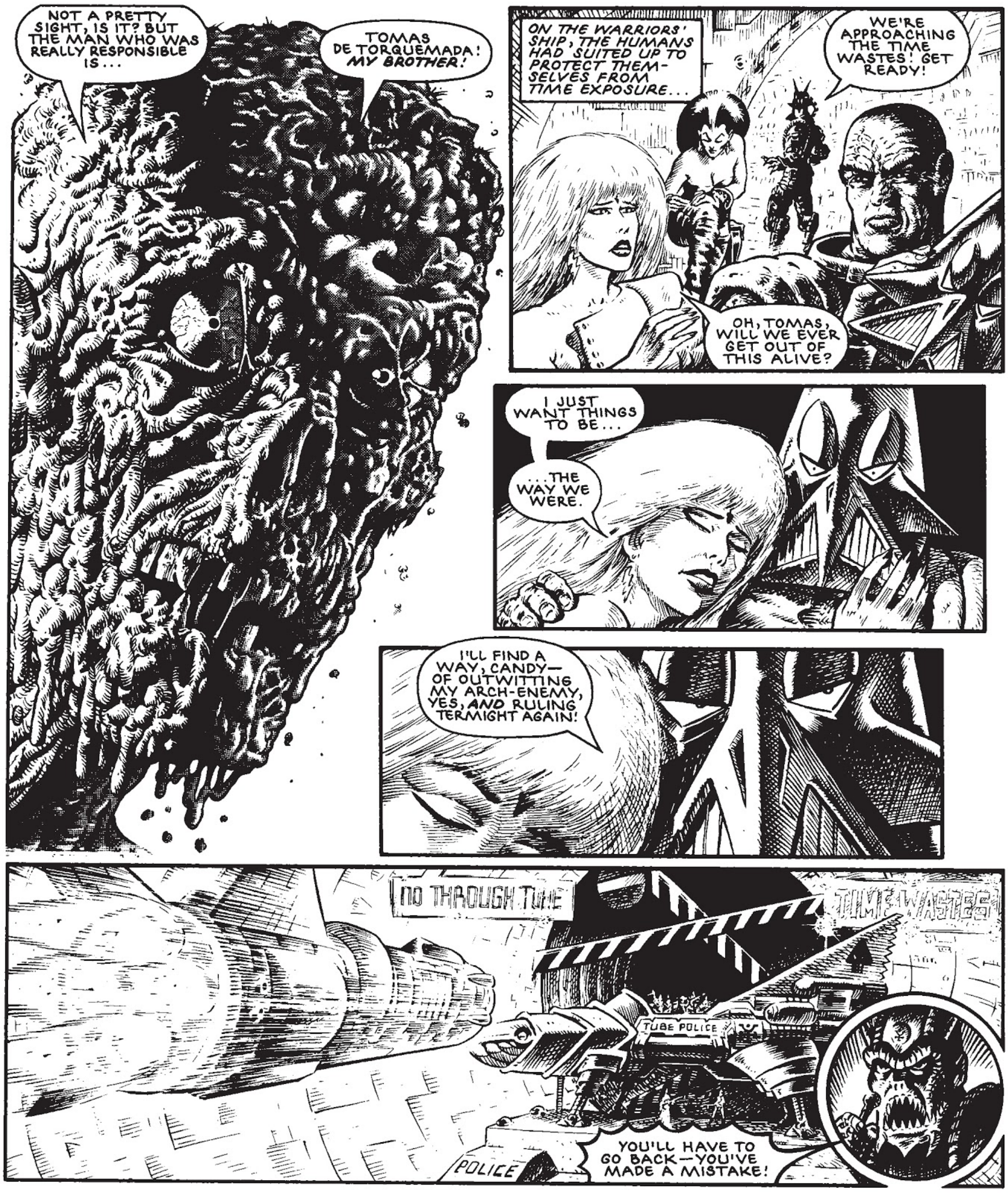
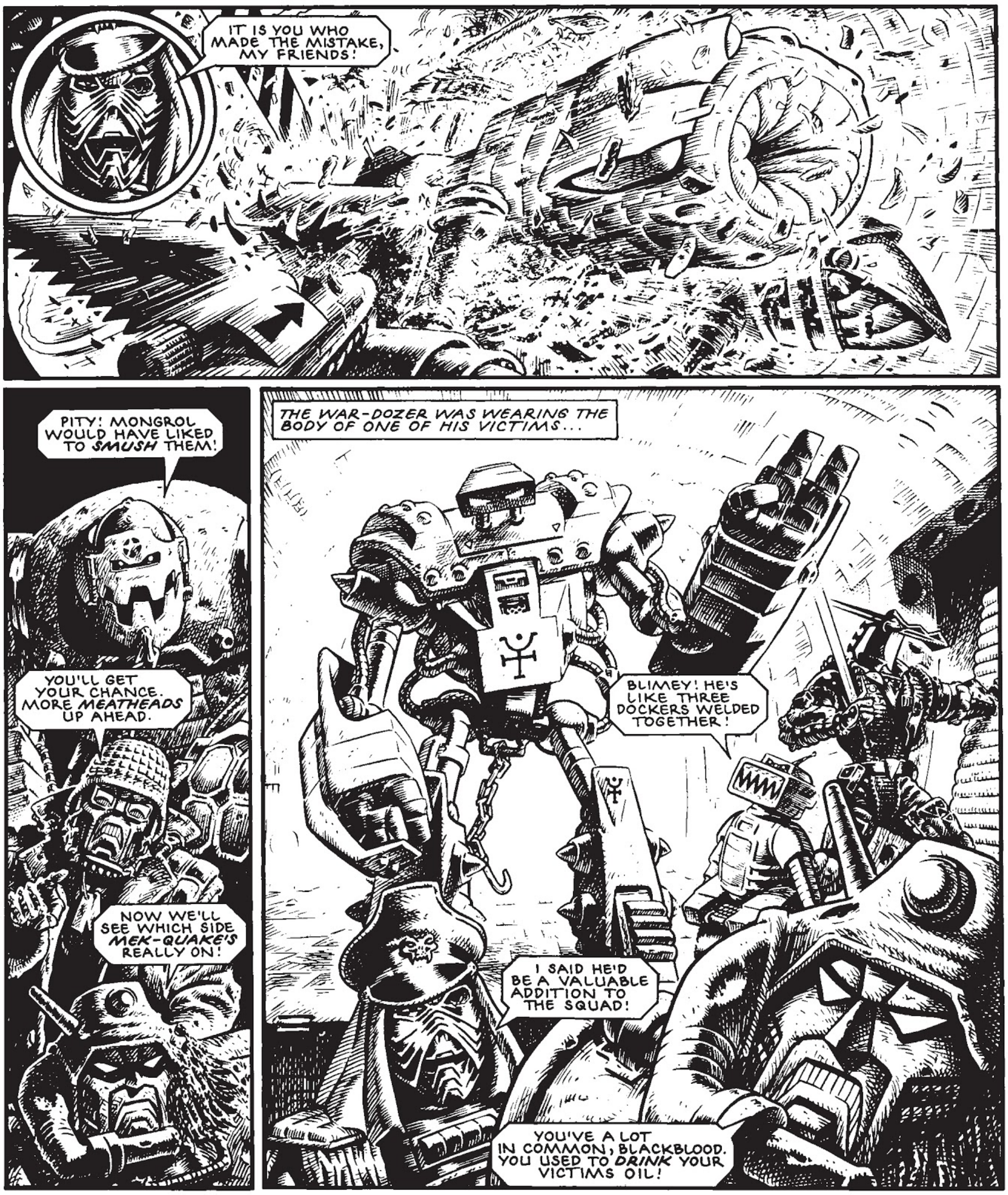
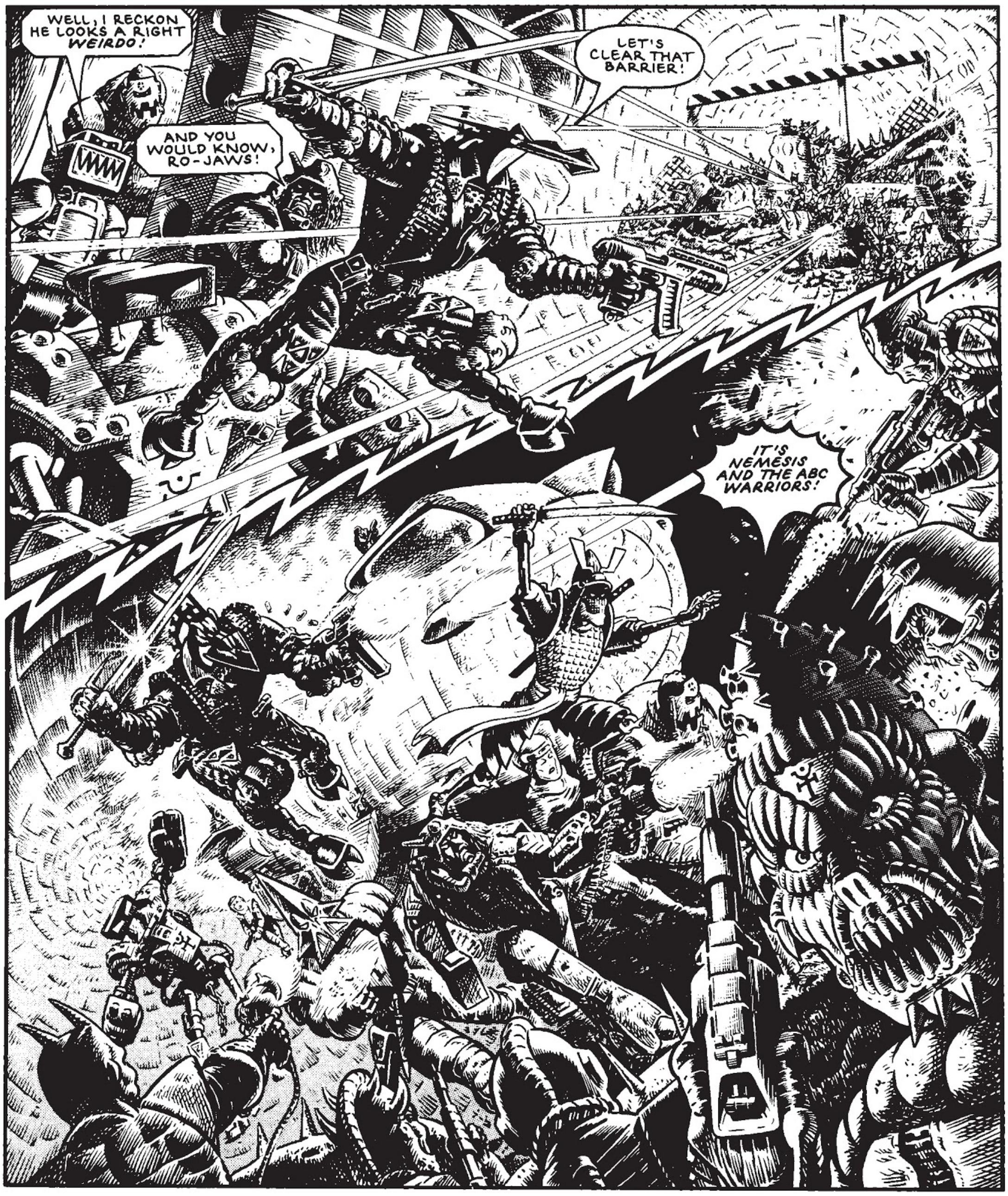
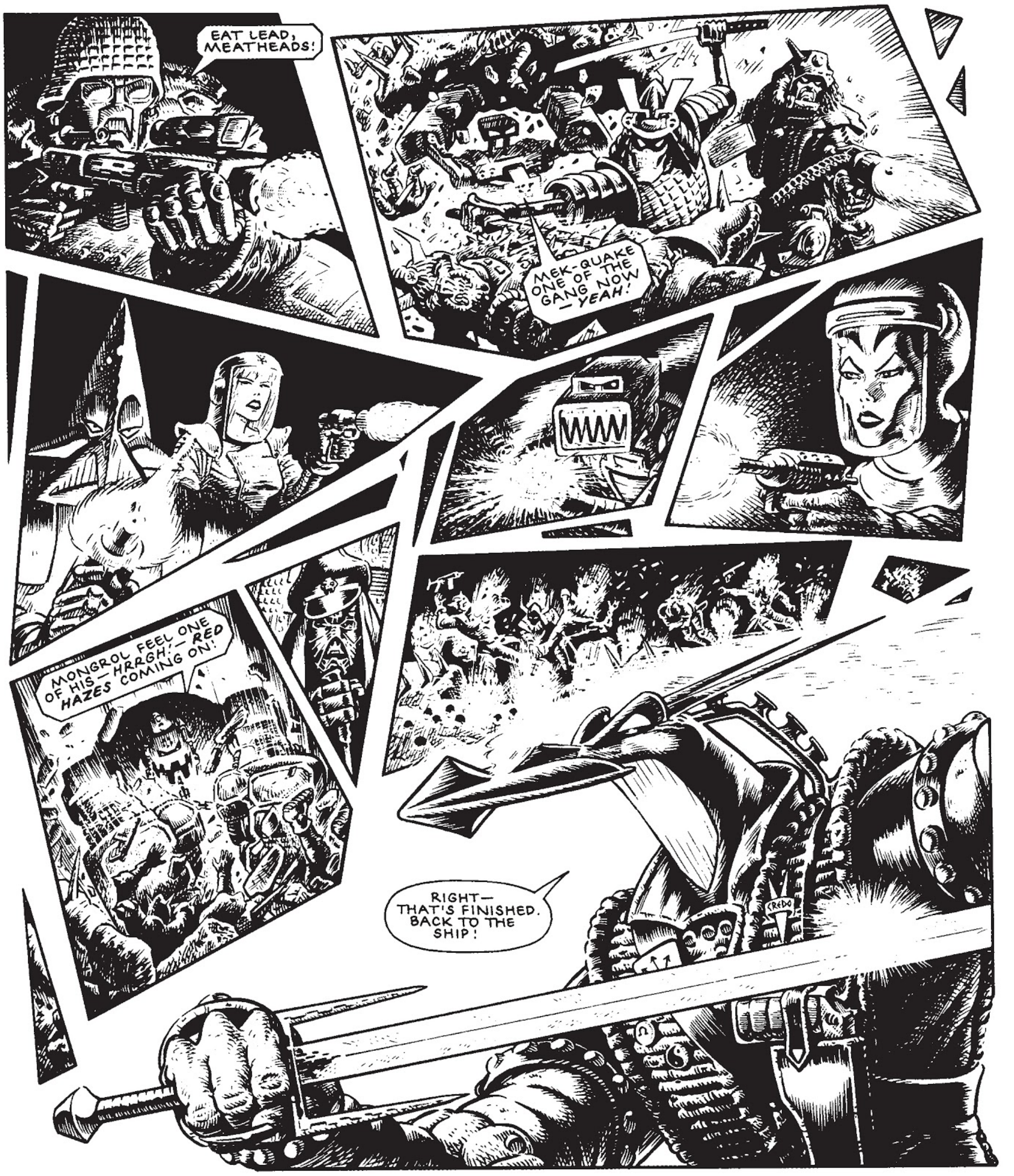
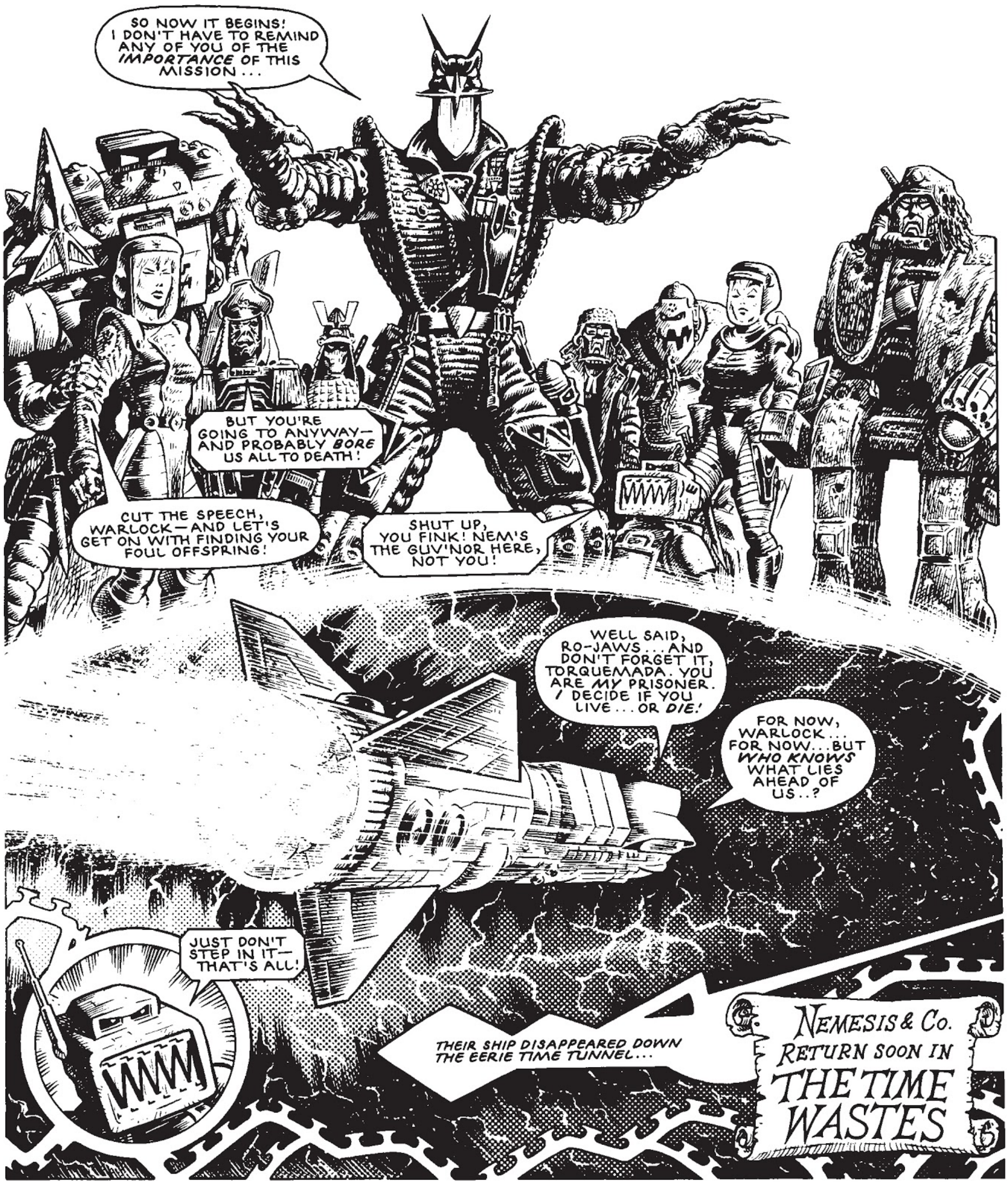

EVERYTHING ENDED IN A SEA OF FIRE AND BLOOD!
DO YOU REMEMBER HOW **TOMAS** WENT ON THAT EXPEDITION WITH YOU?
TOMAS..? YES, SUCH A GOOD BOY! HEE, HEE!
SUCH A GOOD BOY!
NO, NO, **THAT** ISN'T TOMAS! IT'S KRASSAN! WE WANT YOU TO SHOW **US** THROUGH THE TIME WASTES ... SO WE CAN REPAIR DAMAGE TO THE BLACK HOLE CONTROL ROOM!
NO! NOT THE TIME WASTES!
WE'LL PROTECT YOU. WE WON'T LEAVE YOU BEHIND LIKE TOMAS DID.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE ARE **CREATURES** IN THE TIME WASTES! HIDEOUS, SLIMEY THINGS THAT CRAWLED OUT OF THE BLACK HOLE!
WHEN TOMAS THREW ME OFF OUR SHIP, THEY GOT ME... DID... **AWFUL** ...THINGS TO ME!
DON'T UPSET YOURSELF. WE KNOW ALL ABOUT IT... HOW YOU ESCAPED, BUT YOUR MIND AND BODY WERE AFFECTED BY YOUR TERRIBLE ORDEAL...
... SO, TO PREVENT A SCANDAL, YOUR FAMILY SAID YOU WERE DEAD. AND **PRETENDED YOU** WERE THEIR **GRANDFATHER!**
I'LL SHOW YOU A SCANDAL! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THOSE MONSTERS DID TO ME!


NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, IS IT? BUT THE MAN WHO WAS REALLY RESPONSIBLE IS...
TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA! *MY BROTHER!*
ON THE WARRIORS' SHIP, THE HUMANS HAD SUITED UP TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM TIME EXPOSURE...
WE'RE APPROACHING THE TIME WASTES! GET READY!
OH, TOMAS, WILL WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE?
I JUST WANT THINGS TO BE...
...THE WAY WE WERE.
I'LL FIND A WAY, CANDY— OF OUTWITTING MY ARCH-ENEMY, YES, *AND* RULING TERMIGHT AGAIN!
NO THROUGH TUBE
TIME WASTES
TUBE POLICE
POLICE
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK—YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE!


IT IS YOU WHO MADE THE MISTAKE, MY FRIENDS!
PITY: MONGROL WOULD HAVE LIKED TO SMUSH THEM!
YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE. MORE MEATHEADS UP AHEAD.
NOW WE'LL SEE WHICH SIDE MEK-QUAKE'S REALLY ON!
THE WAR-DOZER WAS WEARING THE BODY OF ONE OF HIS VICTIMS...
BLIMEY! HE'S LIKE THREE DOCKERS WELDED TOGETHER!
I SAID HE'D BE A VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE SQUAD!
YOU'VE A LOT IN COMMON, BLACKBLOOD. YOU USED TO DRINK YOUR VICTIMS OIL!


WELL, I RECKON HE LOOKS A RIGHT *WEIRDO!*
AND YOU WOULD KNOW, RO-JAWS!
LET'S CLEAR THAT BARRIER!
IT'S NEMESIS AND THE ABC WARRIORS!


EAT LEAD, MEATHEADS!
MEK-QUAKE ONE OF THE GANG NOW —YEAH!
MONGROL FEEL ONE OF HIS—HRRGH!—RED HAZES COMING ON!
RIGHT— THAT'S FINISHED. BACK TO THE SHIP!
CREDO


SO NOW IT BEGINS! I DON'T HAVE TO REMIND ANY OF YOU OF THE *IMPORTANCE* OF THIS MISSION...
BUT YOU'RE GOING TO ANYWAY— AND PROBABLY *BORE* US ALL TO DEATH!
CUT THE SPEECH, WARLOCK—AND LET'S GET ON WITH FINDING YOUR FOUL OFFSPRING!
SHUT UP, YOU FINK! NEM'S THE GUV'NOR HERE, NOT YOU!
WELL SAID, RO-JAWS... AND DON'T FORGET IT, TORQUEMADA. YOU ARE *MY* PRISONER. *I* DECIDE IF YOU LIVE... OR *DIE!*
FOR NOW, WARLOCK... FOR NOW... BUT *WHO KNOWS* WHAT LIES AHEAD OF US..?
JUST DON'T STEP IN IT— THAT'S ALL!
THEIR SHIP DISAPPEARED DOWN THE EERIE TIME TUNNEL...
NEMESIS & CO. RETURN SOON IN THE TIME WASTES

THE END
OF BOOK FIVE

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK

BOOK VI

TORQUEMURDER

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Bryan Talbot
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 482-487, 500-504

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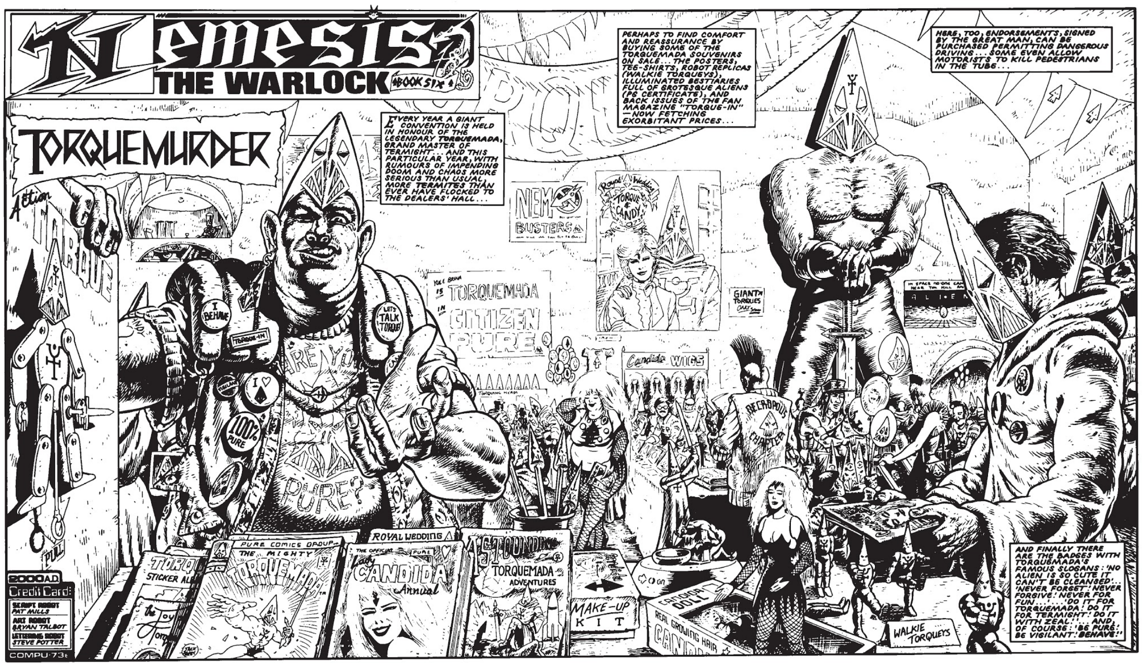
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
TORQUEMURDER
EVERY YEAR A GIANT CONVENTION IS HELD IN HONOUR OF THE LEGENDARY TORQUEMADA, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT... AND THIS PARTICULAR YEAR, WITH RUMOURS OF IMPENDING DOOM AND CHAOS MORE SERIOUS THAN USUAL, MORE TERMITES THAN EVER HAVE FLOCKED TO THE DEALERS' HALL...
PERHAPS TO FIND COMFORT AND REASSURANCE BY BUYING SOME OF THE TORQUEMADA SOUVENIRS ON SALE... THE POSTERS, TEE-SHIRTS, ROBOT REPLICAS (WALKIE TORQUEYS), ILLUMINATED BESTIARIES FULL OF GROTESQUE ALIENS (PG CERTIFICATE), AND BACK ISSUES OF THE FAN MAGAZINE "TORQUE-IN" —NOW FETCHING EXORBITANT PRICES...
HERE, TOO, ENDORSEMENTS, SIGNED BY THE GREAT MAN, CAN BE PURCHASED PERMITTING DANGEROUS DRIVING... SOME EVEN ALLOW MOTORISTS TO KILL PEDESTRIANS IN THE TUBE...
AND FINALLY THERE ARE THE BADGES WITH TORQUEMADA'S FAMOUS SLOGANS: 'NO ALIEN IS SO CUTE IT CAN'T BE CLEANSED'... 'NEVER FORGET! NEVER FORGIVE! NEVER FOR FUN...'... 'DO IT FOR TORQUEMADA! DO IT FOR TERMIGHT! DO IT WITH ZEAL!'... AND, OF COURSE: 'BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!'
Action Torque
PULL
I BEHAVE
LET'S TALK TORQUE
100% PURE
ARE YOU PURE?
NEMO BUSTERS
TORQUEMADA IS CITIZEN PURE
Royal Wedding TORQUE & CANDY
GIANT TORQUES
Candida WIGS
NECROPOLIS
PURE COMICS GROUP THE MIGHTY TORQUEMADA
TORQUE STICKER AL
ROYAL WEDDING
The Official Lady CANDIDA Annual
TORQUEMADA ADVENTURES
MAKE-UP KIT
REAL GROWING HAIR CANDI
WALKIE TORQUEYS
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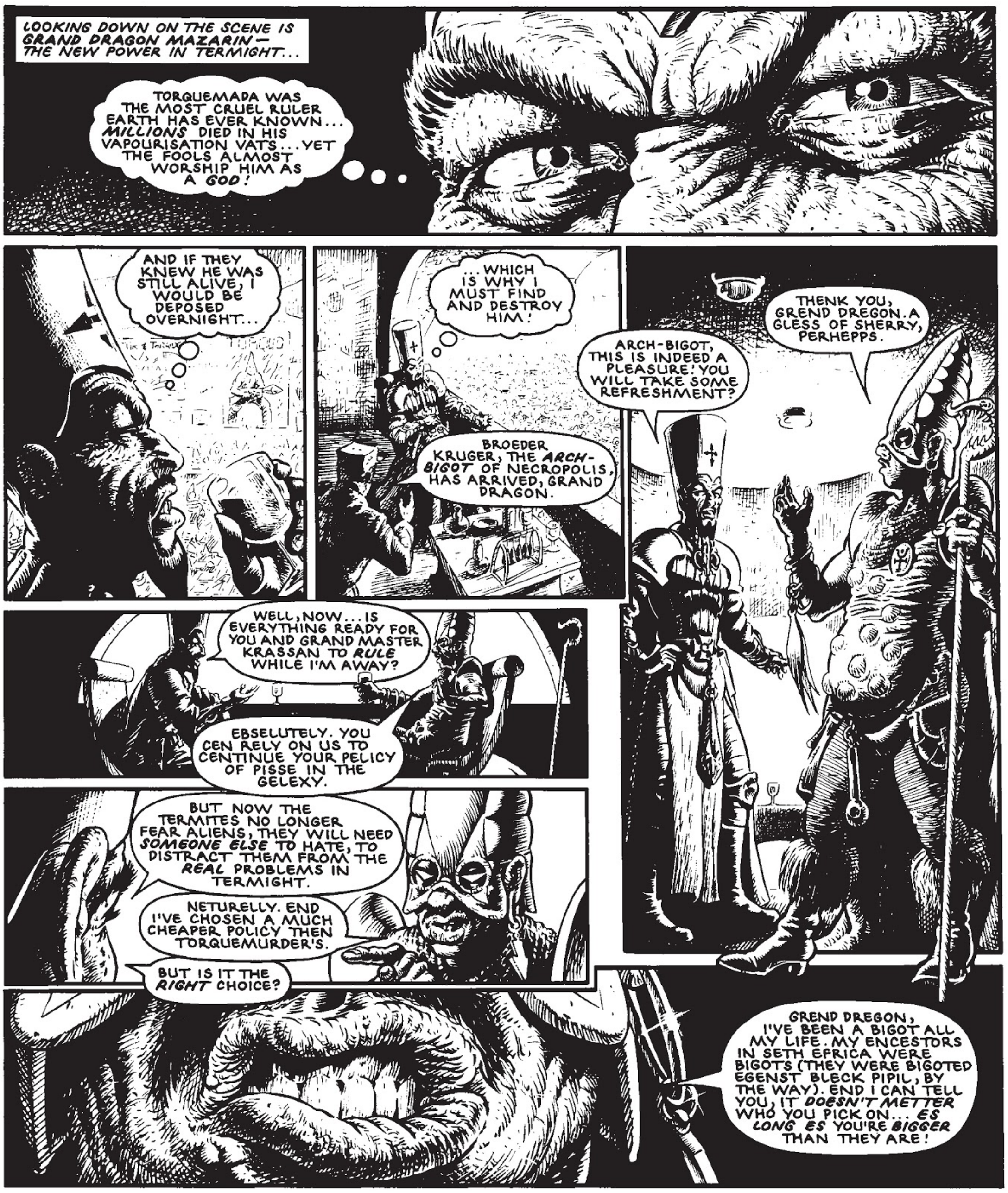
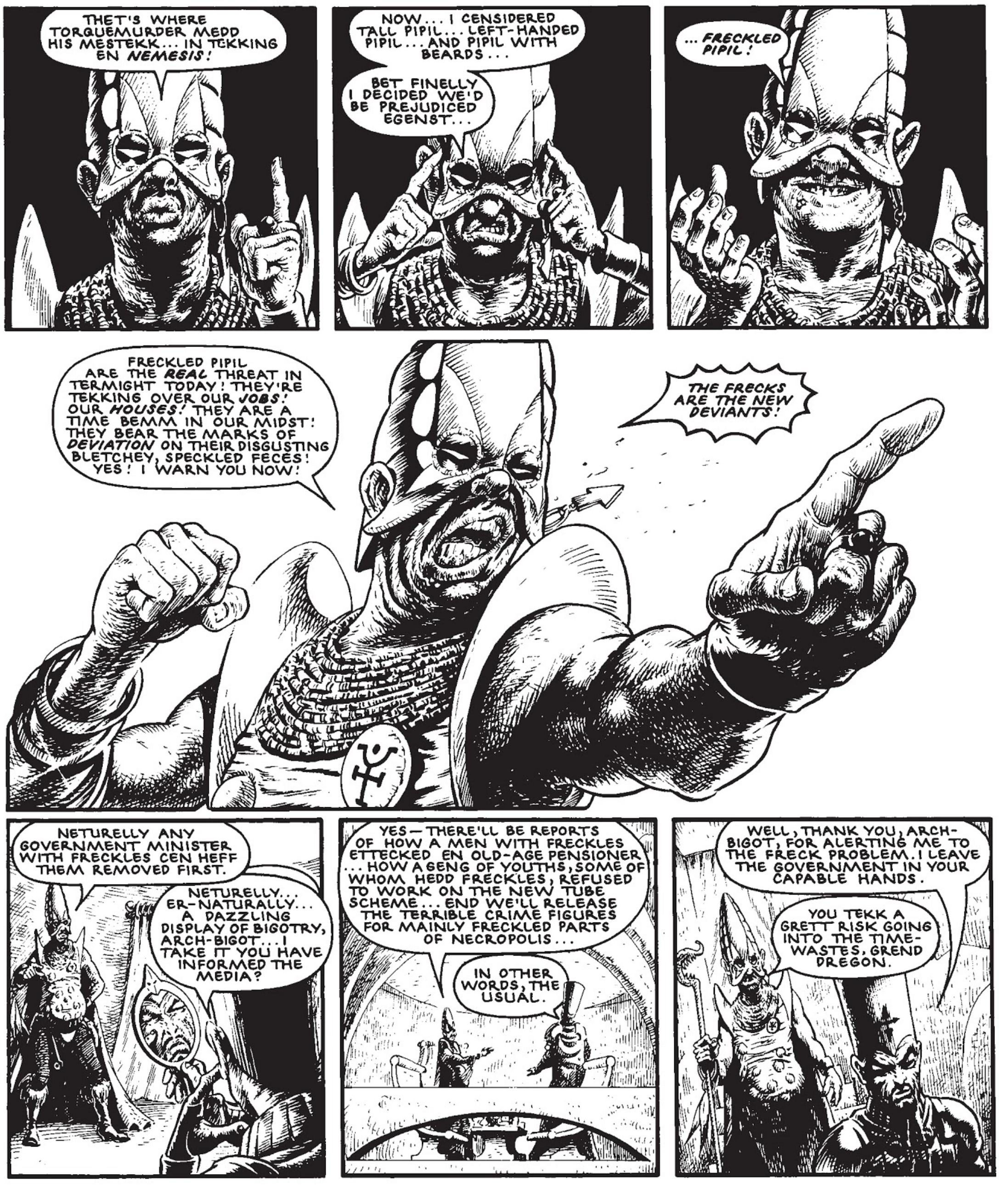
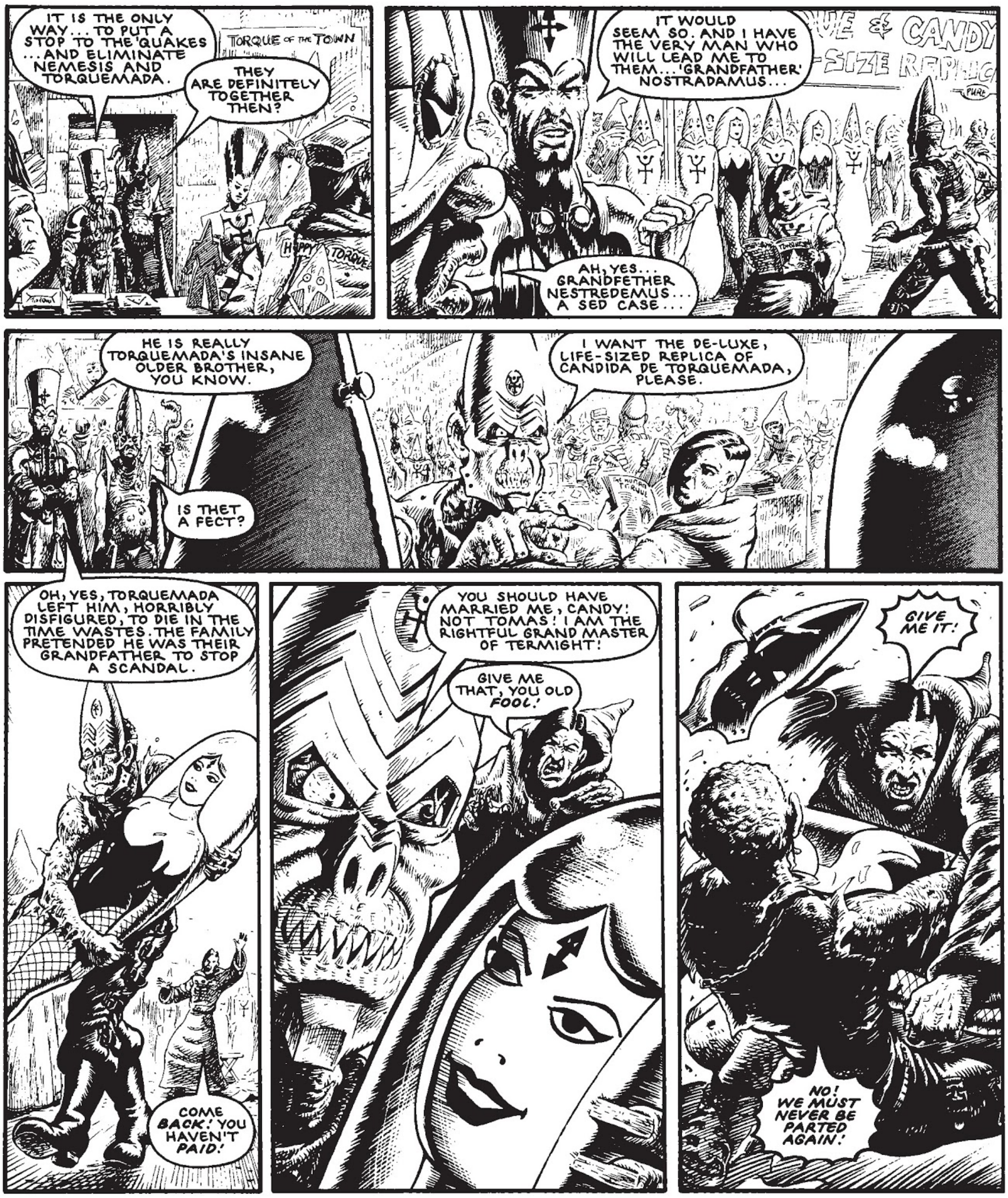

LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE IS GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN — THE NEW POWER IN TERMIGHT...
TORQUEMADA WAS THE MOST CRUEL RULER EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN... MILLIONS DIED IN HIS VAPOURISATION VATS... YET THE FOOLS ALMOST WORSHIP HIM AS A GOD!
AND IF THEY KNEW HE WAS STILL ALIVE, I WOULD BE DEPOSED OVERNIGHT...
...WHICH IS WHY I MUST FIND AND DESTROY HIM!
BROEDER KRUGER, THE ARCH-BIGOT OF NECROPOLIS, HAS ARRIVED, GRAND DRAGON.
ARCH-BIGOT, THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE! YOU WILL TAKE SOME REFRESHMENT?
THENK YOU, GREND DREGON. A GLESS OF SHERRY, PERHEPPS.
WELL, NOW... IS EVERYTHING READY FOR YOU AND GRAND MASTER KRASSAN TO RULE WHILE I'M AWAY?
EBSELUTELY. YOU CEN RELY ON US TO CENTINUE YOUR PELICY OF PISSE IN THE GELEXY.
BUT NOW THE TERMITES NO LONGER FEAR ALIENS, THEY WILL NEED SOMEONE ELSE TO HATE, TO DISTRACT THEM FROM THE REAL PROBLEMS IN TERMIGHT.
NETURELLY. END I'VE CHOSEN A MUCH CHEAPER POLICY THEN TORQUEMURDER'S.
BUT IS IT THE RIGHT CHOICE?
GREND DREGON, I'VE BEEN A BIGOT ALL MY LIFE. MY ENCESTORS IN SETH EFRICA WERE BIGOTS (THEY WERE BIGOTED EGENST BLECK PIPIL, BY THE WAY). END I CAN TELL YOU, IT DOESN'T METTER WHO YOU PICK ON... ES LONG ES YOU'RE BIGGER THAN THEY ARE!


THET'S WHERE TORQUEMURDER MEDD HIS MESTEKK... IN TEKKING EN *NEMESIS!*
NOW... I CENSIDERED TALL PIPIL... LEFT-HANDED PIPIL... AND PIPIL WITH BEARDS...
BET FINELLY I DECIDED WE'D BE PREJUDICED EGENST...
...*FRECKLED PIPIL!*
FRECKLED PIPIL ARE THE *REAL* THREAT IN TERMIGHT TODAY! THEY'RE TEKKING OVER OUR *JOBS!* OUR *HOUSES!* THEY ARE A TIME BEMM IN OUR MIDST! THEY BEAR THE MARKS OF *DEVIATION* ON THEIR DISGUSTING BLETCHEY, SPECKLED FECES! YES! I WARN YOU NOW!
THE FRECKS ARE THE NEW DEVIANTS!
NETURELLY ANY GOVERNMENT MINISTER WITH FRECKLES CEN HEFF THEM REMOVED FIRST.
NETURELLY... ER-NATURALLY... A DAZZLING DISPLAY OF BIGOTRY, ARCH-BIGOT... I TAKE IT YOU HAVE INFORMED THE MEDIA?
YES—THERE'LL BE REPORTS OF HOW A MEN WITH FRECKLES ETTECKED EN OLD-AGE PENSIONER ... HOW A GENG OF YOUTHS, SOME OF WHOM HEDD FRECKLES, REFUSED TO WORK ON THE NEW TUBE SCHEME... END WE'LL RELEASE THE TERRIBLE CRIME FIGURES FOR MAINLY FRECKLED PARTS OF NECROPOLIS...
IN OTHER WORDS, THE USUAL.
WELL, THANK YOU, ARCH-BIGOT, FOR ALERTING ME TO THE FRECK PROBLEM. I LEAVE THE GOVERNMENT IN YOUR CAPABLE HANDS.
YOU TEKK A GRETT RISK GOING INTO THE TIME-WASTES, GREND DREGON.


IT IS THE ONLY WAY... TO PUT A STOP TO THE 'QUAKES ...AND ELIMINATE NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA.
TORQUE OF THE TOWN
THEY ARE DEFINITELY TOGETHER THEN?
IT WOULD SEEM SO. AND I HAVE THE VERY MAN WHO WILL LEAD ME TO THEM... 'GRANDFATHER' NOSTRADAMUS...
VE & CANDY
-SIZE REPLICA
AH, YES... GRANDFETHER NESTREDEMUS... A SED CASE...
HE IS REALLY TORQUEMADA'S INSANE OLDER BROTHER, YOU KNOW.
I WANT THE DE-LUXE, LIFE-SIZED REPLICA OF CANDIDA DE TORQUEMADA, PLEASE.
IS THET A FECT?
OH, YES, TORQUEMADA LEFT HIM, HORRIBLY DISFIGURED, TO DIE IN THE TIME WASTES. THE FAMILY PRETENDED HE WAS THEIR GRANDFATHER TO STOP A SCANDAL.
COME BACK! YOU HAVEN'T PAID!
YOU SHOULD HAVE MARRIED ME, CANDY! NOT TOMAS! I AM THE RIGHTFUL GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT!
GIVE ME THAT, YOU OLD FOOL!
GIVE ME IT!
NO! WE MUST NEVER BE PARTED AGAIN!

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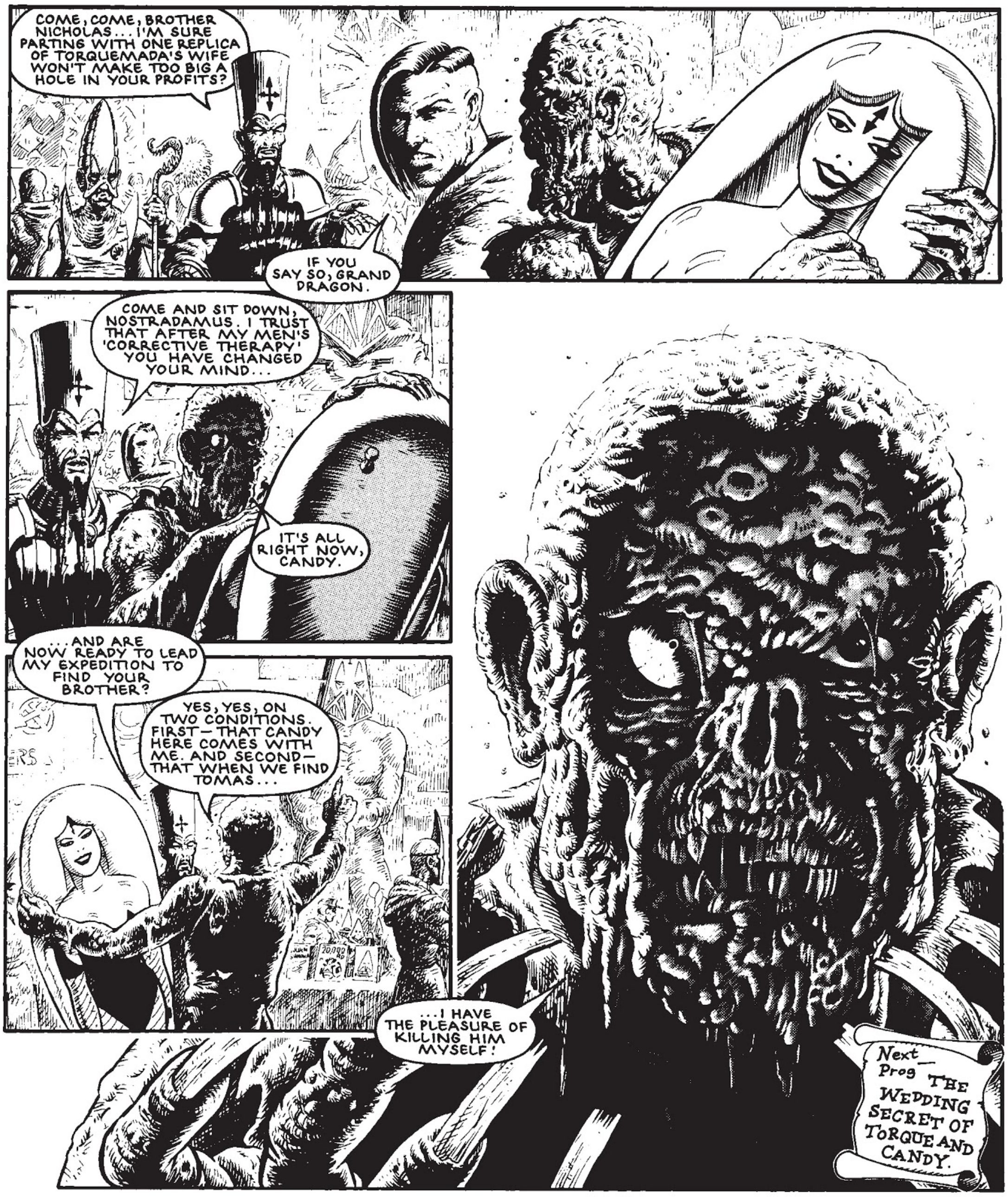
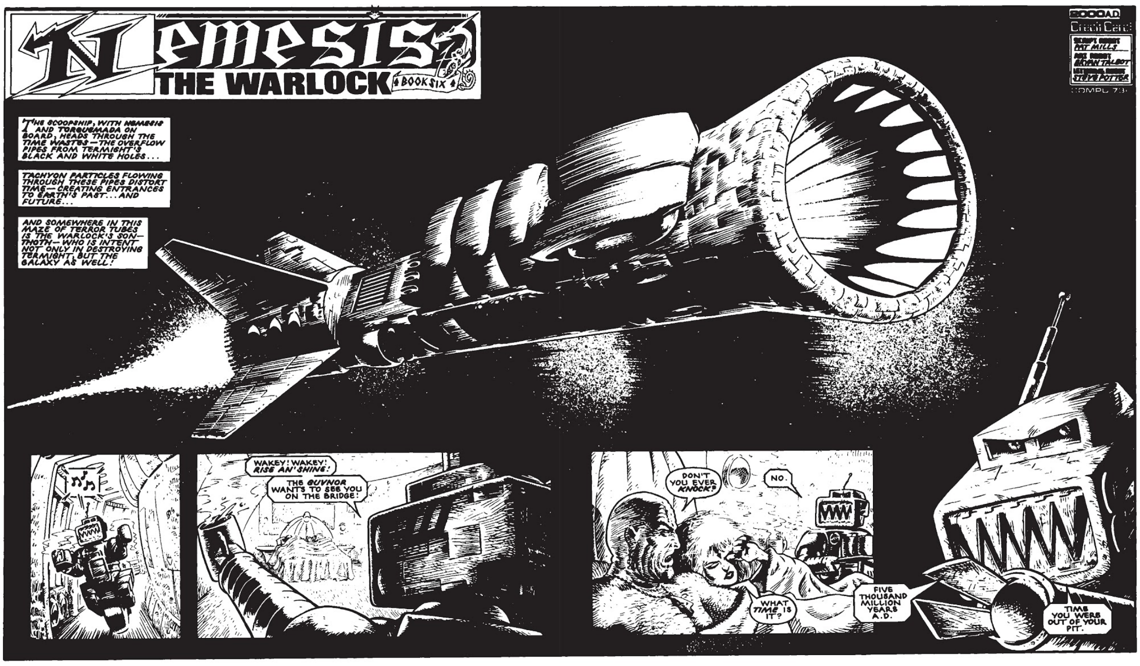

COME, COME, BROTHER NICHOLAS... I'M SURE PARTING WITH ONE REPLICA OF TORQUEMADA'S WIFE WON'T MAKE TOO BIG A HOLE IN YOUR PROFITS?
IF YOU SAY SO, GRAND DRAGON.
COME AND SIT DOWN, NOSTRADAMUS. I TRUST THAT AFTER MY MEN'S 'CORRECTIVE THERAPY' YOU HAVE CHANGED YOUR MIND...
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, CANDY.
...AND ARE NOW READY TO LEAD MY EXPEDITION TO FIND YOUR BROTHER?
YES, YES, ON TWO CONDITIONS. FIRST— THAT CANDY HERE COMES WITH ME. AND SECOND— THAT WHEN WE FIND TOMAS...
...I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING HIM MYSELF!
Next Prog THE WEDDING SECRET OF TORQUE AND CANDY.


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
2000AD
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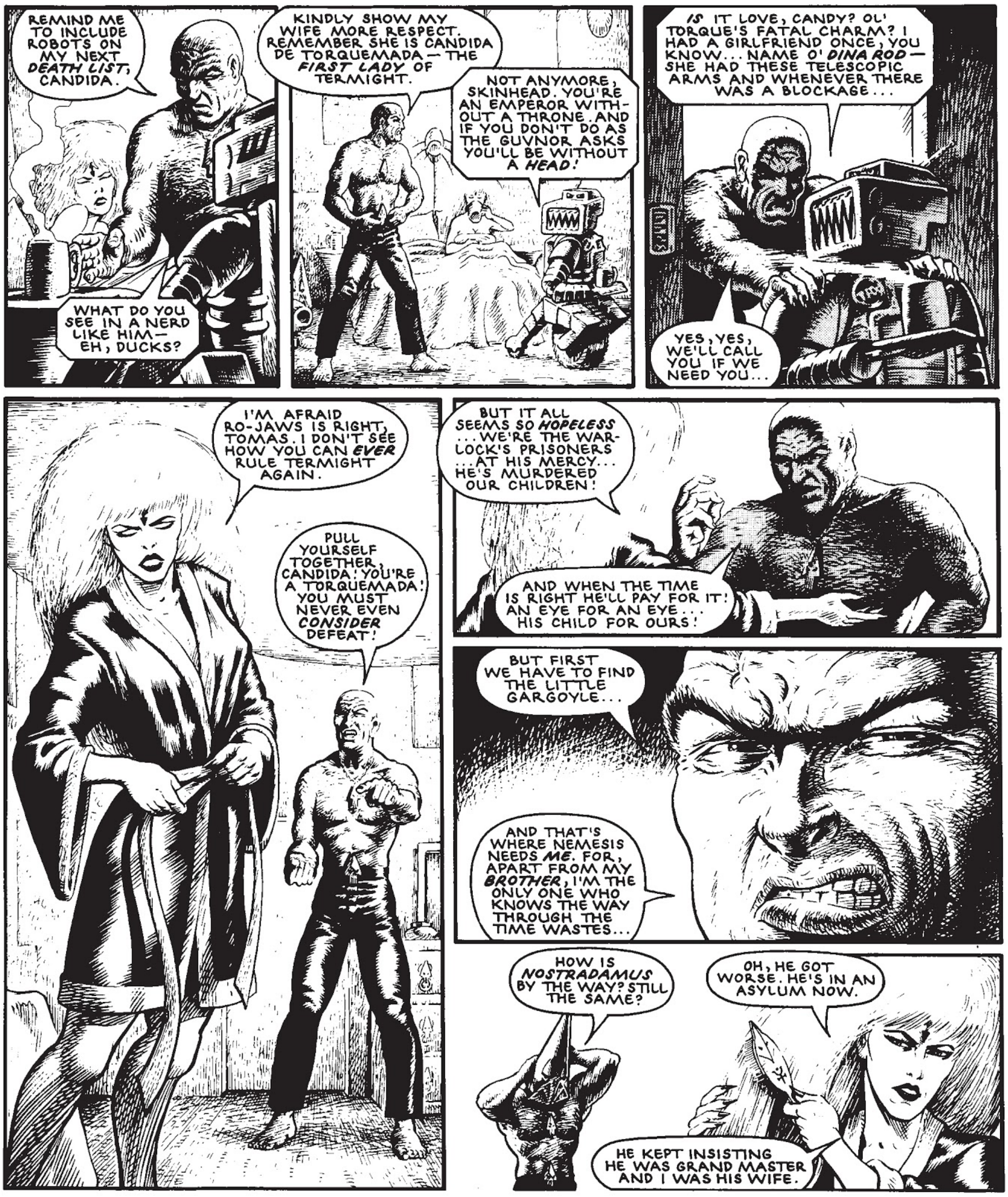
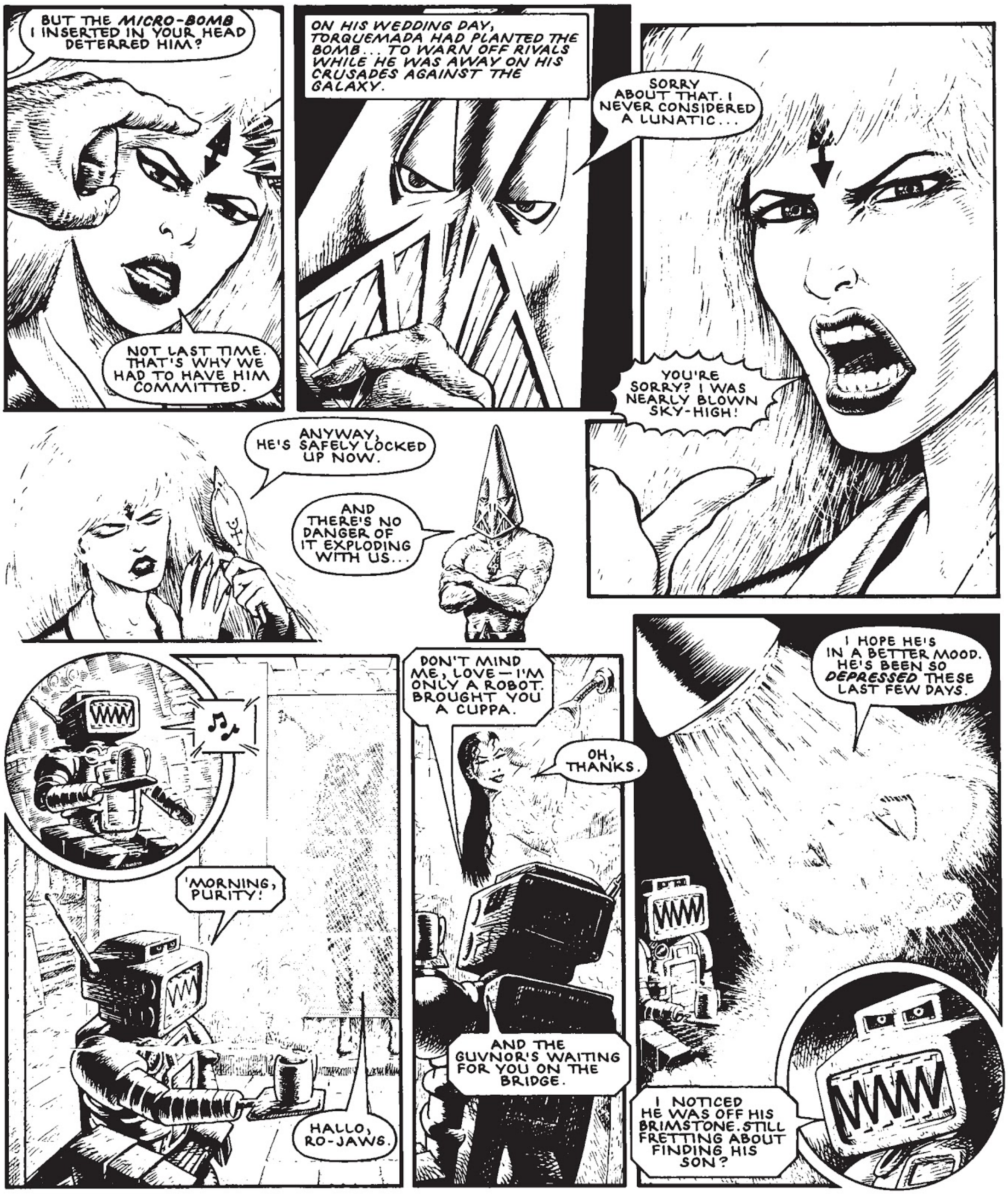
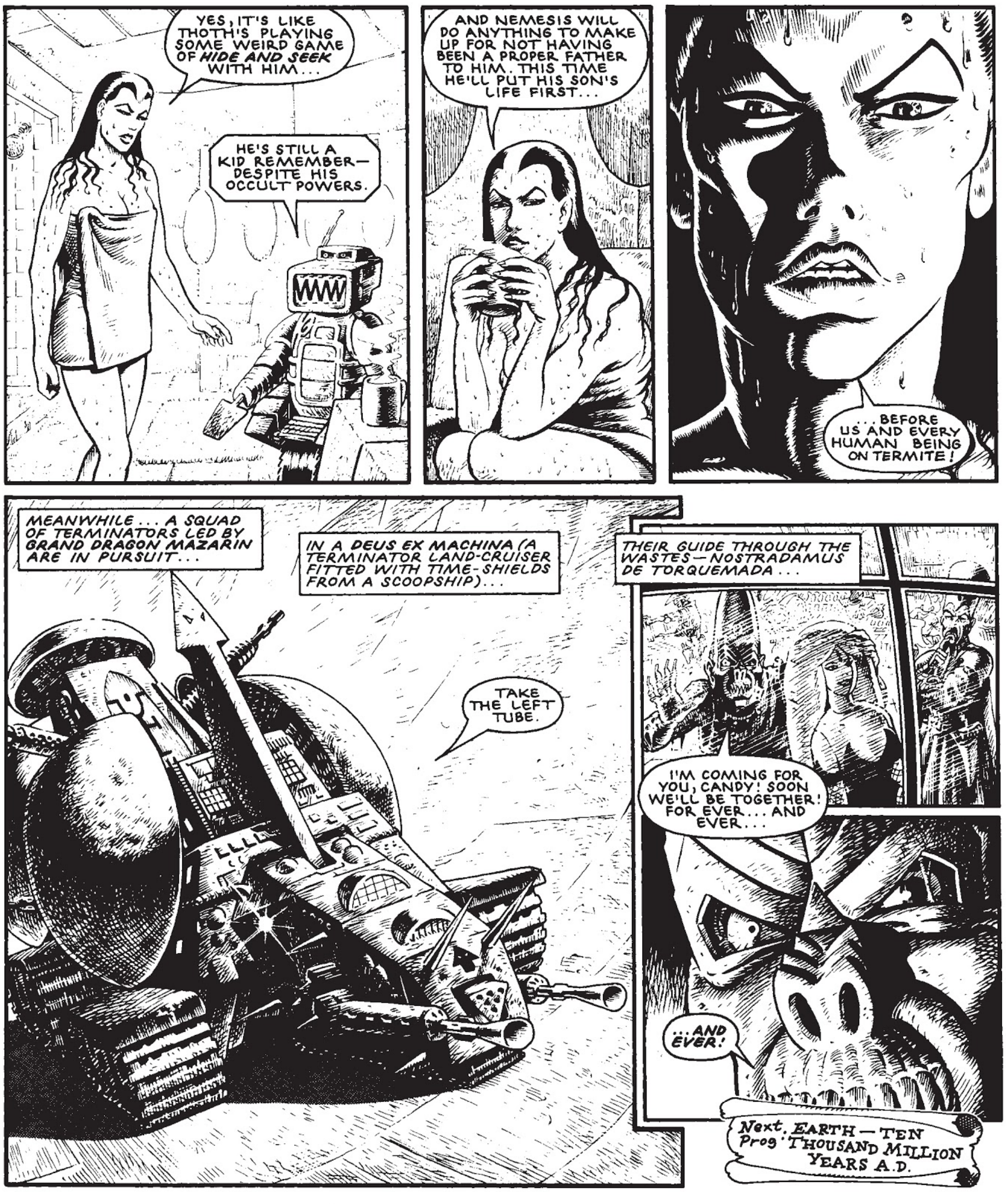
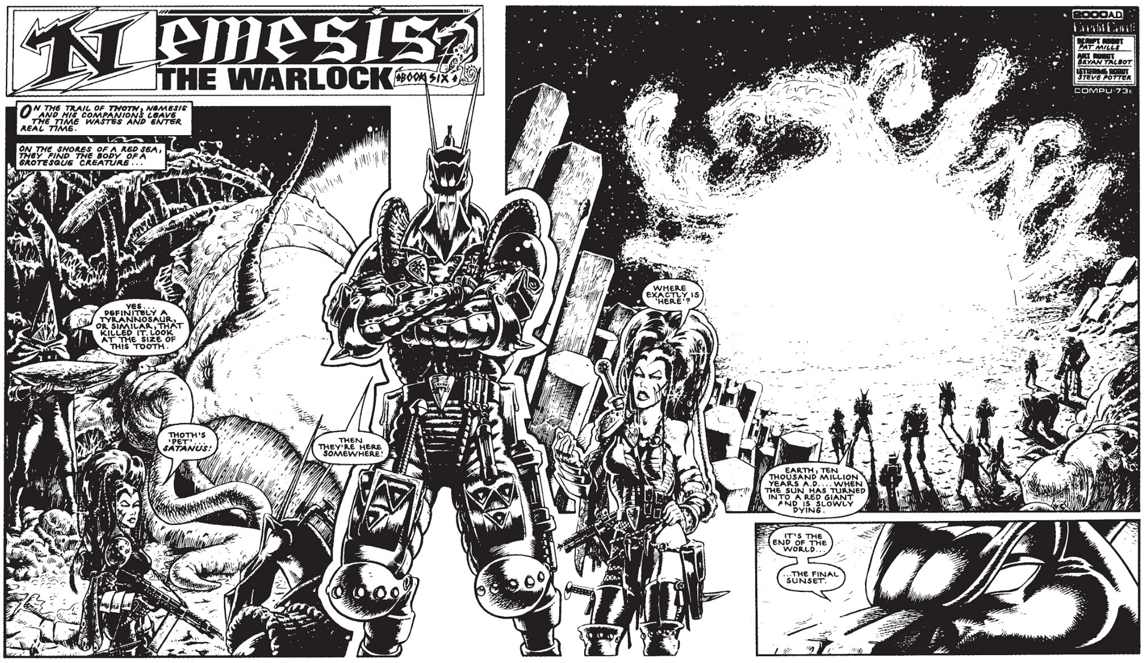
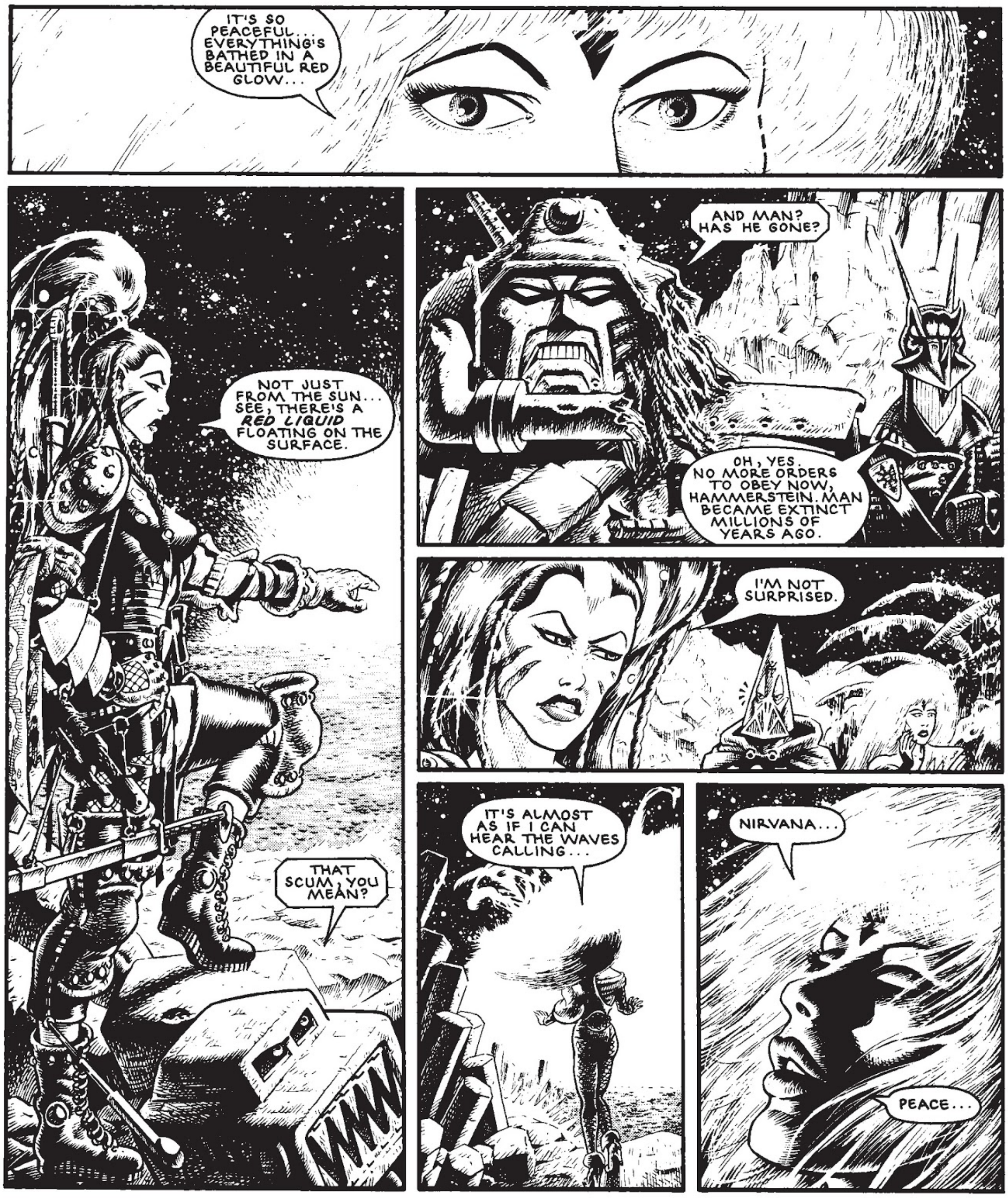
COMPL 73
THE SCOOPSHIP, WITH NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA ON BOARD, HEADS THROUGH THE TIME WASTES—THE OVERFLOW PIPES FROM TERMIGHT'S BLACK AND WHITE HOLES...
TACHYON PARTICLES FLOWING THROUGH THESE PIPES DISTORT TIME—CREATING ENTRANCES TO EARTH'S PAST...AND FUTURE...
AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS MAZE OF TERROR TUBES IS THE WARLOCK'S SON—THOTH—WHO IS INTENT NOT ONLY IN DESTROYING TERMIGHT, BUT THE GALAXY AS WELL!
WAKEY! WAKEY! RISE AN' SHINE!
THE GUVNOR WANTS TO SEE YOU ON THE BRIDGE!
DON'T YOU EVER KNOCK?
NO.
WHAT TIME IS IT?
FIVE THOUSAND MILLION YEARS A.D.
TIME YOU WERE OUT OF YOUR PIT.


REMIND ME TO INCLUDE ROBOTS ON MY NEXT DEATH LIST, CANDIDA.
WHAT DO YOU SEE IN A NERD LIKE HIM— EH, DUCKS?
KINDLY SHOW MY WIFE MORE RESPECT. REMEMBER SHE IS CANDIDA DE TORQUEMADA — THE FIRST LADY OF TERMIGHT.
NOT ANYMORE, SKINHEAD. YOU'RE AN EMPEROR WITHOUT A THRONE. AND IF YOU DON'T DO AS THE GUVNOR ASKS YOU'LL BE WITHOUT A HEAD!
IS IT LOVE, CANDY? OL' TORQUE'S FATAL CHARM? I HAD A GIRLFRIEND ONCE, YOU KNOW... NAME O' DINA ROD — SHE HAD THESE TELESCOPIC ARMS AND WHENEVER THERE WAS A BLOCKAGE...
YES, YES, WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE NEED YOU...
I'M AFRAID RO-JAWS IS RIGHT, TOMAS. I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EVER RULE TERMIGHT AGAIN.
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, CANDIDA! YOU'RE A TORQUEMADA! YOU MUST NEVER EVEN CONSIDER DEFEAT!
BUT IT ALL SEEMS SO HOPELESS ... WE'RE THE WARLOCK'S PRISONERS ... AT HIS MERCY... HE'S MURDERED OUR CHILDREN!
AND WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT HE'LL PAY FOR IT! AN EYE FOR AN EYE... HIS CHILD FOR OURS!
BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO FIND THE LITTLE GARGOYLE...
AND THAT'S WHERE NEMESIS NEEDS ME. FOR, APART FROM MY BROTHER, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE WAY THROUGH THE TIME WASTES...
HOW IS NOSTRADAMUS BY THE WAY? STILL THE SAME?
OH, HE GOT WORSE. HE'S IN AN ASYLUM NOW.
HE KEPT INSISTING HE WAS GRAND MASTER AND I WAS HIS WIFE.


BUT THE *MICRO-BOMB* I INSERTED IN YOUR HEAD DETERRED HIM?
NOT LAST TIME THAT'S WHY WE HAD TO HAVE HIM COMMITTED.
ON HIS WEDDING DAY, TORQUEMADA HAD PLANTED THE BOMB... TO WARN OFF RIVALS WHILE HE WAS AWAY ON HIS CRUSADES AGAINST THE GALAXY.
SORRY ABOUT THAT. I NEVER CONSIDERED A LUNATIC...
YOU'RE SORRY? I WAS NEARLY BLOWN SKY-HIGH!
ANYWAY, HE'S SAFELY LOCKED UP NOW.
AND THERE'S NO DANGER OF IT EXPLODING WITH US...
♪
'MORNING, PURITY!
HALLO, RO-JAWS.
DON'T MIND ME, LOVE—I'M ONLY A ROBOT. BROUGHT YOU A CUPPA.
OH, THANKS.
AND THE GUVNOR'S WAITING FOR YOU ON THE BRIDGE.
I HOPE HE'S IN A BETTER MOOD. HE'S BEEN SO *DEPRESSED* THESE LAST FEW DAYS.
I NOTICED HE WAS OFF HIS BRIMSTONE. STILL FRETTING ABOUT FINDING HIS SON?


YES, IT'S LIKE THOTH'S PLAYING SOME WEIRD GAME OF **HIDE AND SEEK** WITH HIM...
HE'S STILL A KID REMEMBER— DESPITE HIS OCCULT POWERS.
AND NEMESIS WILL DO ANYTHING TO MAKE UP FOR NOT HAVING BEEN A PROPER FATHER TO HIM. THIS TIME HE'LL PUT HIS SON'S LIFE FIRST...
...BEFORE US AND EVERY HUMAN BEING ON TERMITE!
MEANWHILE... A SQUAD OF TERMINATORS LED BY **GRAND DRAGON MAZARIN** ARE IN PURSUIT...
IN A **DEUS EX MACHINA** (A TERMINATOR LAND-CRUISER FITTED WITH TIME-SHIELDS FROM A SCOOPSHIP)...
TAKE THE LEFT TUBE.
THEIR GUIDE THROUGH THE WASTES — NOSTRADAMUS DE TORQUEMADA...
I'M COMING FOR YOU, CANDY! SOON WE'LL BE TOGETHER! FOR EVER... AND EVER...
...**AND EVER!**
Next Prog: EARTH — TEN THOUSAND MILLION YEARS A.D.


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
ON THE TRAIL OF THOTH, NEMESIS AND HIS COMPANIONS LEAVE THE TIME WASTES AND ENTER REAL TIME.
ON THE SHORES OF A RED SEA, THEY FIND THE BODY OF A GROTESQUE CREATURE...
YES... DEFINITELY A TYRANNOSAUR, OR SIMILAR, THAT KILLED IT. LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS TOOTH.
THOTH'S 'PET'... SATANUS!
THEN THEY'RE HERE SOMEWHERE!
2000 A.D.
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
WHERE EXACTLY IS 'HERE'?
EARTH, TEN THOUSAND MILLION YEARS A.D.... WHEN THE SUN HAS TURNED INTO A RED GIANT AND IS SLOWLY DYING.
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD...
...THE FINAL SUNSET.


IT'S SO PEACEFUL... EVERYTHING'S BATHED IN A BEAUTIFUL RED GLOW...
NOT JUST FROM THE SUN... SEE, THERE'S A **RED LIQUID** FLOATING ON THE SURFACE.
THAT SCUM, YOU MEAN?
AND MAN? HAS HE GONE?
OH, YES. NO MORE ORDERS TO OBEY NOW, HAMMERSTEIN. MAN BECAME EXTINCT MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.
I'M NOT SURPRISED.
IT'S ALMOST AS IF I CAN HEAR THE WAVES CALLING...
NIRVANA...
PEACE...

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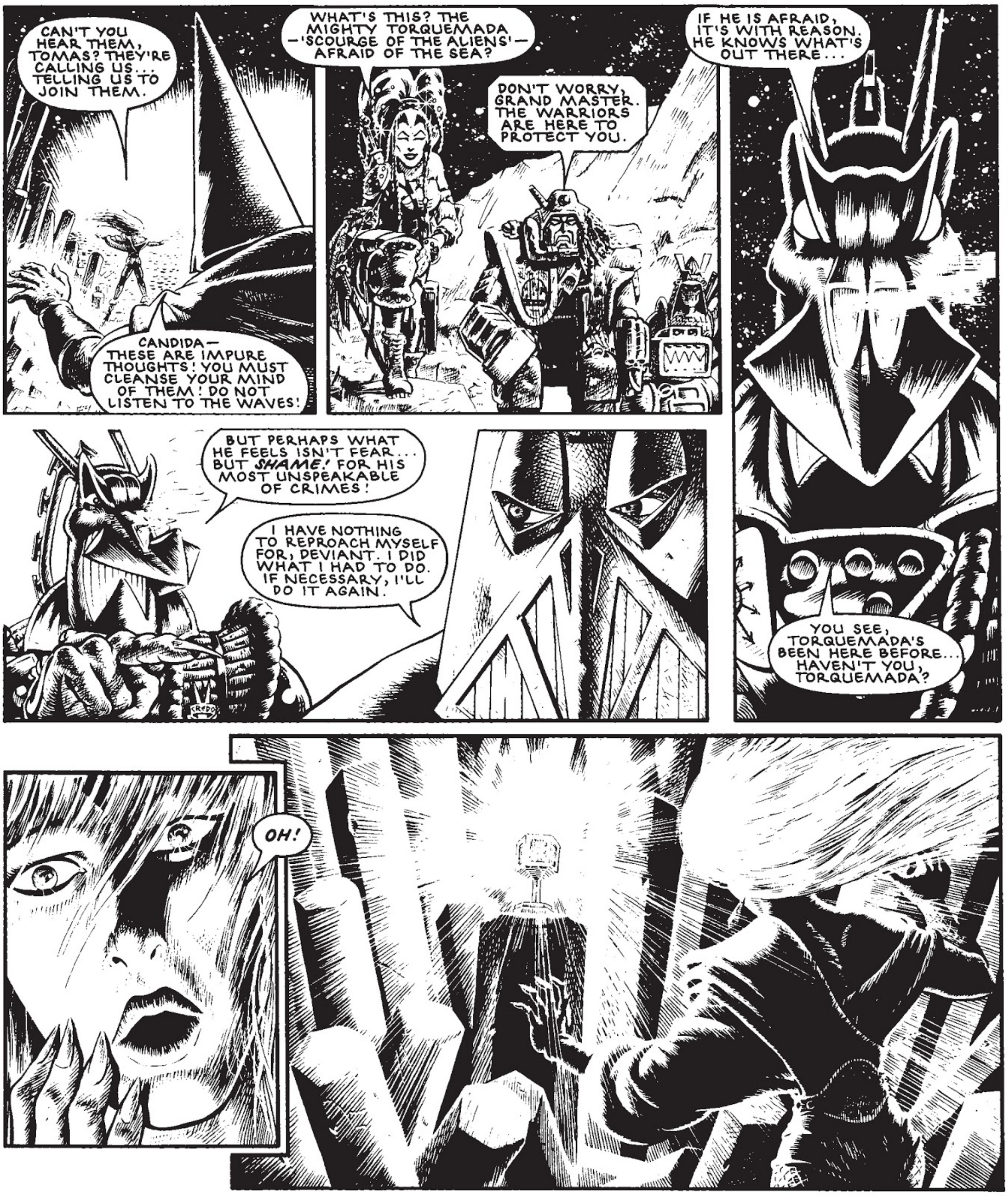
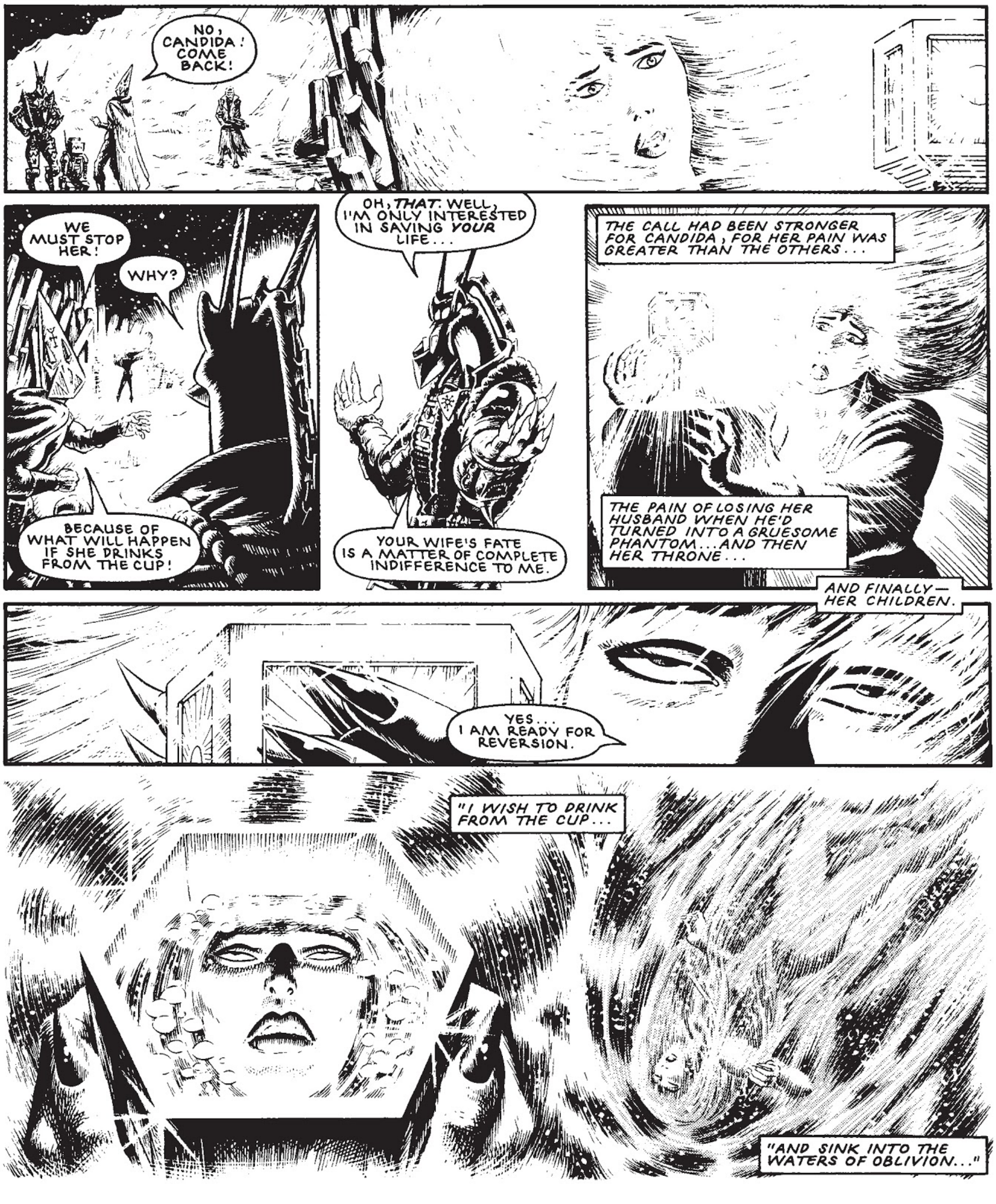
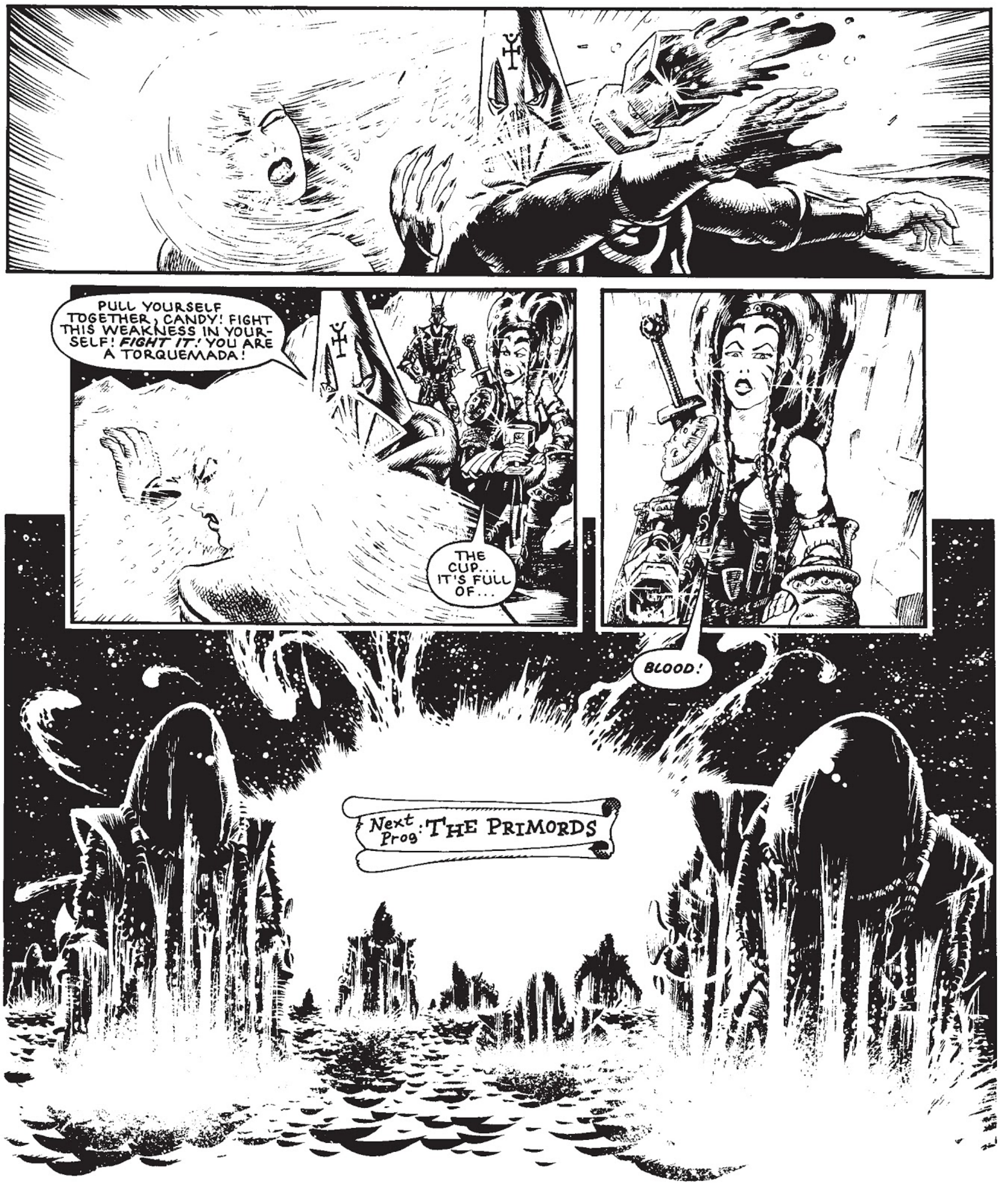
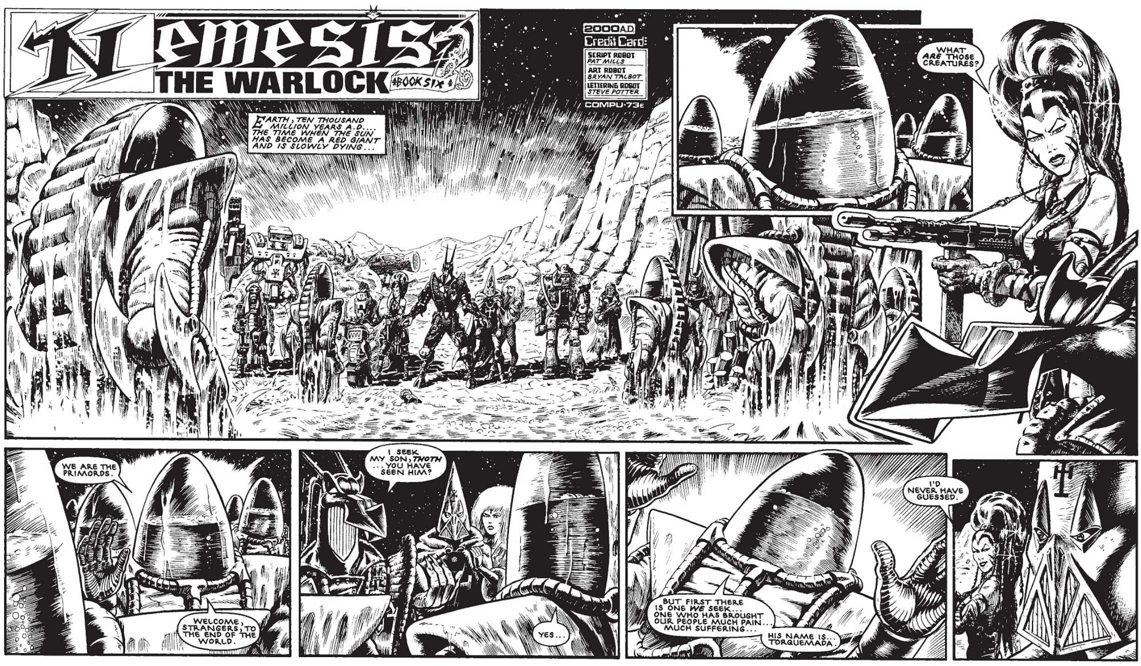
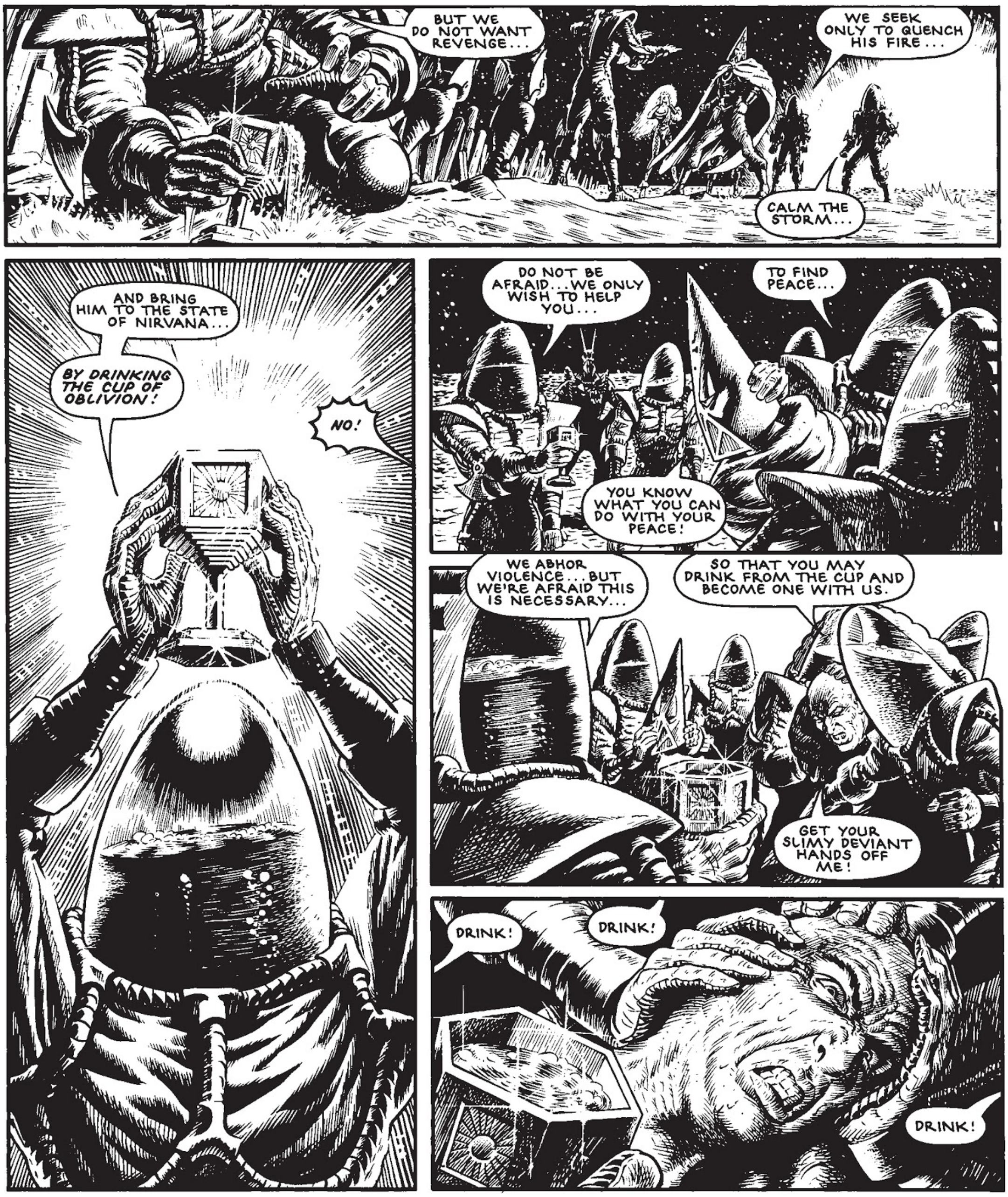
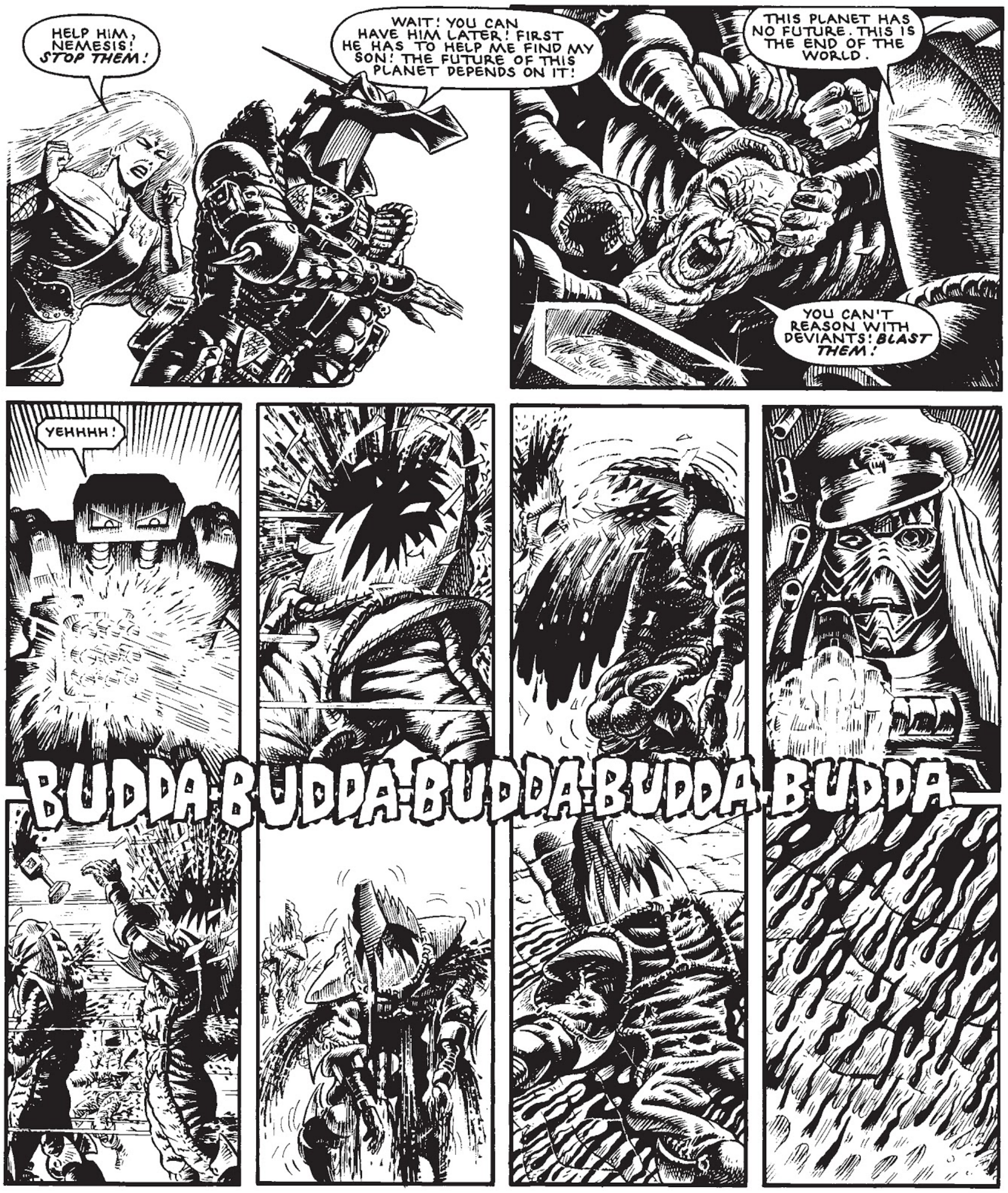

CAN'T YOU HEAR THEM, TOMAS? THEY'RE CALLING US... TELLING US TO JOIN THEM.
CANDIDA— THESE ARE IMPURE THOUGHTS! YOU MUST CLEANSE YOUR MIND OF THEM! DO NOT LISTEN TO THE WAVES!
WHAT'S THIS? THE MIGHTY TORQUEMADA —'SCOURGE OF THE ALIENS'— AFRAID OF THE SEA?
DON'T WORRY, GRAND MASTER. THE WARRIORS ARE HERE TO PROTECT YOU.
IF HE IS AFRAID, IT'S WITH REASON. HE KNOWS WHAT'S OUT THERE...
BUT PERHAPS WHAT HE FEELS ISN'T FEAR... BUT *SHAME!* FOR HIS MOST UNSPEAKABLE OF CRIMES!
I HAVE NOTHING TO REPROACH MYSELF FOR, DEVIANT. I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO. IF NECESSARY, I'LL DO IT AGAIN.
YOU SEE, TORQUEMADA'S BEEN HERE BEFORE... HAVEN'T YOU, TORQUEMADA?
OH!

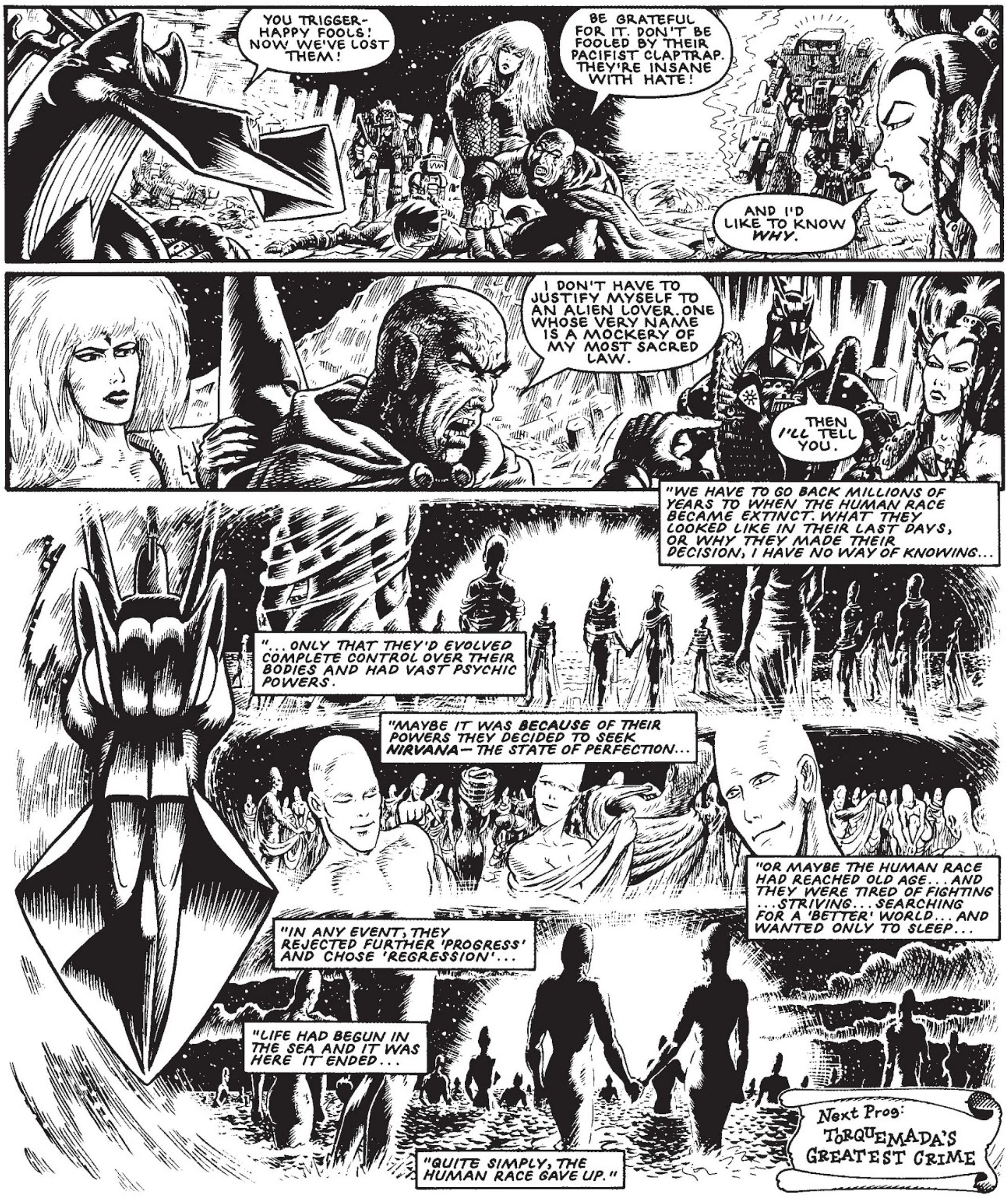

NO, CANDIDA! COME BACK!
WE MUST STOP HER!
WHY?
BECAUSE OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF SHE DRINKS FROM THE CUP!
OH, *THAT*. WELL, I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN SAVING *YOUR* LIFE...
YOUR WIFE'S FATE IS A MATTER OF COMPLETE INDIFFERENCE TO ME.
THE CALL HAD BEEN STRONGER FOR CANDIDA, FOR HER PAIN WAS GREATER THAN THE OTHERS...
THE PAIN OF LOSING HER HUSBAND WHEN HE'D TURNED INTO A GRUESOME PHANTOM... AND THEN HER THRONE...
AND FINALLY— HER CHILDREN.
YES... I AM READY FOR REVERSION.
"I WISH TO DRINK FROM THE CUP...
"AND SINK INTO THE WATERS OF OBLIVION..."


PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, CANDY! FIGHT THIS WEAKNESS IN YOURSELF! ***FIGHT IT!*** YOU ARE A TORQUEMADA!
THE CUP... IT'S FULL OF...
BLOOD!
Next Prog: THE PRIMORDS


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
EARTH, TEN THOUSAND MILLION YEARS A.D... THE TIME WHEN THE SUN HAS BECOME A RED GIANT AND IS SLOWLY DYING...
WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES?
WE ARE THE PRIMORDS.
WELCOME, STRANGERS, TO THE END OF THE WORLD.
I SEEK MY SON, *THOTH* ... YOU HAVE SEEN HIM?
YES...
BUT FIRST THERE IS ONE *WE* SEEK... ONE WHO HAS BROUGHT OUR PEOPLE MUCH PAIN... MUCH SUFFERING...
HIS NAME IS... TORQUEMADA.
I'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED.


BUT WE DO NOT WANT REVENGE...
WE SEEK ONLY TO QUENCH HIS FIRE...
CALM THE STORM...
AND BRING HIM TO THE STATE OF NIRVANA...
BY DRINKING THE CUP OF OBLIVION!
NO!
DO NOT BE AFRAID...WE ONLY WISH TO HELP YOU...
TO FIND PEACE...
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR PEACE!
WE ABHOR VIOLENCE...BUT WE'RE AFRAID THIS IS NECESSARY...
SO THAT YOU MAY DRINK FROM THE CUP AND BECOME ONE WITH US.
GET YOUR SLIMY DEVIANT HANDS OFF ME!
DRINK!
DRINK!
DRINK!


HELP HIM, NEMESIS! *STOP THEM!*
WAIT! YOU CAN HAVE HIM LATER! FIRST HE HAS TO HELP ME FIND MY SON! THE FUTURE OF THIS PLANET DEPENDS ON IT!
THIS PLANET HAS NO FUTURE. THIS IS THE END OF THE WORLD.
YOU CAN'T REASON WITH DEVIANTS! *BLAST THEM!*
YEHHHH!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA


YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY FOOLS! NOW WE'VE LOST THEM!
BE GRATEFUL FOR IT. DON'T BE FOOLED BY THEIR PACIFIST CLAPTRAP. THEY'RE INSANE WITH HATE!
AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW *WHY*.
I DON'T HAVE TO JUSTIFY MYSELF TO AN ALIEN LOVER. ONE WHOSE VERY NAME IS A MOCKERY OF MY MOST SACRED LAW.
THEN *I'LL* TELL YOU.
"WE HAVE TO GO BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS TO WHEN THE HUMAN RACE BECAME EXTINCT. WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE IN THEIR LAST DAYS, OR WHY THEY MADE THEIR DECISION, I HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING...
"...ONLY THAT THEY'D EVOLVED COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THEIR BODIES AND HAD VAST PSYCHIC POWERS.
"MAYBE IT WAS *BECAUSE* OF THEIR POWERS THEY DECIDED TO SEEK *NIRVANA* — THE STATE OF PERFECTION...
"OR MAYBE THE HUMAN RACE HAD REACHED OLD AGE... AND THEY WERE TIRED OF FIGHTING ...STRIVING... SEARCHING FOR A 'BETTER' WORLD... AND WANTED ONLY TO SLEEP...
"IN ANY EVENT, THEY REJECTED FURTHER 'PROGRESS' AND CHOSE 'REGRESSION'...
"LIFE HAD BEGUN IN THE SEA AND IT WAS HERE IT ENDED...
"QUITE SIMPLY, THE HUMAN RACE GAVE UP."
Next Prog: TORQUEMADA'S GREATEST CRIME

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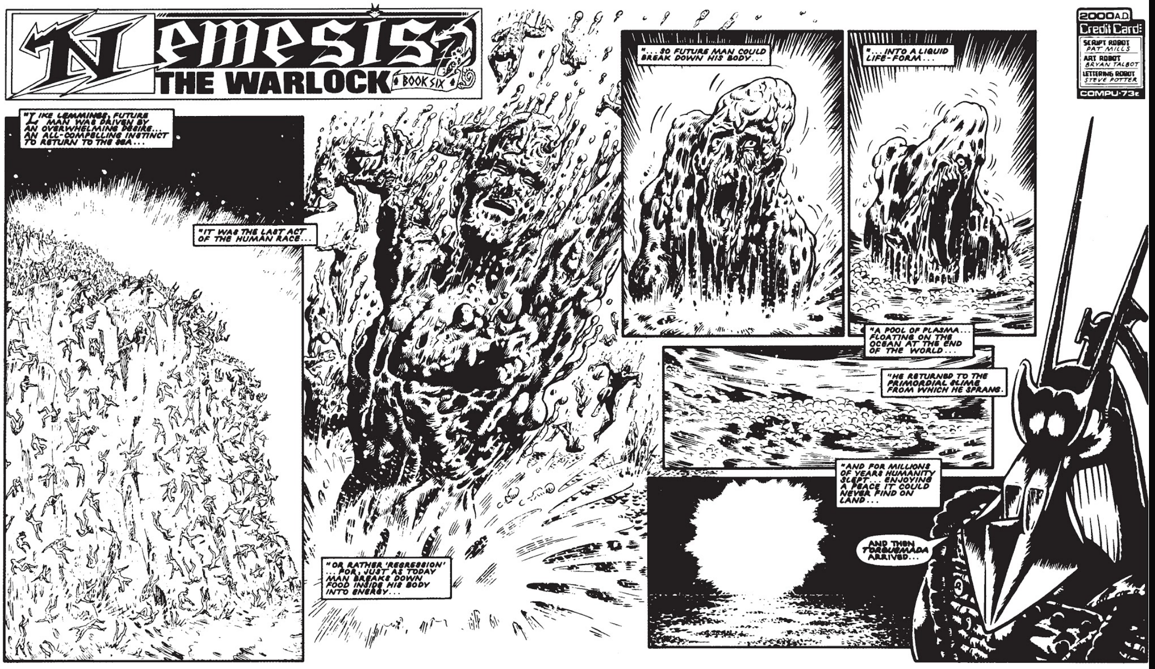
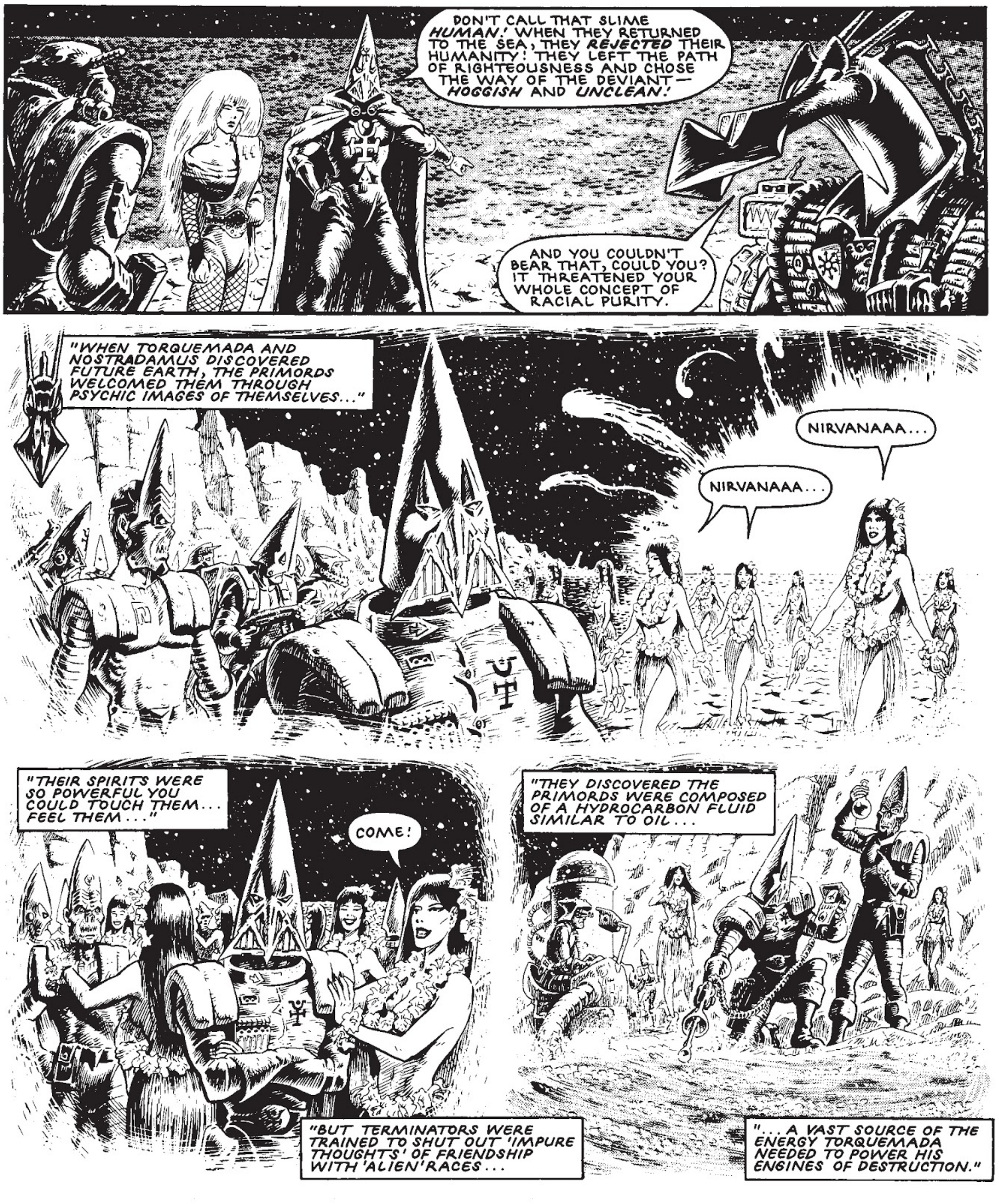
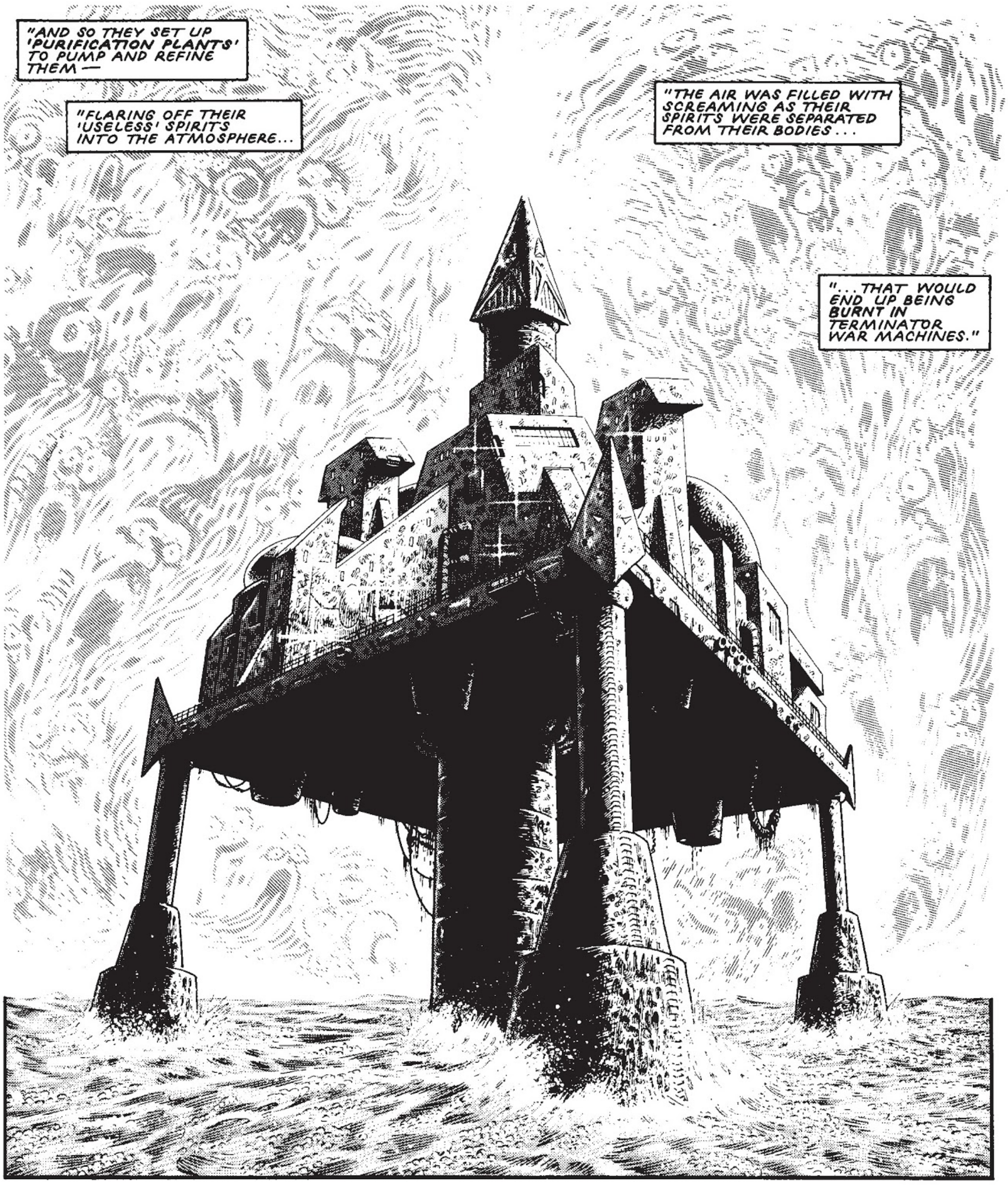

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E
"LIKE LEMMINGS, FUTURE MAN WAS DRIVEN BY AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE... AN ALL-COMPELLING INSTINCT TO RETURN TO THE SEA...
"IT WAS THE LAST ACT OF THE HUMAN RACE...
"OR RATHER 'REGRESSION' ... FOR, JUST AS TODAY MAN BREAKS DOWN FOOD INSIDE HIS BODY INTO ENERGY...
"...SO FUTURE MAN COULD BREAK DOWN HIS BODY...
"...INTO A LIQUID LIFE-FORM...
"A POOL OF PLASMA... FLOATING ON THE OCEAN AT THE END OF THE WORLD...
"HE RETURNED TO THE PRIMORDIAL SLIME FROM WHICH HE SPRANG.
"AND FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS HUMANITY SLEPT... ENJOYING A PEACE IT COULD NEVER FIND ON LAND...
AND THEN TORQUEMADA ARRIVED...


DON'T CALL THAT SLIME *HUMAN!* WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE SEA, THEY *REJECTED* THEIR HUMANITY! THEY LEFT THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND CHOSE THE WAY OF THE DEVIANT— *HOGGISH* AND *UNCLEAN!*
AND YOU COULDN'T BEAR THAT, COULD YOU? IT THREATENED YOUR WHOLE CONCEPT OF RACIAL PURITY.
"WHEN TORQUEMADA AND NOSTRADAMUS DISCOVERED FUTURE EARTH, THE PRIMORDS WELCOMED THEM THROUGH PSYCHIC IMAGES OF THEMSELVES..."
NIRVANAAA...
NIRVANAAA...
"THEIR SPIRITS WERE SO POWERFUL YOU COULD TOUCH THEM... FEEL THEM..."
COME!
"BUT TERMINATORS WERE TRAINED TO SHUT OUT 'IMPURE THOUGHTS' OF FRIENDSHIP WITH 'ALIEN' RACES...
"THEY DISCOVERED THE PRIMORDS WERE COMPOSED OF A HYDROCARBON FLUID SIMILAR TO OIL...
"... A VAST SOURCE OF THE ENERGY TORQUEMADA NEEDED TO POWER HIS ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION."


"AND SO THEY SET UP 'PURIFICATION PLANTS' TO PUMP AND REFINE THEM —
"FLARING OFF THEIR 'USELESS' SPIRITS INTO THE ATMOSPHERE...
"THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH SCREAMING AS THEIR SPIRITS WERE SEPARATED FROM THEIR BODIES...
"...THAT WOULD END UP BEING BURNT IN TERMINATOR WAR MACHINES."

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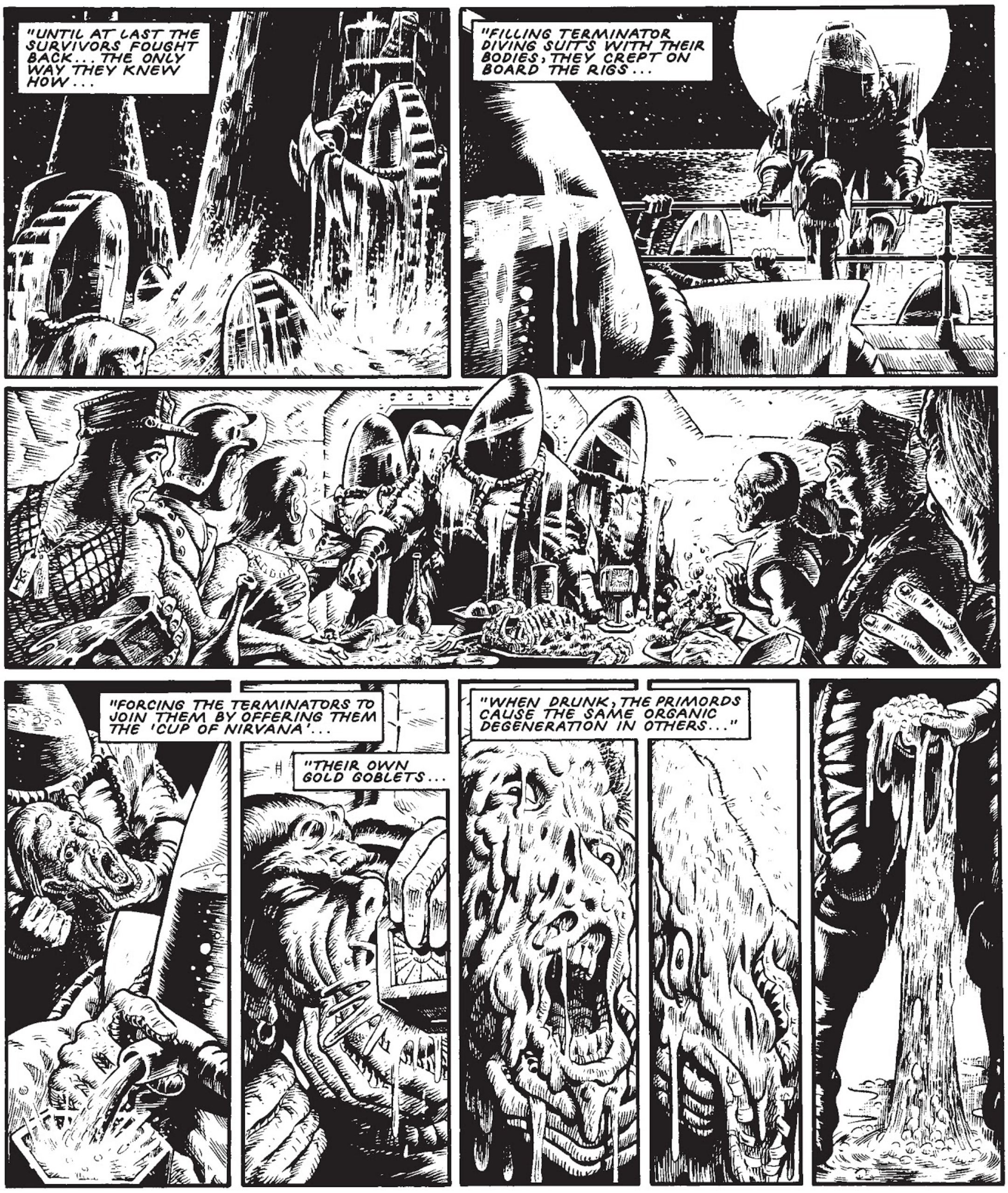
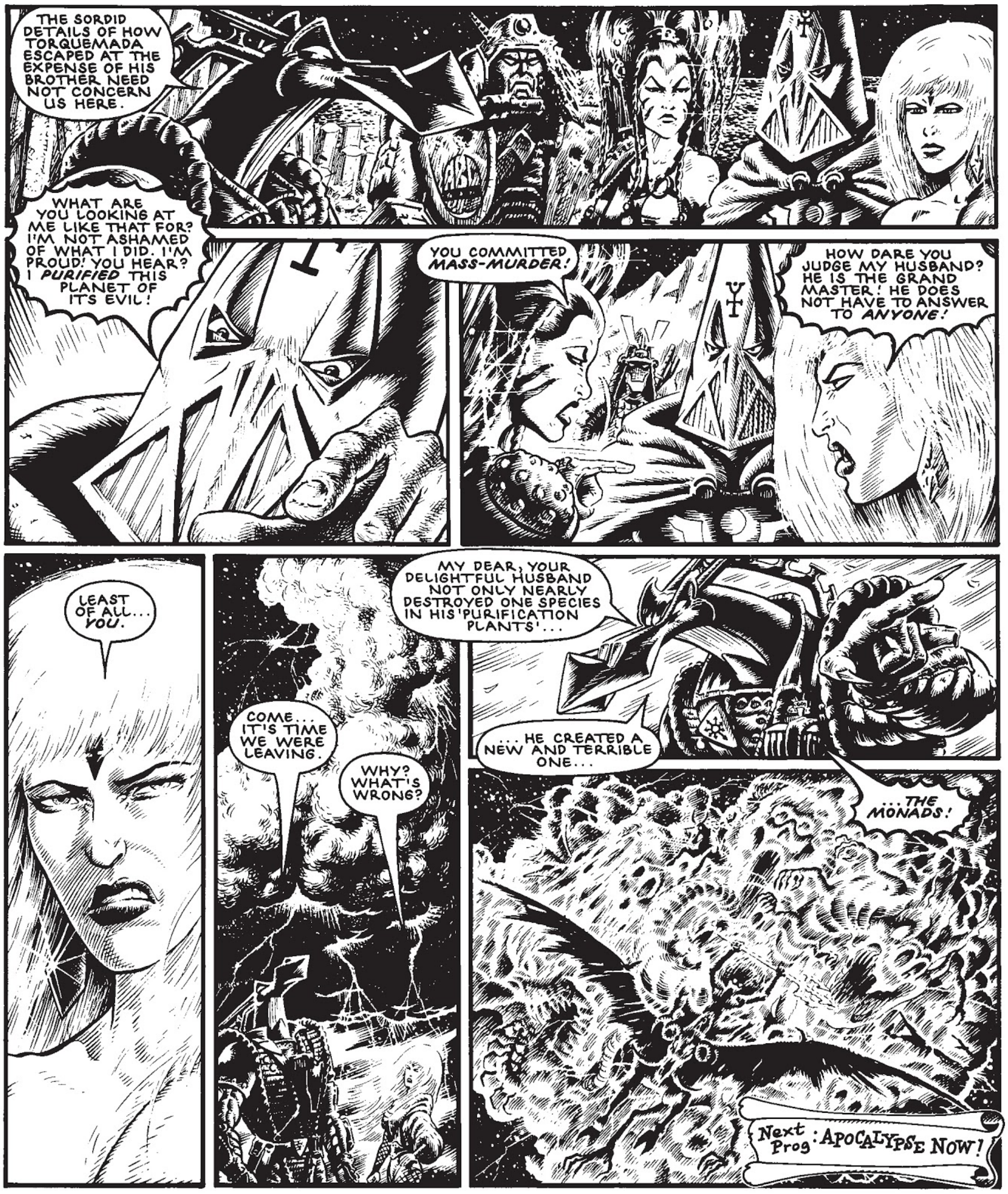
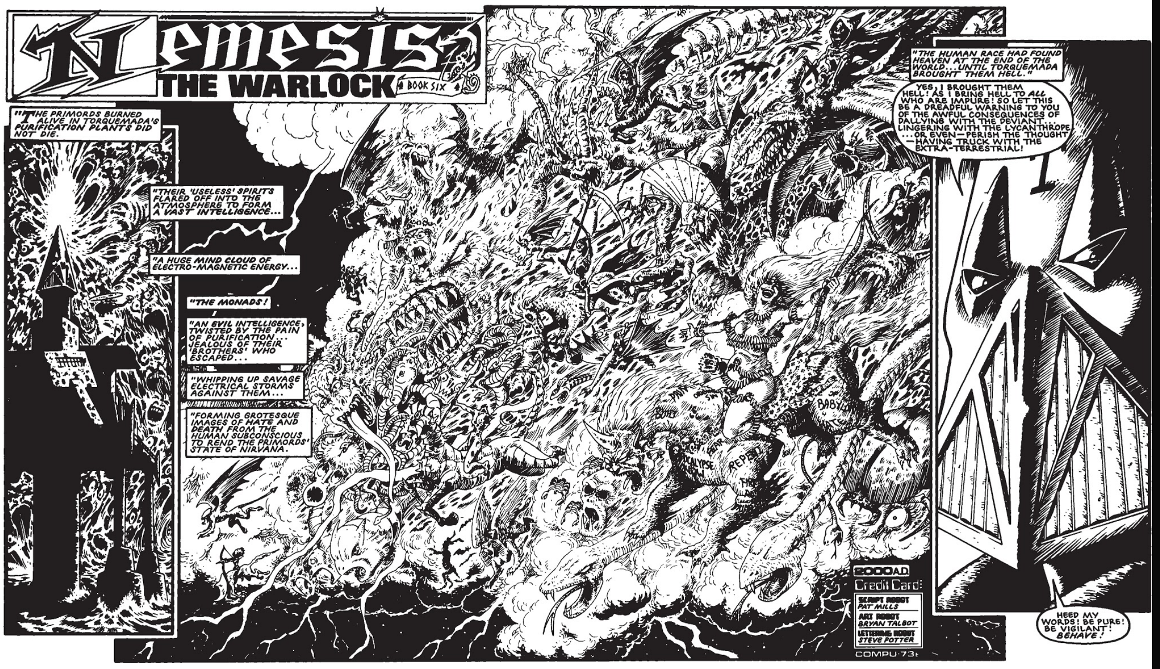
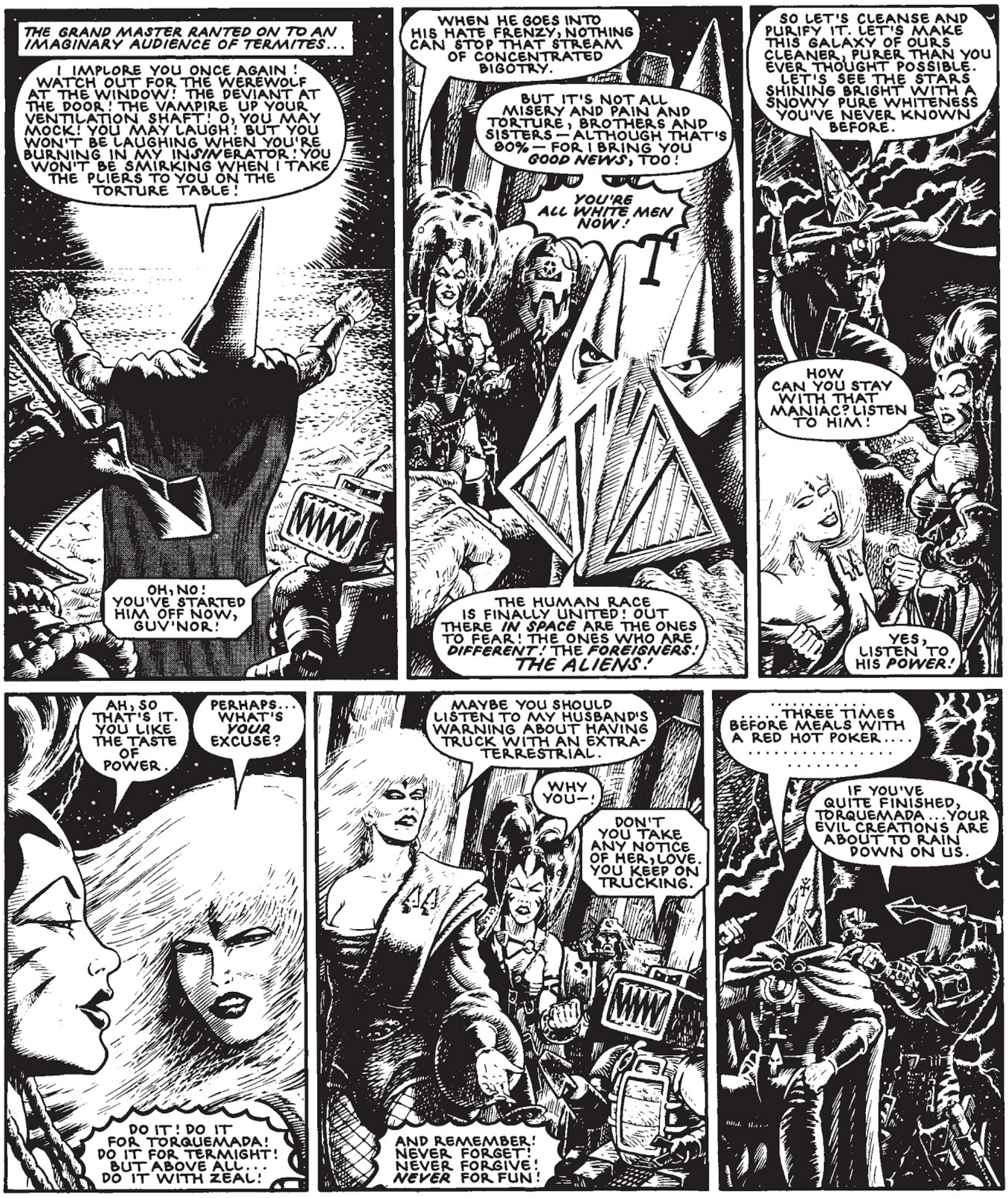
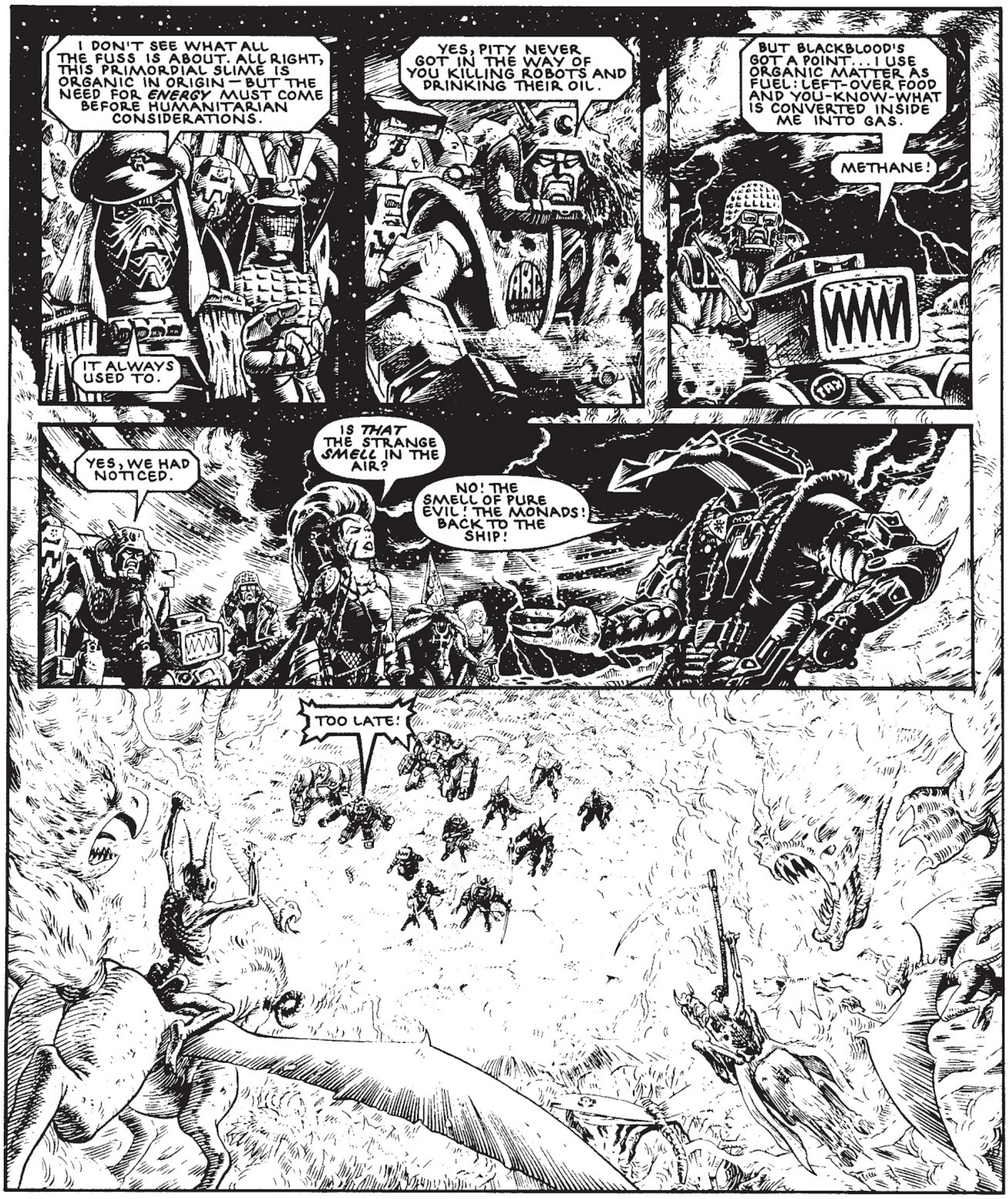

"UNTIL AT LAST THE SURVIVORS FOUGHT BACK... THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW HOW...
"FILLING TERMINATOR DIVING SUITS WITH THEIR BODIES, THEY CREPT ON BOARD THE RIGS...
"FORCING THE TERMINATORS TO JOIN THEM BY OFFERING THEM THE 'CUP OF NIRVANA'...
"THEIR OWN GOLD GOBLETS...
"WHEN DRUNK, THE PRIMORDS CAUSE THE SAME ORGANIC DEGENERATION IN OTHERS..."


THE SORDID DETAILS OF HOW TORQUEMADA ESCAPED AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS BROTHER NEED NOT CONCERN US HERE.
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT FOR? I'M NOT ASHAMED OF WHAT I DID. I'M PROUD! YOU HEAR? I *PURIFIED* THIS PLANET OF IT'S EVIL!
YOU COMMITTED *MASS-MURDER!*
HOW DARE YOU JUDGE MY HUSBAND? HE IS THE GRAND MASTER! HE DOES NOT HAVE TO ANSWER TO *ANYONE!*
LEAST OF ALL... *YOU*.
COME... IT'S TIME WE WERE LEAVING.
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?
MY DEAR, YOUR DELIGHTFUL HUSBAND NOT ONLY NEARLY DESTROYED ONE SPECIES IN HIS 'PURIFICATION PLANTS'...
...HE CREATED A NEW AND TERRIBLE ONE...
...*THE MONADS!*
Next Prog: APOCALYPSE NOW!


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
"THE PRIMORDS BURNED ALIVE IN TORQUEMADA'S PURIFICATION PLANTS DID NOT DIE.
"THEIR 'USELESS' SPIRITS FLARED OFF INTO THE ATMOSPHERE TO FORM A VAST INTELLIGENCE...
"A HUGE MIND CLOUD OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENERGY...
"THE MONADS!
"AN EVIL INTELLIGENCE, TWISTED BY THE PAIN OF PURIFICATION... JEALOUS OF THEIR 'BROTHERS' WHO ESCAPED...
"WHIPPING UP SAVAGE ELECTRICAL STORMS AGAINST THEM...
"FORMING GROTESQUE IMAGES OF HATE AND DEATH FROM THE HUMAN SUBCONSCIOUS TO REND THE PRIMORDS' STATE OF NIRVANA.
"THE HUMAN RACE HAD FOUND HEAVEN AT THE END OF THE WORLD...UNTIL TORQUEMADA BROUGHT THEM HELL."
YES, I BROUGHT THEM HELL! AS I BRING HELL TO ALL WHO ARE IMPURE! SO LET THIS BE A DREADFUL WARNING TO YOU OF THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF DALLYING WITH THE DEVIANT... LINGERING WITH THE LYCANTHROPE ...OR EVEN—PERISH THE THOUGHT —HAVING TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL!
BABY
REPENT
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73t
HEED MY WORDS! BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!


THE GRAND MASTER RANTED ON TO AN IMAGINARY AUDIENCE OF TERMITES...
I IMPLORE YOU ONCE AGAIN! WATCH OUT FOR THE WEREWOLF AT THE WINDOW! THE DEVIANT AT THE DOOR! THE VAMPIRE UP YOUR VENTILATION SHAFT! O, YOU MAY MOCK! YOU MAY LAUGH! BUT YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING WHEN YOU'RE BURNING IN MY INSINERATOR! YOU WON'T BE SMIRKING WHEN I TAKE THE PLIERS TO YOU ON THE TORTURE TABLE!
OH, NO! YOU'VE STARTED HIM OFF NOW, GUV'NOR!
WHEN HE GOES INTO HIS HATE FRENZY, NOTHING CAN STOP THAT STREAM OF CONCENTRATED BIGOTRY.
BUT IT'S NOT ALL MISERY AND PAIN AND TORTURE, BROTHERS AND SISTERS — ALTHOUGH THAT'S 80% — FOR I BRING YOU GOOD NEWS, TOO!
YOU'RE ALL WHITE MEN NOW!
T
THE HUMAN RACE IS FINALLY UNITED! OUT THERE IN SPACE ARE THE ONES TO FEAR! THE ONES WHO ARE DIFFERENT! THE FOREIGNERS! THE ALIENS!
SO LET'S CLEANSE AND PURIFY IT. LET'S MAKE THIS GALAXY OF OURS CLEANER, PURER THAN YOU EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE. LET'S SEE THE STARS SHINING BRIGHT WITH A SNOWY PURE WHITENESS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.
HOW CAN YOU STAY WITH THAT MANIAC? LISTEN TO HIM!
YES, LISTEN TO HIS POWER!
AH, SO THAT'S IT. YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF POWER.
PERHAPS... WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?
DO IT! DO IT FOR TORQUEMADA! DO IT FOR TERMIGHT! BUT ABOVE ALL... DO IT WITH ZEAL!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO MY HUSBAND'S WARNING ABOUT HAVING TRUCK WITH AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL.
WHY YOU—!
DON'T YOU TAKE ANY NOTICE OF HER, LOVE. YOU KEEP ON TRUCKING.
AND REMEMBER! NEVER FORGET! NEVER FORGIVE! NEVER FOR FUN!
.....THREE TIMES BEFORE MEALS WITH A RED HOT POKER.... ....
IF YOU'VE QUITE FINISHED, TORQUEMADA... YOUR EVIL CREATIONS ARE ABOUT TO RAIN DOWN ON US.


I DON'T SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT. ALL RIGHT, THIS PRIMORDIAL SLIME IS ORGANIC IN ORIGIN — BUT THE NEED FOR *ENERGY* MUST COME BEFORE HUMANITARIAN CONSIDERATIONS.
IT ALWAYS USED TO.
YES, PITY NEVER GOT IN THE WAY OF YOU KILLING ROBOTS AND DRINKING THEIR OIL.
BUT BLACKBLOOD'S GOT A POINT... I USE ORGANIC MATTER AS FUEL: LEFT-OVER FOOD AND YOU-KNOW-WHAT IS CONVERTED INSIDE ME INTO GAS.
METHANE!
YES, WE HAD NOTICED.
IS *THAT* THE STRANGE *SMELL* IN THE AIR?
NO! THE SMELL OF PURE EVIL! THE MONADS! BACK TO THE SHIP!
TOO LATE!

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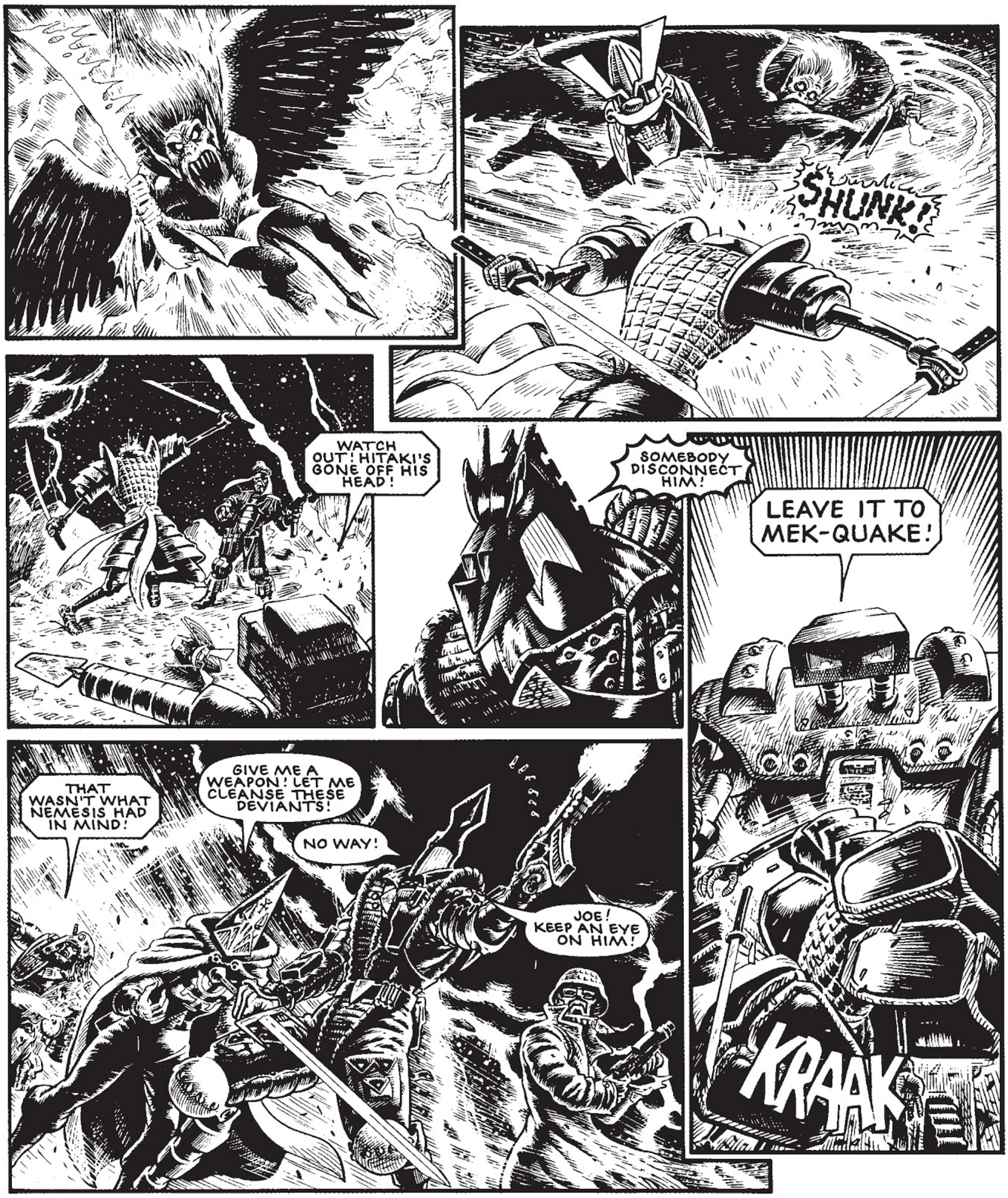
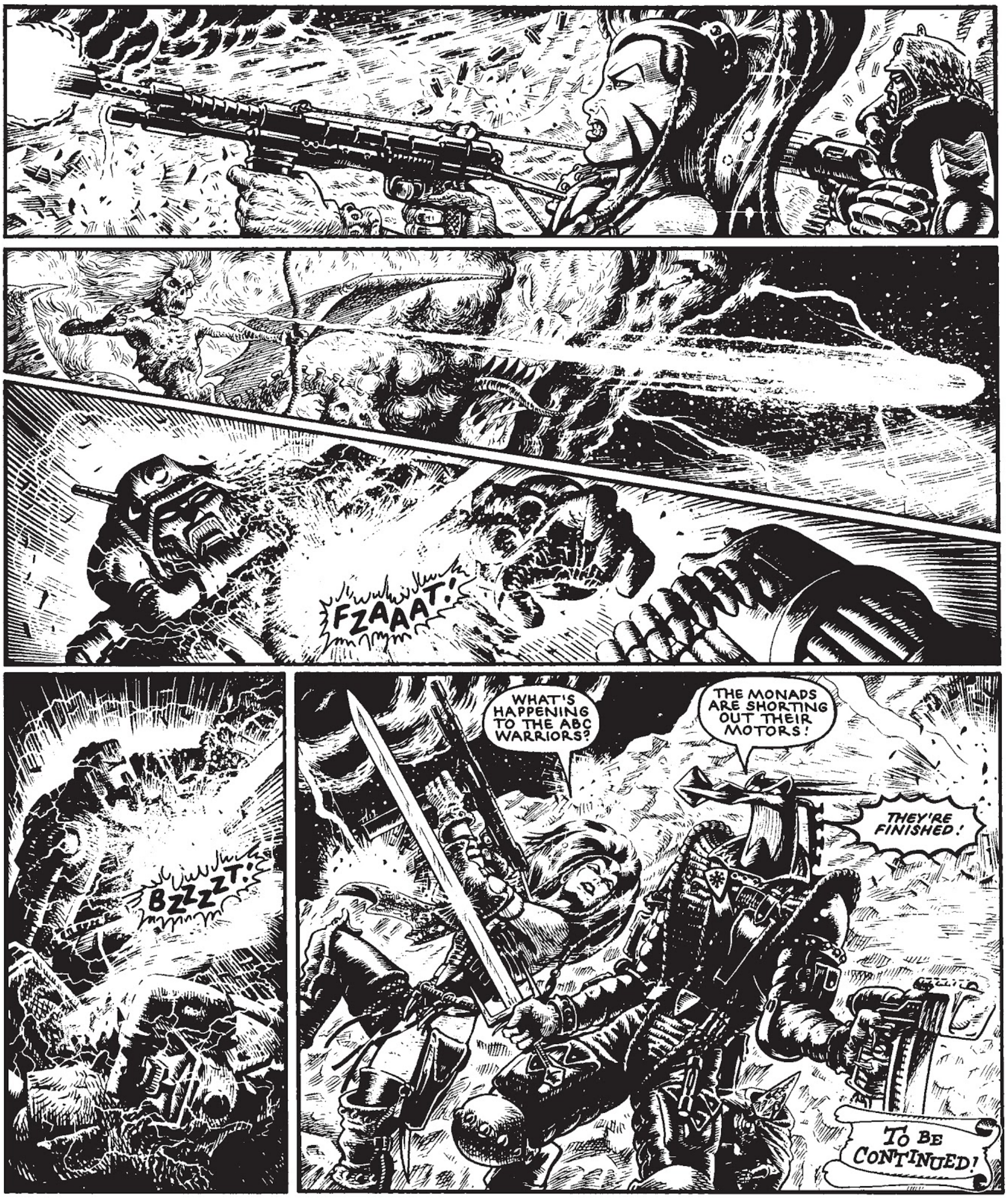
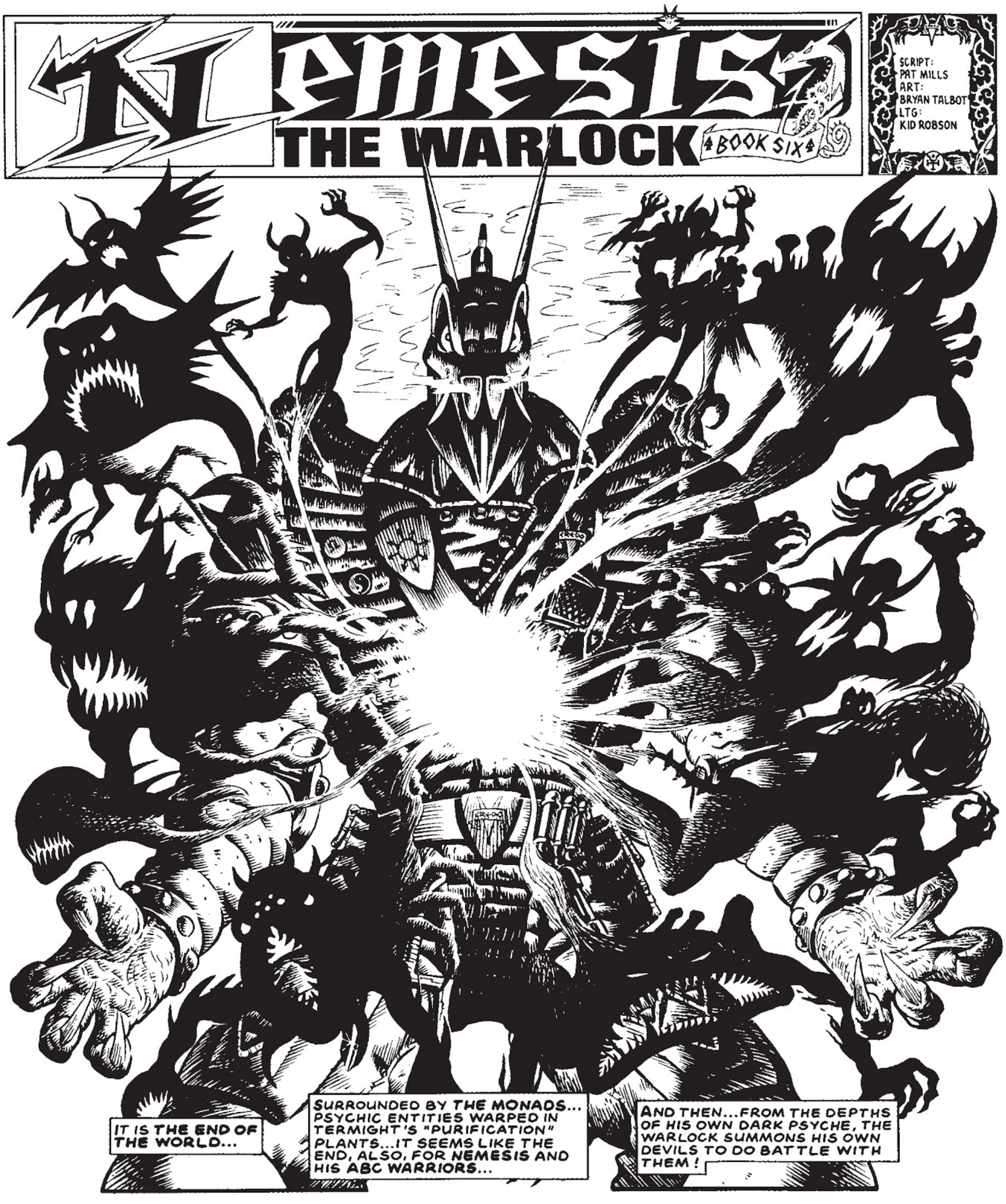
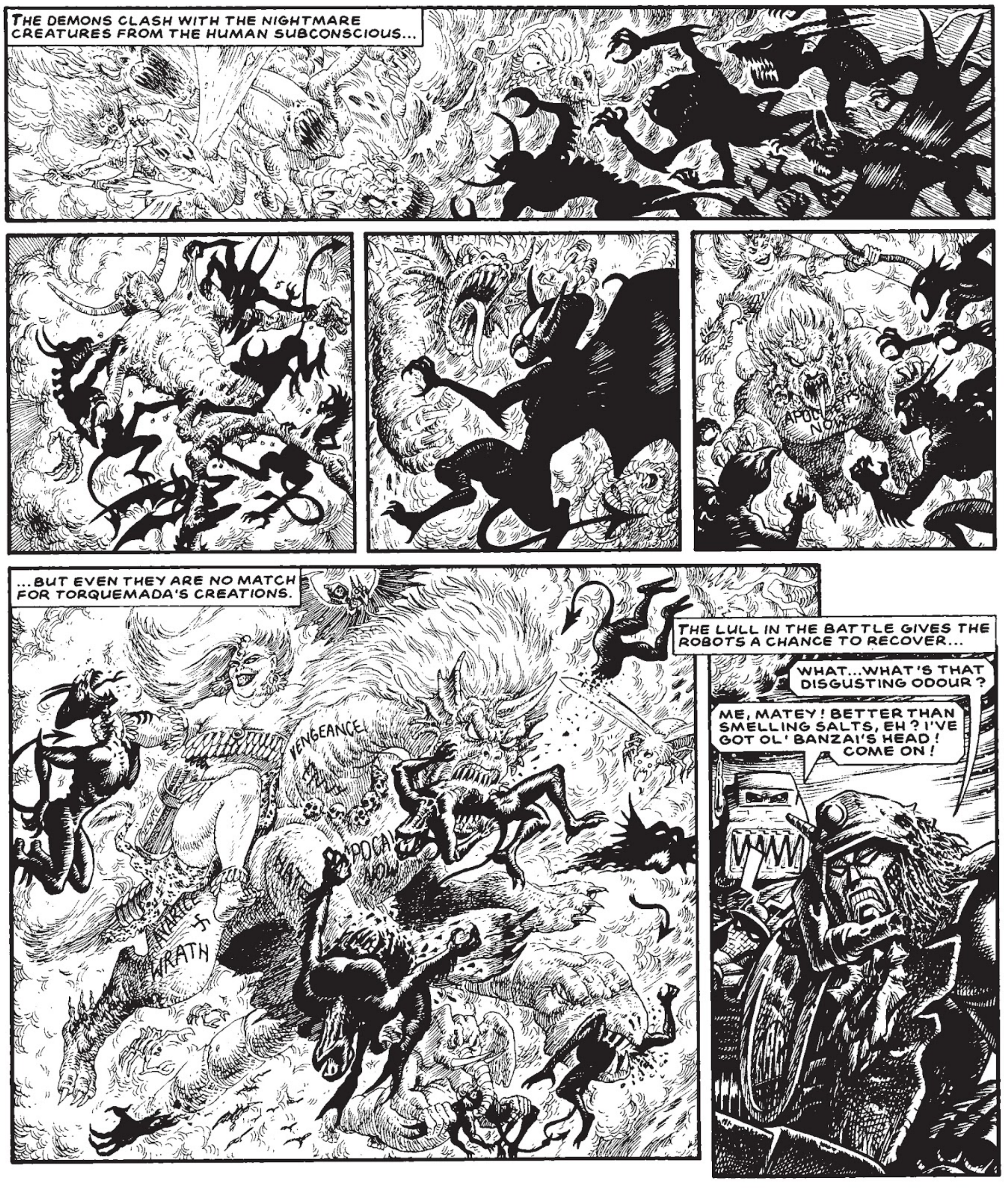
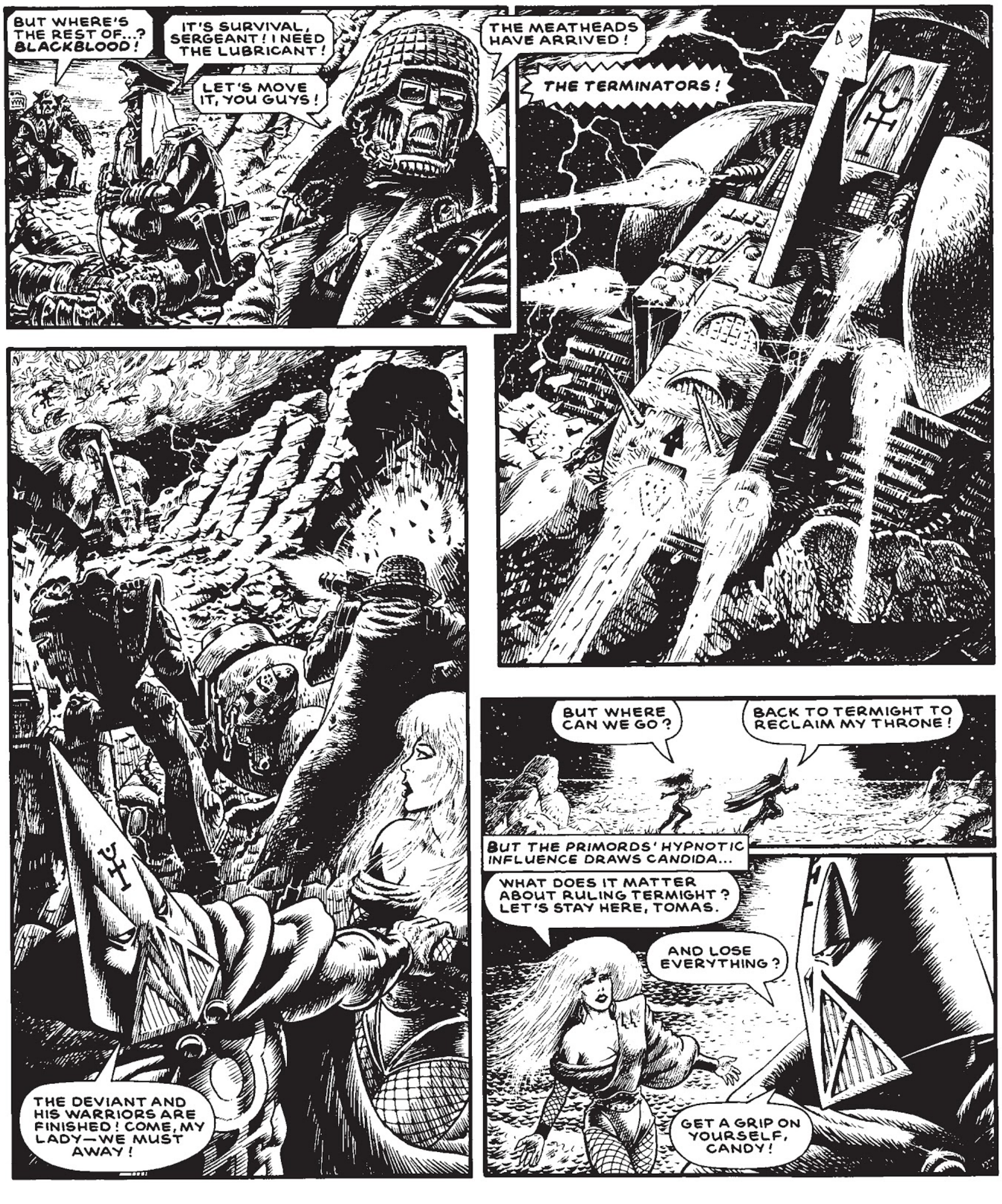
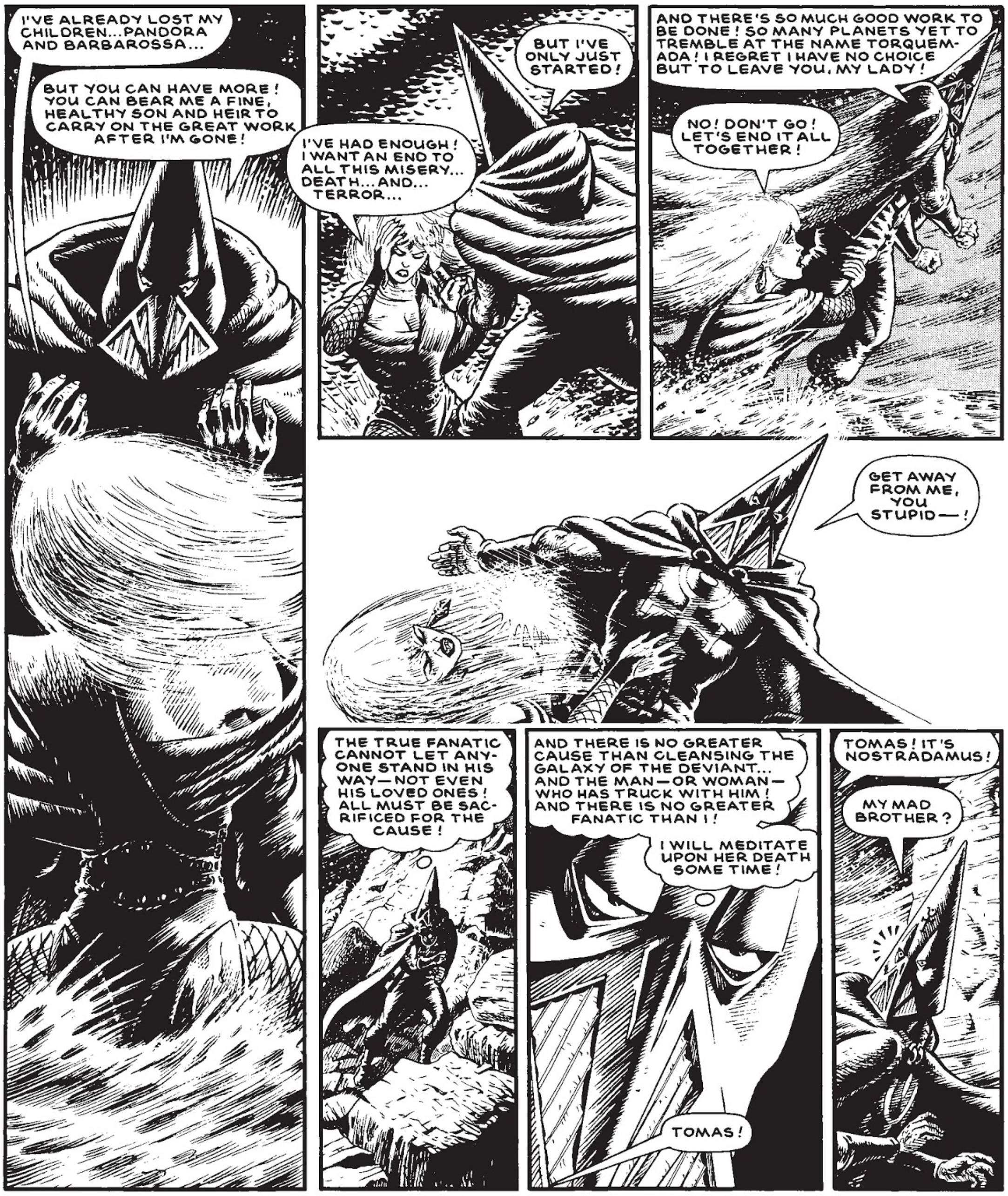

SHUNK!
WATCH OUT! HITAKI'S GONE OFF HIS HEAD!
SOMEBODY DISCONNECT HIM!
LEAVE IT TO MEK-QUAKE!
KRAAK
THAT WASN'T WHAT NEMESIS HAD IN MIND!
GIVE ME A WEAPON! LET ME CLEANSE THESE DEVIANTS!
NO WAY!
JOE! KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!


FZAAAT!
BZZZZT!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE ABC WARRIORS?
THE MONADS ARE SHORTING OUT THEIR MOTORS!
THEY'RE FINISHED!
TO BE CONTINUED!


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: BRYAN TALBOT
LTG: KID ROBSON
IT IS THE END OF THE WORLD...
SURROUNDED BY THE MONADS... PSYCHIC ENTITIES WARPED IN TERMIGHT'S "PURIFICATION" PLANTS... IT SEEMS LIKE THE END, ALSO, FOR NEMESIS AND HIS ABC WARRIORS...
AND THEN... FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS OWN DARK PSYCHE, THE WARLOCK SUMMONS HIS OWN DEVILS TO DO BATTLE WITH THEM!


THE DEMONS CLASH WITH THE NIGHTMARE CREATURES FROM THE HUMAN SUBCONSCIOUS...
...BUT EVEN THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR TORQUEMADA'S CREATIONS.
VENGEANCE
DESIRE
AVARICE
WRATH
THE LULL IN THE BATTLE GIVES THE ROBOTS A CHANCE TO RECOVER...
WHAT...WHAT'S THAT DISGUSTING ODOUR?
ME, MATEY! BETTER THAN SMELLING SALTS, EH? I'VE GOT OL' BANZAI'S HEAD! COME ON!


BUT WHERE'S THE REST OF...? BLACKBLOOD!
IT'S SURVIVAL, SERGEANT! I NEED THE LUBRICANT!
LET'S MOVE IT, YOU GUYS!
THE MEATHEADS HAVE ARRIVED!
THE TERMINATORS!
THE DEVIANT AND HIS WARRIORS ARE FINISHED! COME, MY LADY—WE MUST AWAY!
BUT WHERE CAN WE GO?
BACK TO TERMIGHT TO RECLAIM MY THRONE!
BUT THE PRIMORDS' HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE DRAWS CANDIDA...
WHAT DOES IT MATTER ABOUT RULING TERMIGHT? LET'S STAY HERE, TOMAS.
AND LOSE EVERYTHING?
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, CANDY!


I'VE ALREADY LOST MY CHILDREN... PANDORA AND BARBAROSSA...
BUT YOU CAN HAVE MORE! YOU CAN BEAR ME A FINE, HEALTHY SON AND HEIR TO CARRY ON THE GREAT WORK AFTER I'M GONE!
BUT I'VE ONLY JUST STARTED!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I WANT AN END TO ALL THIS MISERY... DEATH... AND... TERROR...
AND THERE'S SO MUCH GOOD WORK TO BE DONE! SO MANY PLANETS YET TO TREMBLE AT THE NAME TORQUEMADA! I REGRET I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE YOU, MY LADY!
NO! DON'T GO! LET'S END IT ALL TOGETHER!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU STUPID—!
THE TRUE FANATIC CANNOT LET ANYONE STAND IN HIS WAY—NOT EVEN HIS LOVED ONES! ALL MUST BE SACRIFICED FOR THE CAUSE!
AND THERE IS NO GREATER CAUSE THAN CLEANSING THE GALAXY OF THE DEVIANT... AND THE MAN—OR WOMAN—WHO HAS TRUCK WITH HIM! AND THERE IS NO GREATER FANATIC THAN I!
I WILL MEDITATE UPON HER DEATH SOME TIME!
TOMAS!
TOMAS! IT'S NOSTRADAMUS!
MY MAD BROTHER?

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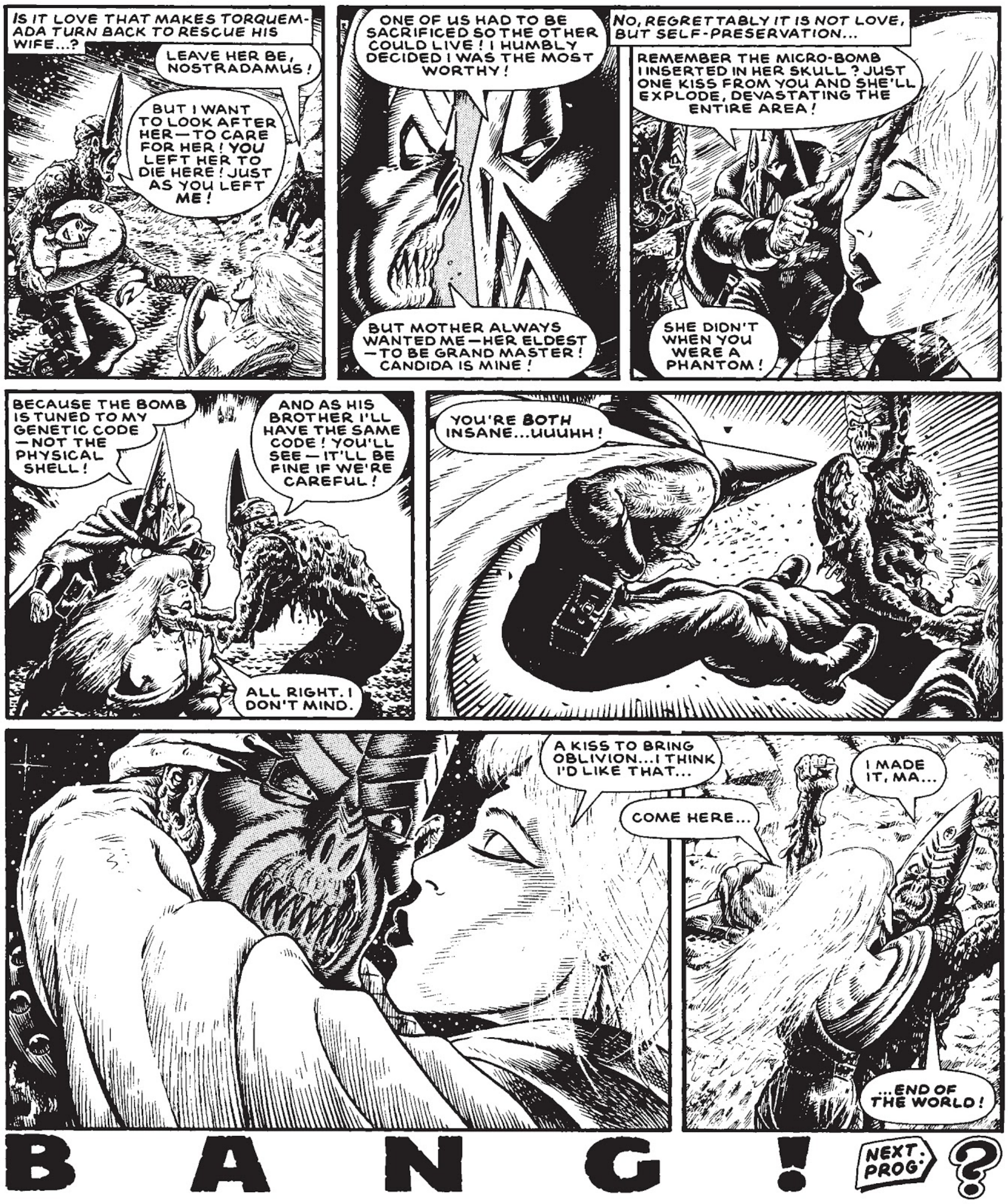
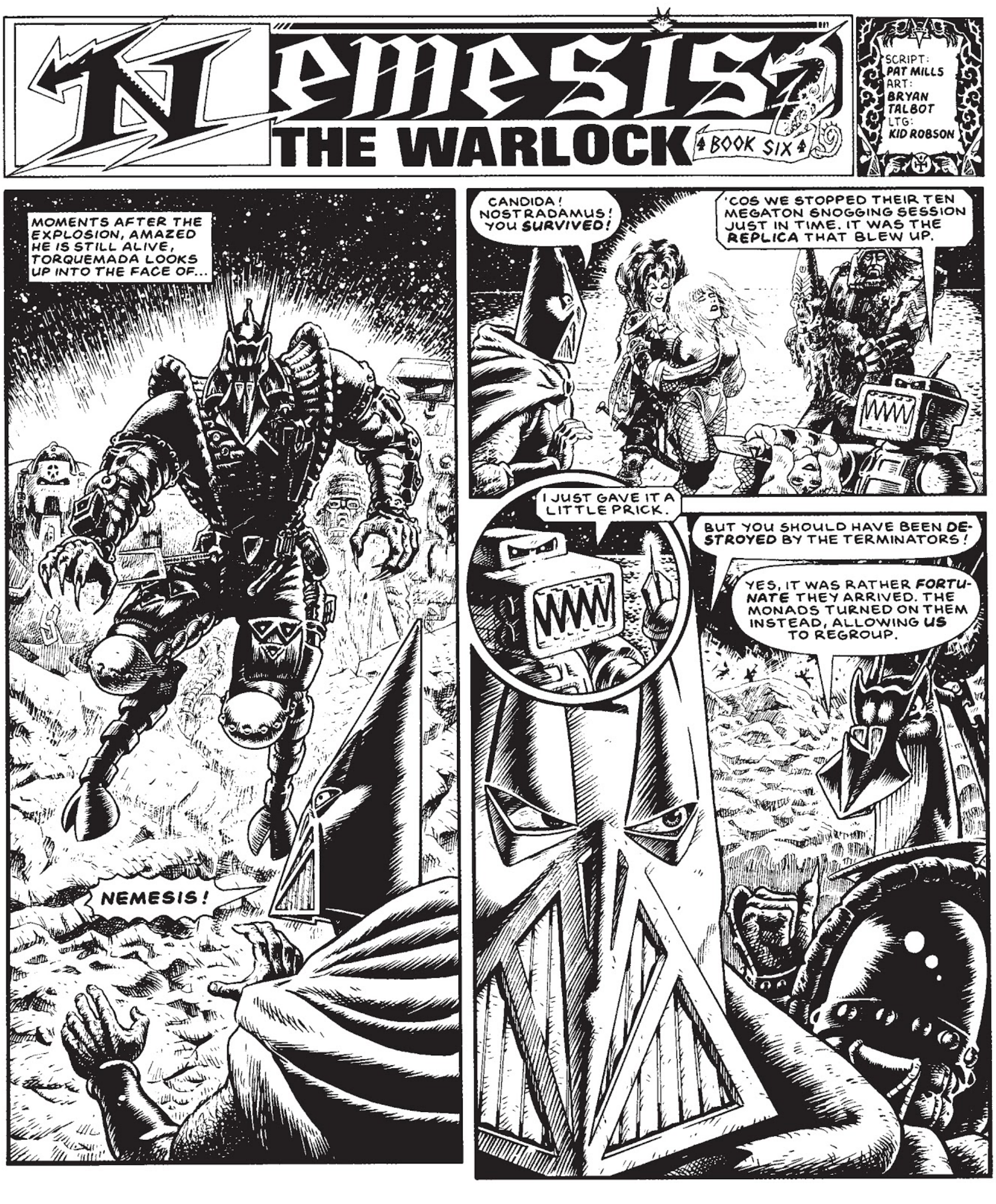
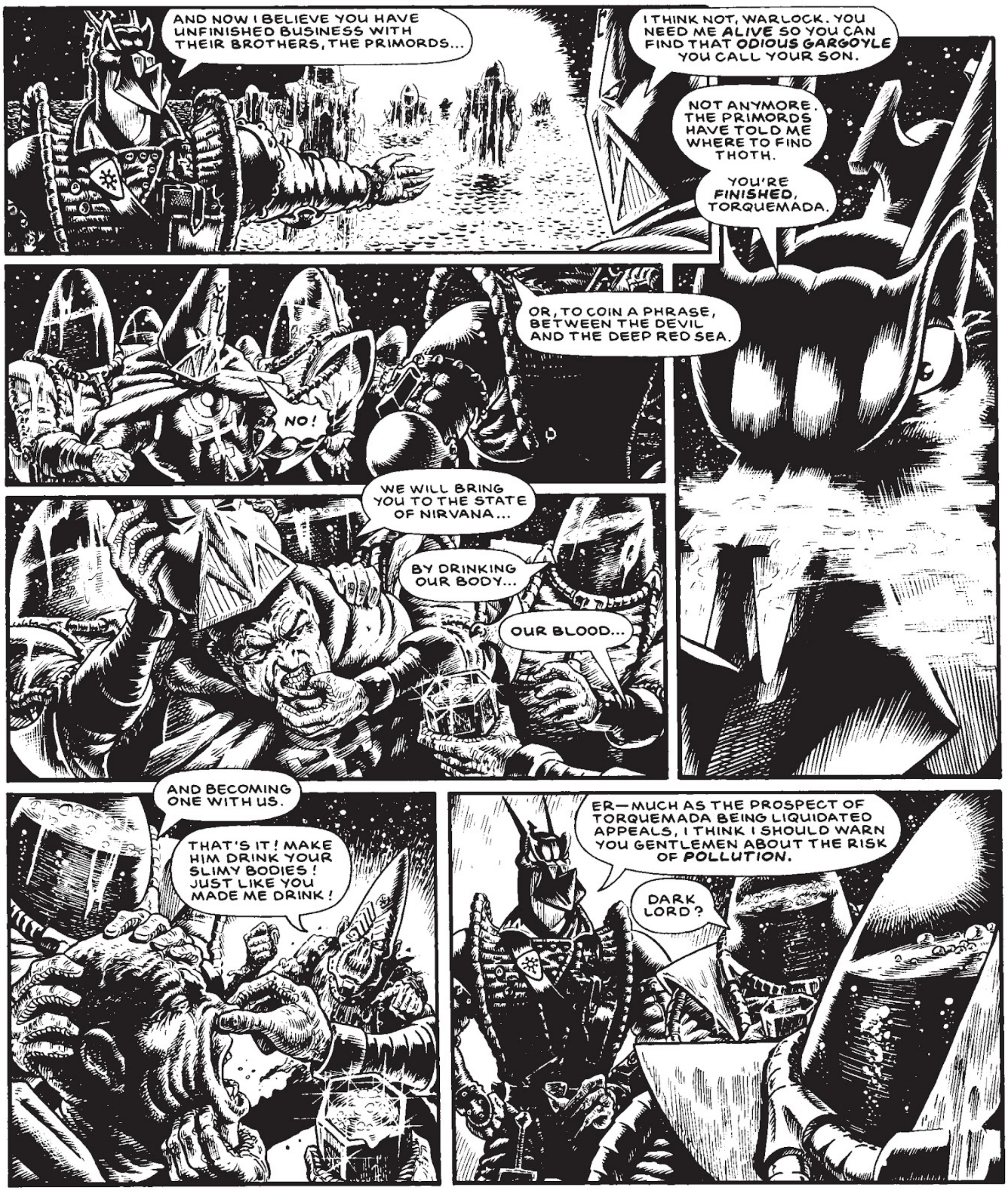
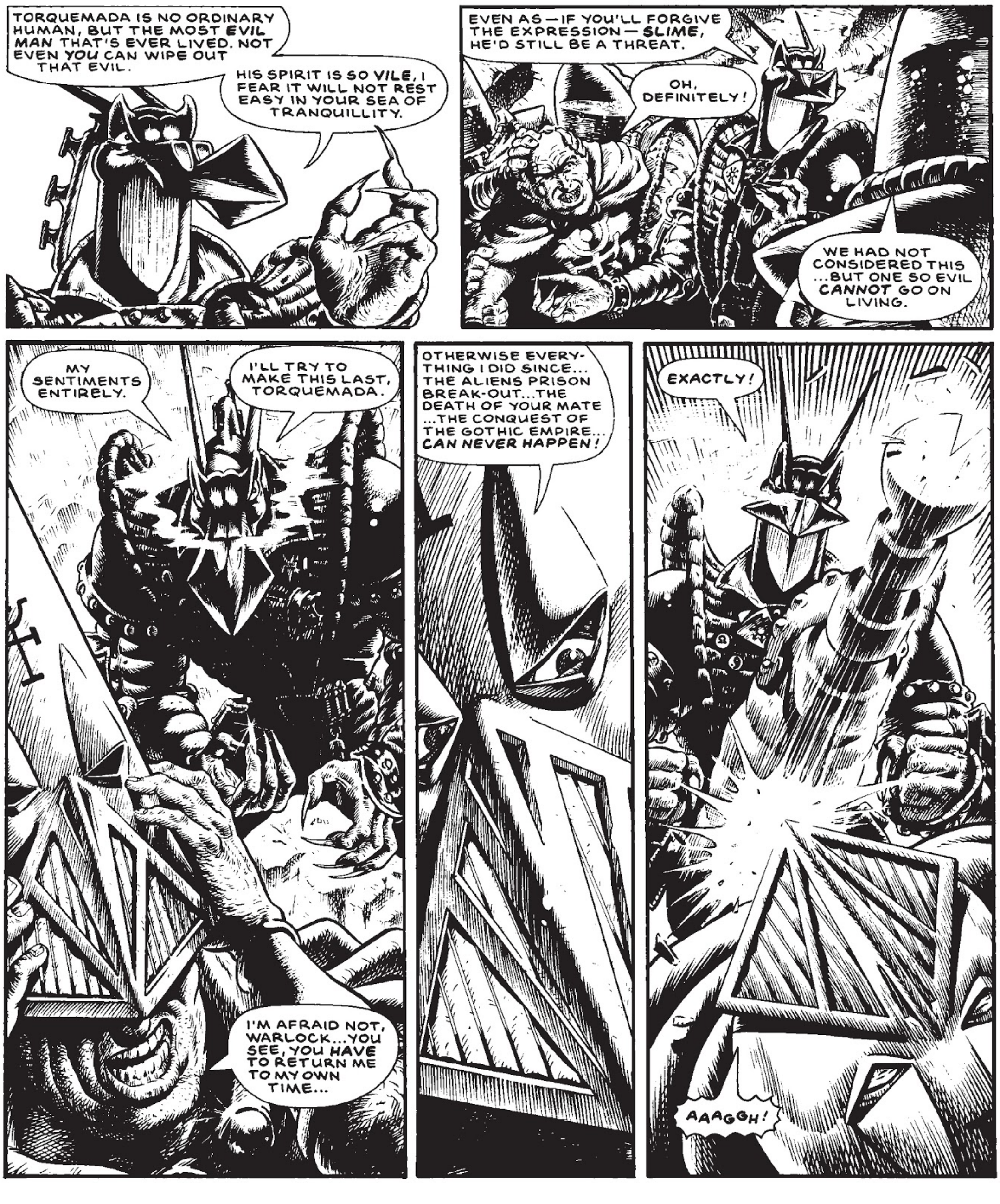
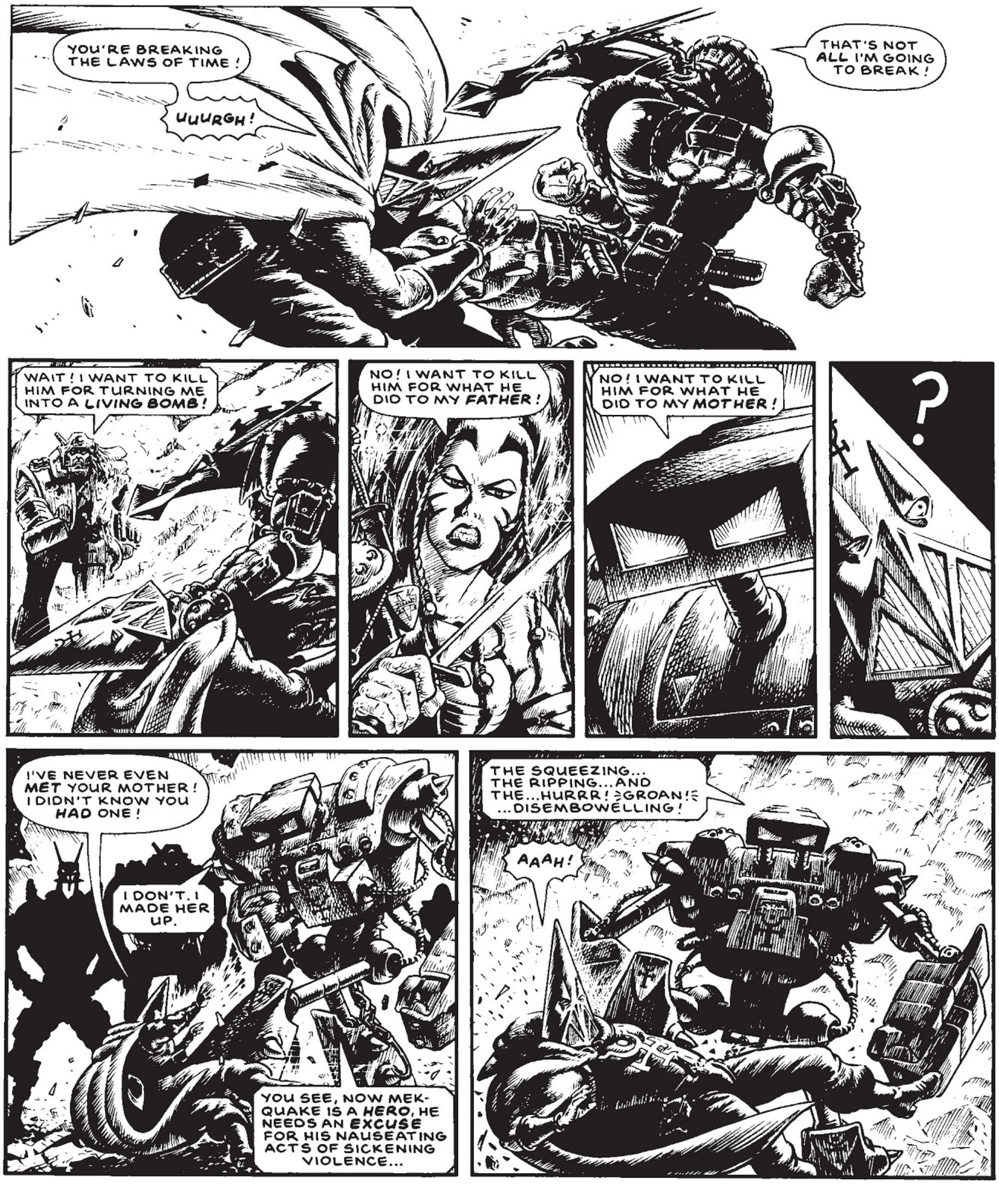
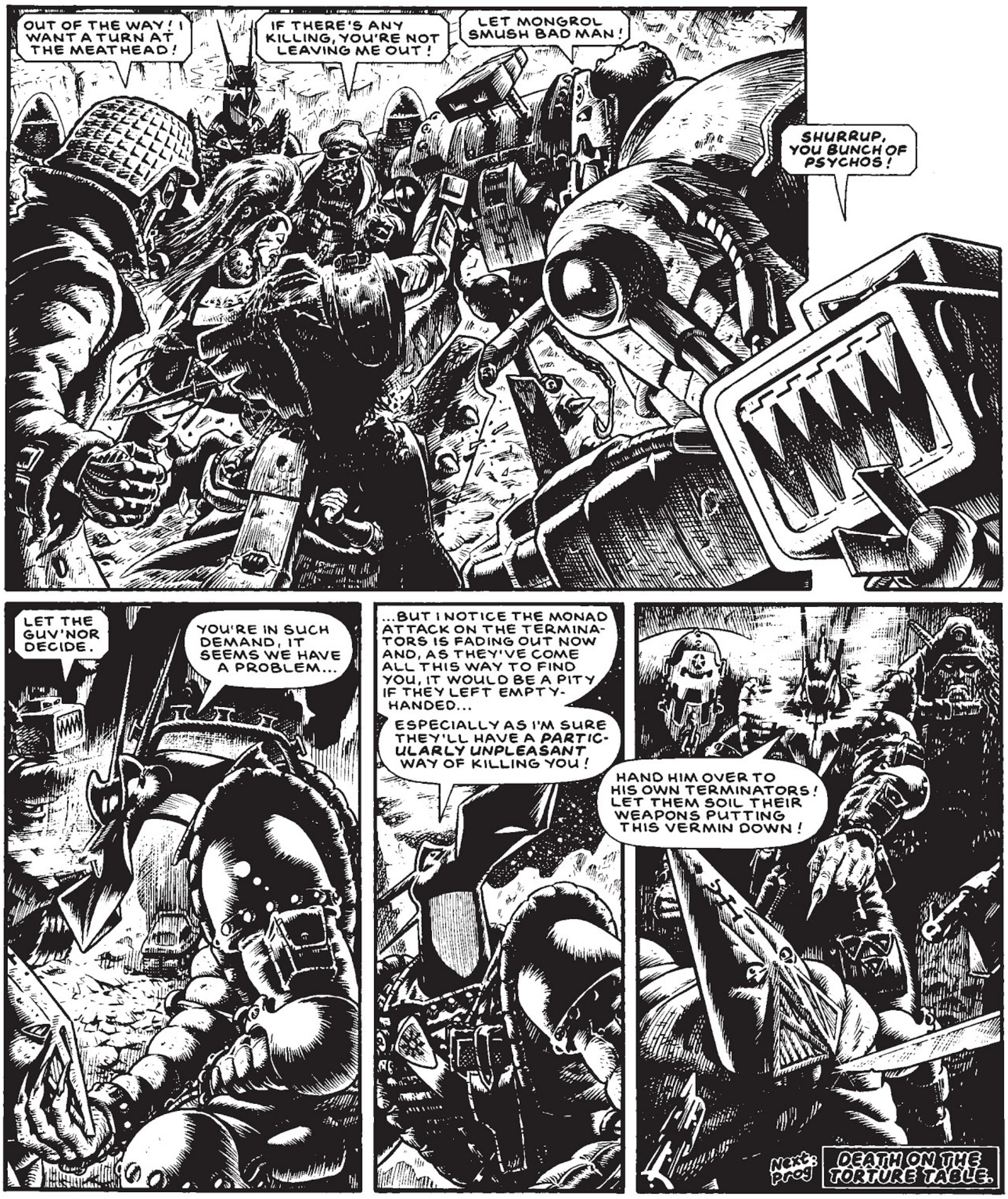

IS IT LOVE THAT MAKES TORQUEMADA TURN BACK TO RESCUE HIS WIFE...?
LEAVE HER BE, NOSTRADAMUS!
BUT I WANT TO LOOK AFTER HER—TO CARE FOR HER! YOU LEFT HER TO DIE HERE! JUST AS YOU LEFT ME!
ONE OF US HAD TO BE SACRIFICED SO THE OTHER COULD LIVE! I HUMBLY DECIDED I WAS THE MOST WORTHY!
BUT MOTHER ALWAYS WANTED ME—HER ELDEST—TO BE GRAND MASTER! CANDIDA IS MINE!
NO, REGRETTABLY IT IS NOT LOVE, BUT SELF-PRESERVATION...
REMEMBER THE MICRO-BOMB I INSERTED IN HER SKULL? JUST ONE KISS FROM YOU AND SHE'LL EXPLODE, DEVASTATING THE ENTIRE AREA!
SHE DIDN'T WHEN YOU WERE A PHANTOM!
BECAUSE THE BOMB IS TUNED TO MY GENETIC CODE—NOT THE PHYSICAL SHELL!
AND AS HIS BROTHER I'LL HAVE THE SAME CODE! YOU'LL SEE—IT'LL BE FINE IF WE'RE CAREFUL!
ALL RIGHT. I DON'T MIND.
YOU'RE BOTH INSANE...UUUHH!
A KISS TO BRING OBLIVION...I THINK I'D LIKE THAT...
I MADE IT, MA...
COME HERE...
...END OF THE WORLD!
BANG!
NEXT PROG ?


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: BRYAN TALBOT
LTG: KID ROBSON
MOMENTS AFTER THE EXPLOSION, AMAZED HE IS STILL ALIVE, TORQUEMADA LOOKS UP INTO THE FACE OF...
NEMESIS!
CANDIDA! NOSTRADAMUS! YOU SURVIVED!
'COS WE STOPPED THEIR TEN MEGATON SNOGGING SESSION JUST IN TIME. IT WAS THE REPLICA THAT BLEW UP.
I JUST GAVE IT A LITTLE PRICK.
BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE TERMINATORS!
YES, IT WAS RATHER FORTUNATE THEY ARRIVED. THE MONADS TURNED ON THEM INSTEAD, ALLOWING US TO REGROUP.


AND NOW I BELIEVE YOU HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH THEIR BROTHERS, THE PRIMORDS...
I THINK NOT, WARLOCK. YOU NEED ME **ALIVE** SO YOU CAN FIND THAT **ODIOUS GARGOYLE** YOU CALL YOUR SON.
NOT ANYMORE. THE PRIMORDS HAVE TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND THOTH.
YOU'RE **FINISHED**, TORQUEMADA.
OR, TO COIN A PHRASE, BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP RED SEA.
NO!
WE WILL BRING YOU TO THE STATE OF NIRVANA...
BY DRINKING OUR BODY...
OUR BLOOD...
AND BECOMING ONE WITH US.
THAT'S IT! MAKE HIM DRINK YOUR SLIMY BODIES! JUST LIKE YOU MADE ME DRINK!
ER—MUCH AS THE PROSPECT OF TORQUEMADA BEING LIQUIDATED APPEALS, I THINK I SHOULD WARN YOU GENTLEMEN ABOUT THE RISK OF **POLLUTION**.
DARK LORD?


TORQUEMADA IS NO ORDINARY HUMAN, BUT THE MOST **EVIL MAN** THAT'S EVER LIVED. NOT EVEN **YOU** CAN WIPE OUT THAT EVIL.
HIS SPIRIT IS SO **VILE**, I FEAR IT WILL NOT REST EASY IN YOUR SEA OF TRANQUILLITY.
EVEN AS — IF YOU'LL FORGIVE THE EXPRESSION — **SLIME**, HE'D STILL BE A THREAT.
OH, DEFINITELY!
WE HAD NOT CONSIDERED THIS ...BUT ONE SO EVIL **CANNOT** GO ON LIVING.
MY SENTIMENTS ENTIRELY.
I'LL TRY TO MAKE THIS LAST, TORQUEMADA.
I'M AFRAID NOT, WARLOCK... YOU SEE, YOU **HAVE** TO RETURN ME TO MY OWN TIME...
OTHERWISE EVERYTHING I DID SINCE... THE ALIENS PRISON BREAK-OUT... THE DEATH OF YOUR MATE ...THE CONQUEST OF THE GOTHIC EMPIRE... **CAN NEVER HAPPEN!**
EXACTLY!
AAAGGH!


YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAWS OF TIME!
UUURGH!
THAT'S NOT ALL I'M GOING TO BREAK!
WAIT! I WANT TO KILL HIM FOR TURNING ME INTO A LIVING BOMB!
NO! I WANT TO KILL HIM FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY FATHER!
NO! I WANT TO KILL HIM FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY MOTHER!
?
I'VE NEVER EVEN MET YOUR MOTHER! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ONE!
I DON'T. I MADE HER UP.
YOU SEE, NOW MEK-QUAKE IS A HERO, HE NEEDS AN EXCUSE FOR HIS NAUSEATING ACTS OF SICKENING VIOLENCE...
THE SQUEEZING... THE RIPPING...AND THE...HURRR! GROAN! ...DISEMBOWELLING!
AAAH!


OUT OF THE WAY! I WANT A TURN AT THE MEATHEAD!
IF THERE'S ANY KILLING, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME OUT!
LET MONGROL SMUSH BAD MAN!
SHURRUP, YOU BUNCH OF PSYCHOS!
LET THE GUV'NOR DECIDE.
YOU'RE IN SUCH DEMAND, IT SEEMS WE HAVE A PROBLEM...
...BUT I NOTICE THE MONAD ATTACK ON THE TERMINATORS IS FADING OUT NOW AND, AS THEY'VE COME ALL THIS WAY TO FIND YOU, IT WOULD BE A PITY IF THEY LEFT EMPTY-HANDED...
ESPECIALLY AS I'M SURE THEY'LL HAVE A *PARTICULARLY UNPLEASANT* WAY OF KILLING YOU!
HAND HIM OVER TO HIS OWN TERMINATORS! LET THEM SOIL THEIR WEAPONS PUTTING THIS VERMIN DOWN!
Next Prog: DEATH ON THE TORTURE TABLE.

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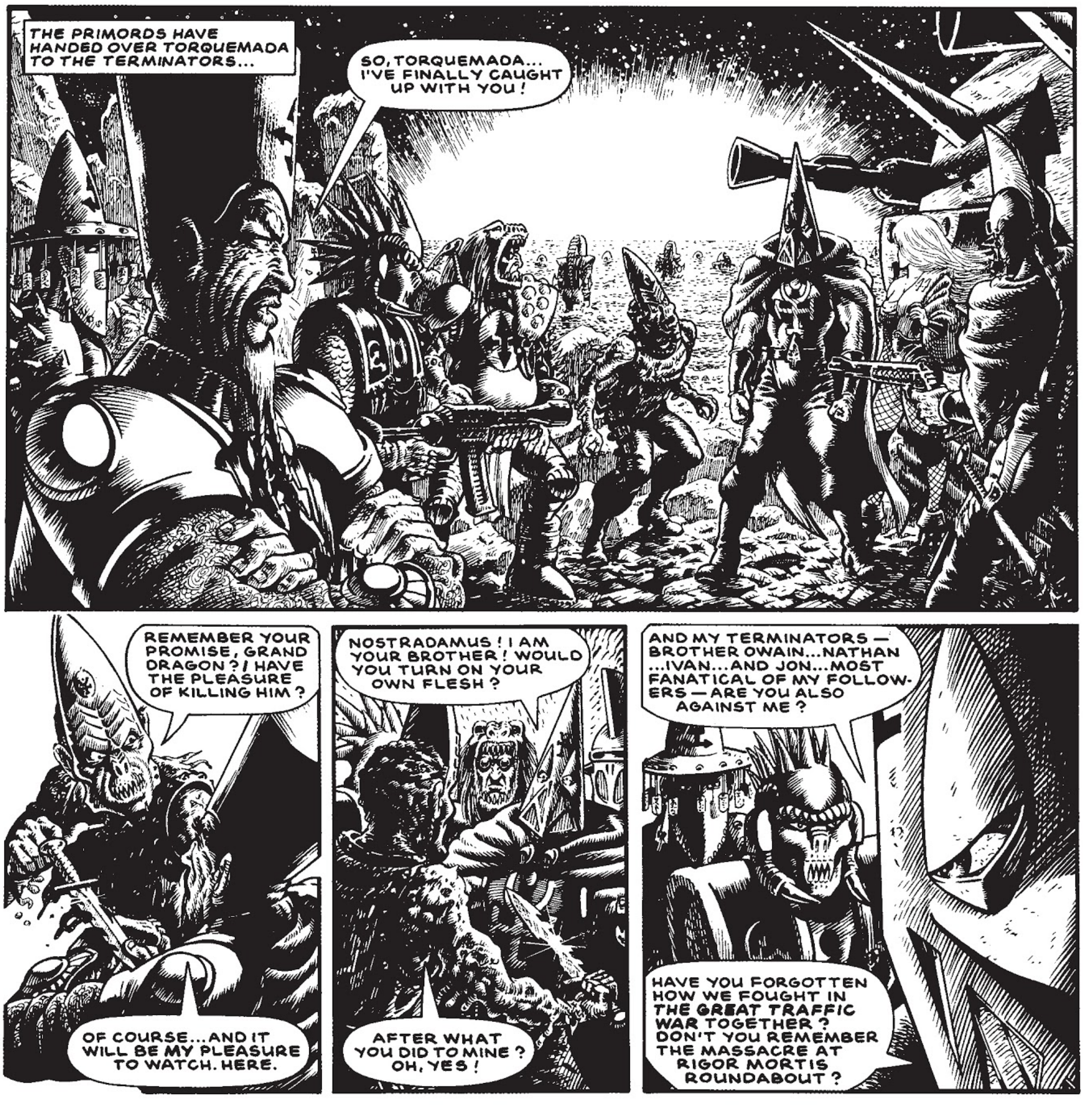
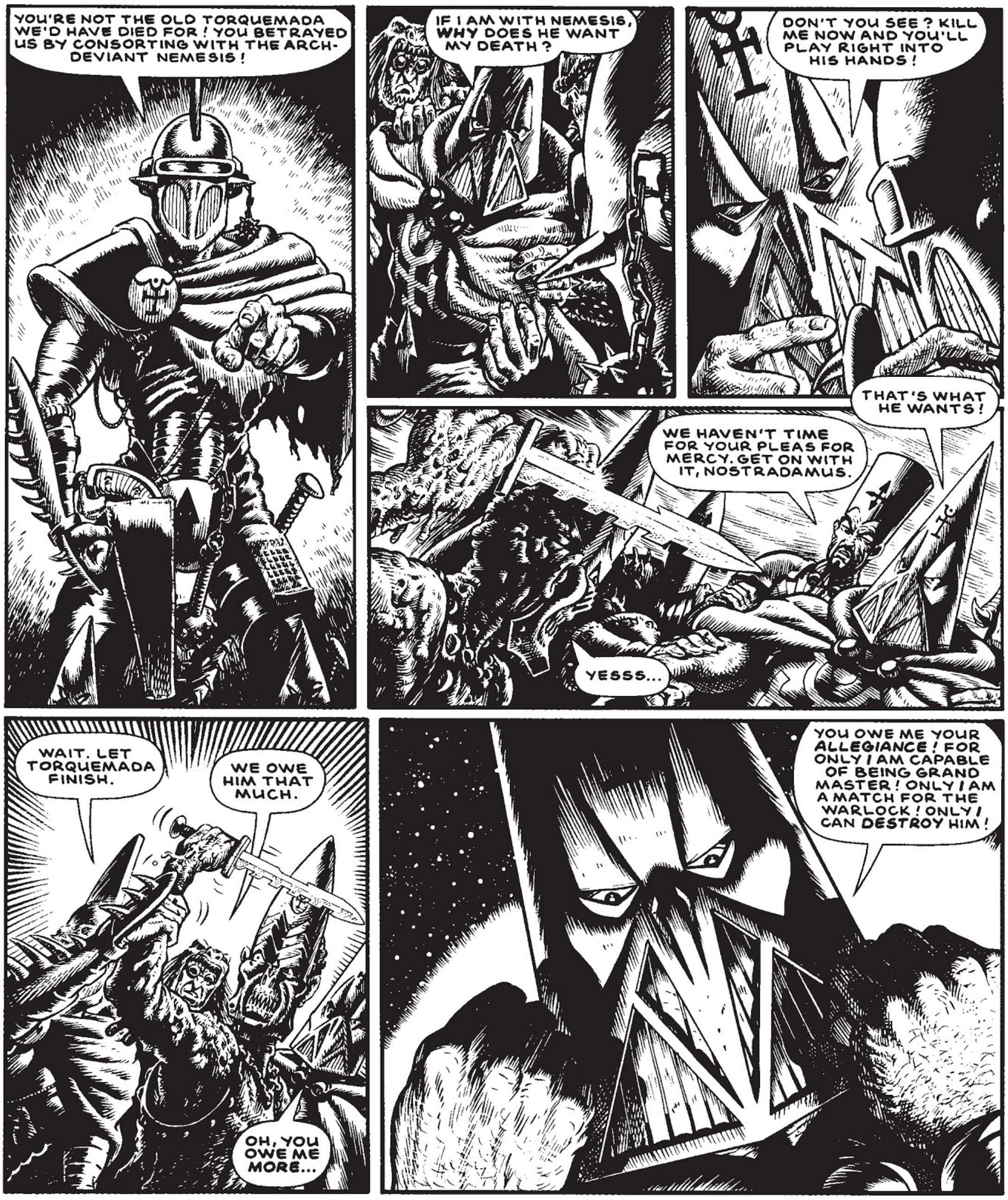
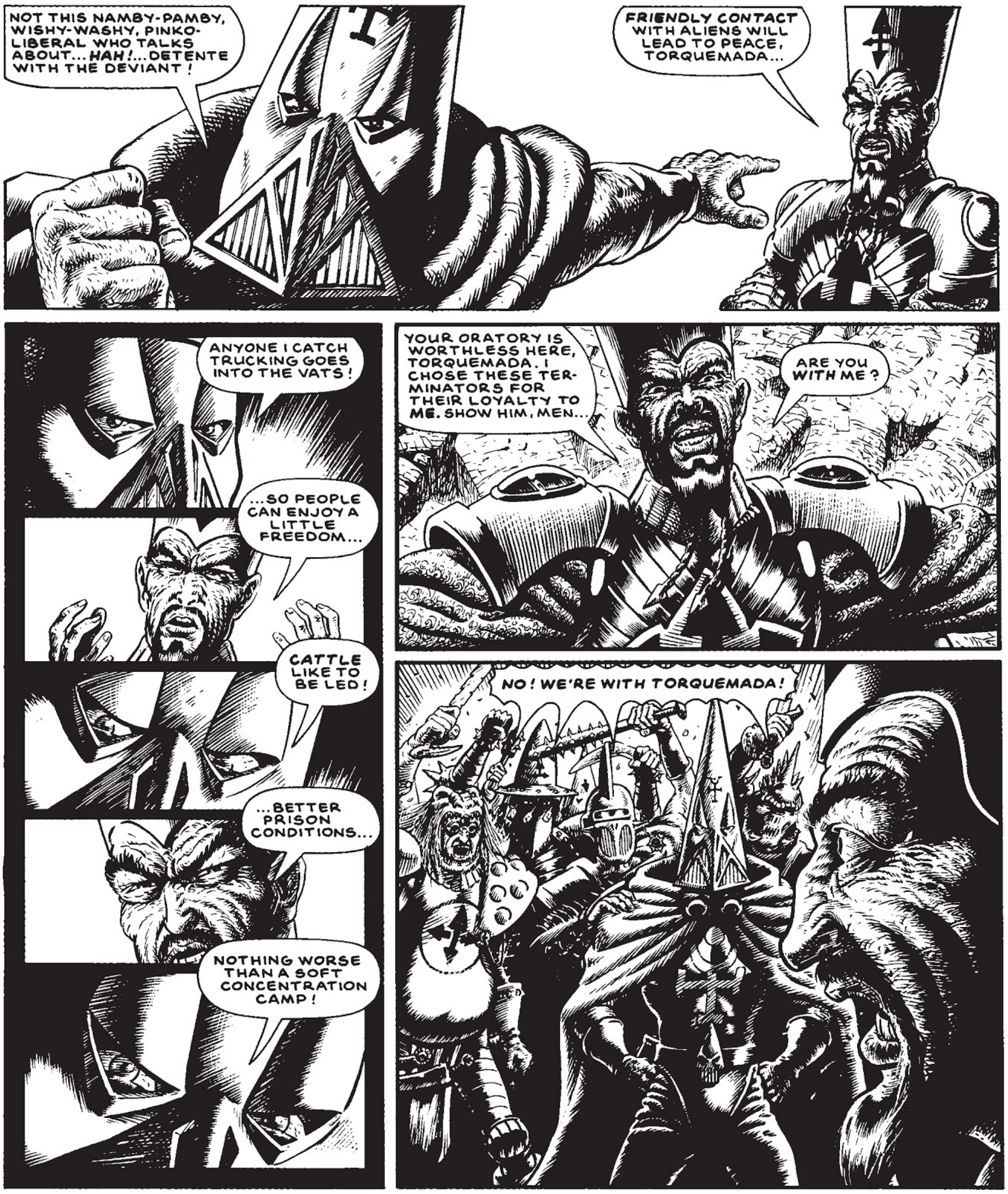
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

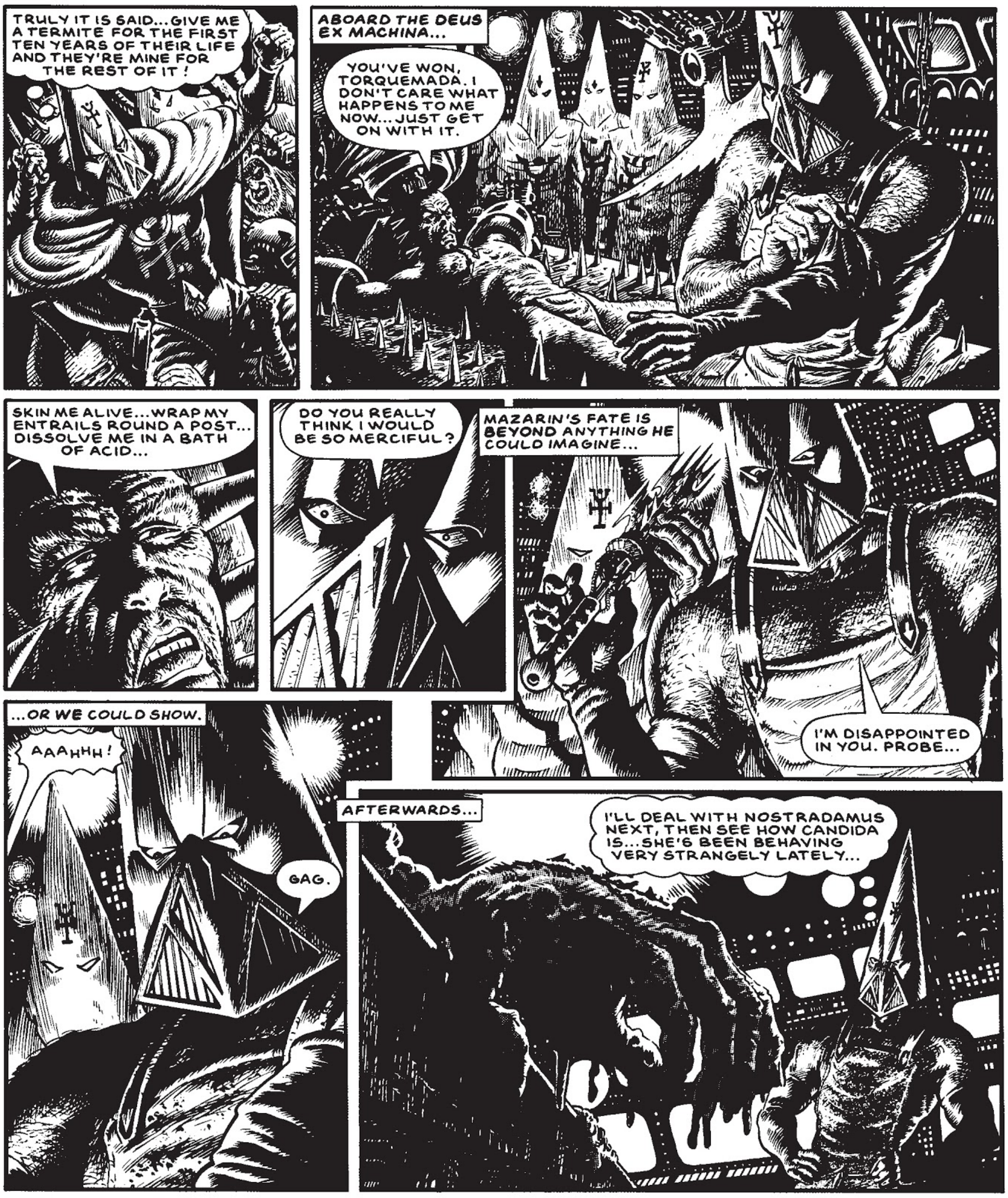
BOOK SIX

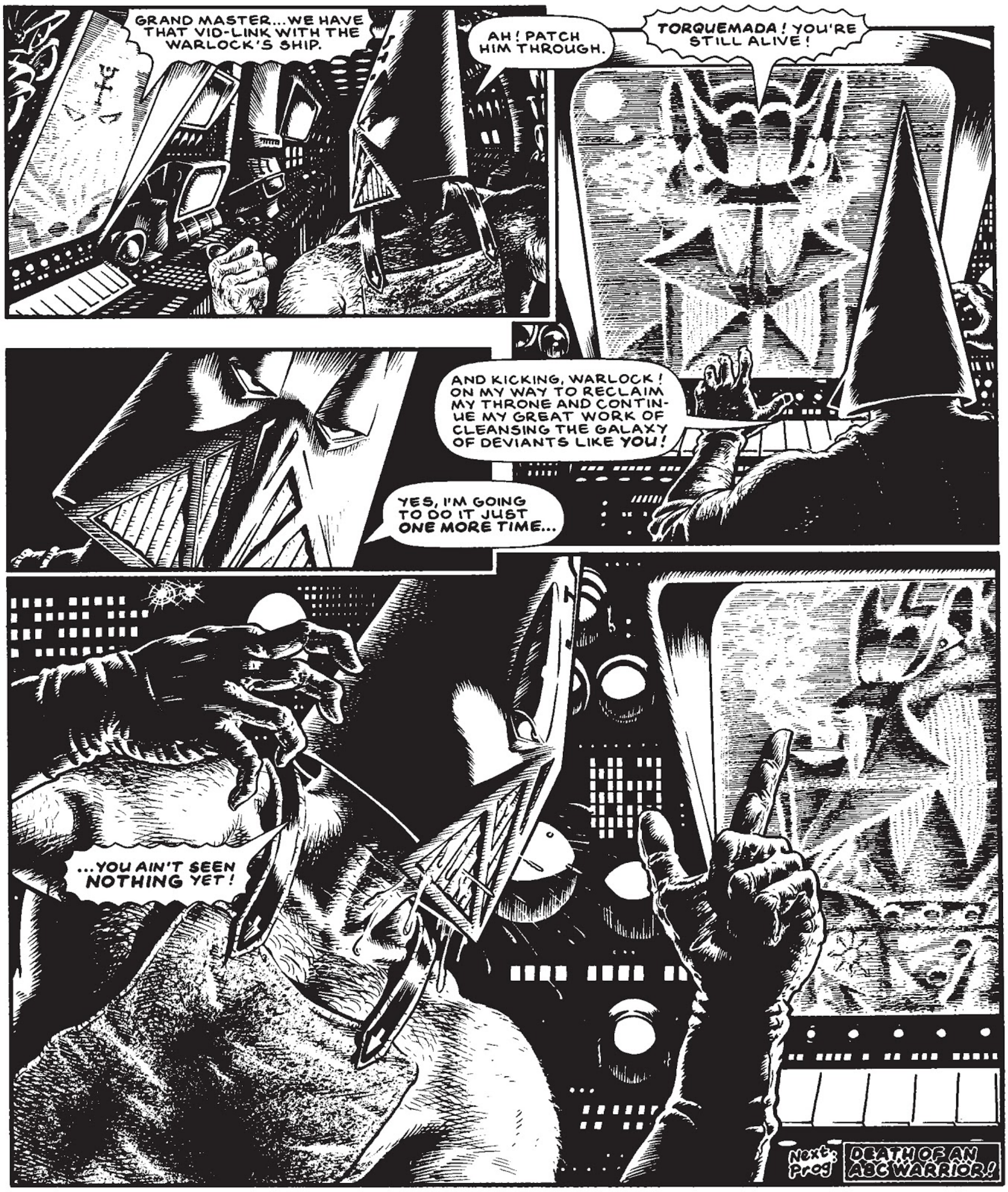
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: BRYAN TALBOT
LTG: KID ROBSON


THE PRIMORDS HAVE HANDED OVER TORQUEMADA TO THE TERMINATORS...
SO, TORQUEMADA... I'VE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!
REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, GRAND DRAGON? I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING HIM?
OF COURSE... AND IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO WATCH. HERE.
NOSTRADAMUS! I AM YOUR BROTHER! WOULD YOU TURN ON YOUR OWN FLESH?
AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO MINE? OH, YES!
AND MY TERMINATORS — BROTHER OWAIN... NATHAN ...IVAN... AND JON... MOST FANATICAL OF MY FOLLOWERS — ARE YOU ALSO AGAINST ME?
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW WE FOUGHT IN THE GREAT TRAFFIC WAR TOGETHER? DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE MASSACRE AT RIGOR MORTIS ROUNDABOUT?


YOU'RE NOT THE OLD TORQUEMADA WE'D HAVE DIED FOR! YOU BETRAYED US BY CONSORTING WITH THE ARCH-DEVIANT NEMESIS!
IF I AM WITH NEMESIS, **WHY** DOES HE WANT MY DEATH?
DON'T YOU SEE? KILL ME NOW AND YOU'LL PLAY RIGHT INTO HIS HANDS!
THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS!
WE HAVEN'T TIME FOR YOUR PLEAS FOR MERCY. GET ON WITH IT, NOSTRADAMUS.
YESSS...
WAIT. LET TORQUEMADA FINISH.
WE OWE HIM THAT MUCH.
OH, YOU OWE ME **MORE...**
YOU OWE ME YOUR **ALLEGIANCE!** FOR ONLY **I** AM CAPABLE OF BEING GRAND MASTER! ONLY **I** AM A MATCH FOR THE WARLOCK! ONLY **I** CAN **DESTROY** HIM!


NOT THIS NAMBY-PAMBY, WISHY-WASHY, PINKO-LIBERAL WHO TALKS ABOUT... HAH!... DETENTE WITH THE DEVIANT!
FRIENDLY CONTACT WITH ALIENS WILL LEAD TO PEACE, TORQUEMADA...
ANYONE I CATCH TRUCKING GOES INTO THE VATS!
...SO PEOPLE CAN ENJOY A LITTLE FREEDOM...
CATTLE LIKE TO BE LED!
...BETTER PRISON CONDITIONS...
NOTHING WORSE THAN A SOFT CONCENTRATION CAMP!
YOUR ORATORY IS WORTHLESS HERE, TORQUEMADA. I CHOSE THESE TERMINATORS FOR THEIR LOYALTY TO ME. SHOW HIM, MEN...
ARE YOU WITH ME?
NO! WE'RE WITH TORQUEMADA!

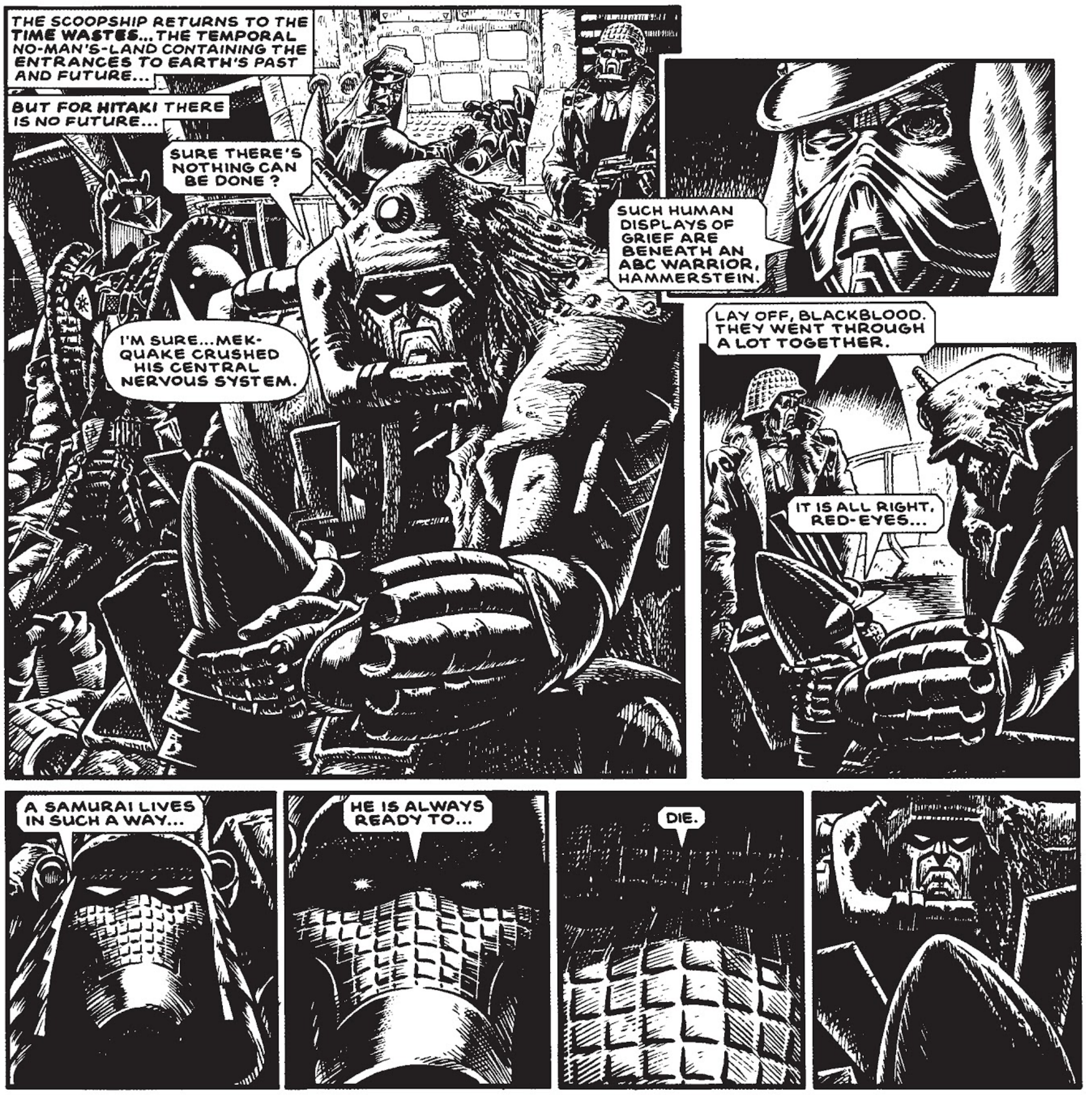

TRULY IT IS SAID... GIVE ME A TERMITE FOR THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF THEIR LIFE AND THEY'RE MINE FOR THE REST OF IT!
ABOARD THE DEUS EX MACHINA...
YOU'VE WON, TORQUEMADA. I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW... JUST GET ON WITH IT.
SKIN ME ALIVE... WRAP MY ENTRAILS ROUND A POST... DISSOLVE ME IN A BATH OF ACID...
DO YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD BE SO MERCIFUL?
MAZARIN'S FATE IS BEYOND ANYTHING HE COULD IMAGINE...
I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU. PROBE...
...OR WE COULD SHOW.
AAAHHH!
GAG.
AFTERWARDS...
I'LL DEAL WITH NOSTRADAMUS NEXT, THEN SEE HOW CANDIDA IS... SHE'S BEEN BEHAVING VERY STRANGELY LATELY...

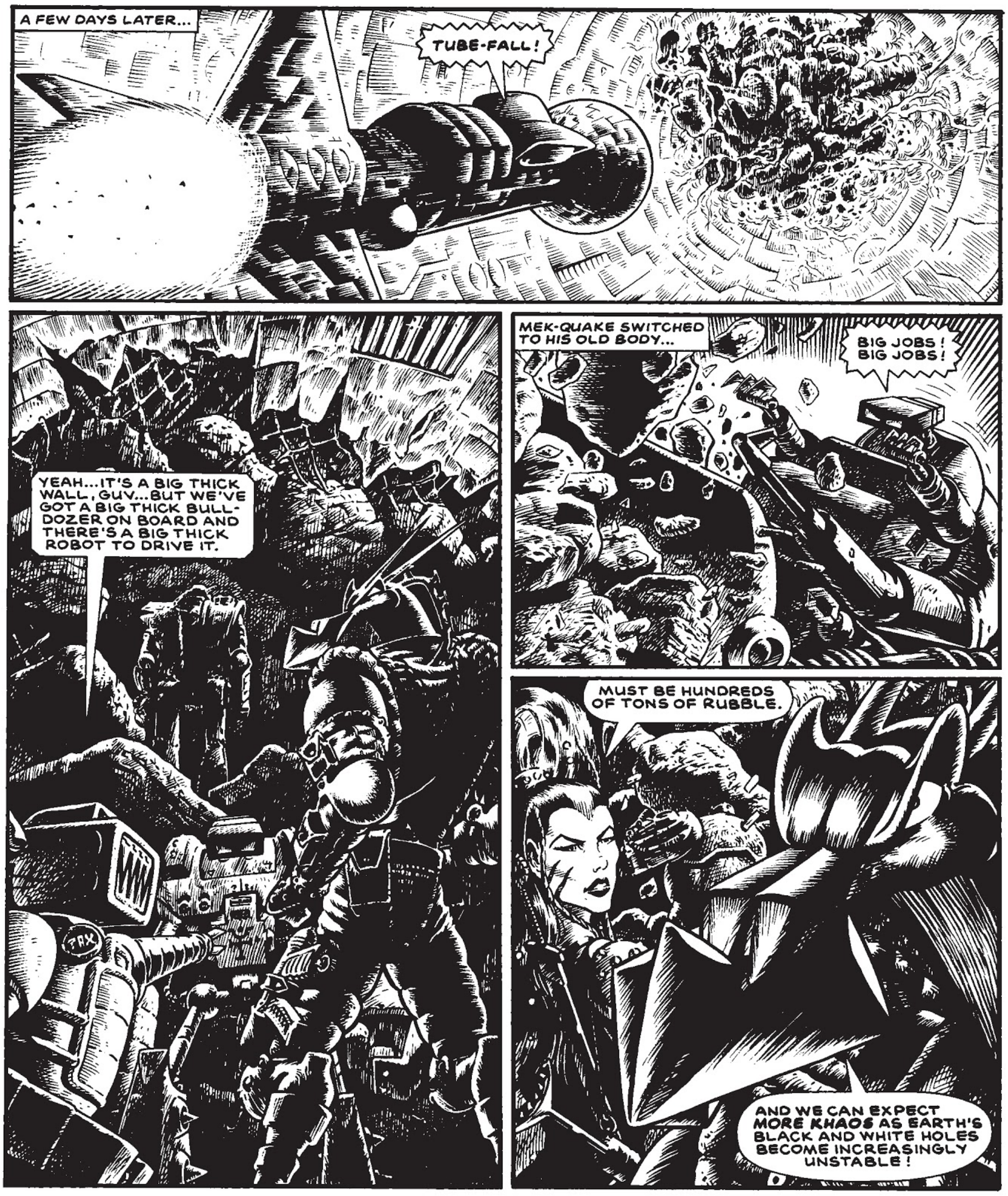

GRAND MASTER...WE HAVE THAT VID-LINK WITH THE WARLOCK'S SHIP.
AH! PATCH HIM THROUGH.
TORQUEMADA! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
AND KICKING, WARLOCK! ON MY WAY TO RECLAIM MY THRONE AND CONTINUE MY GREAT WORK OF CLEANSING THE GALAXY OF DEVIANTS LIKE YOU!
YES, I'M GOING TO DO IT JUST ONE MORE TIME...
...YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!
Next Prog: DEATH OF AN ABC WARRIOR!

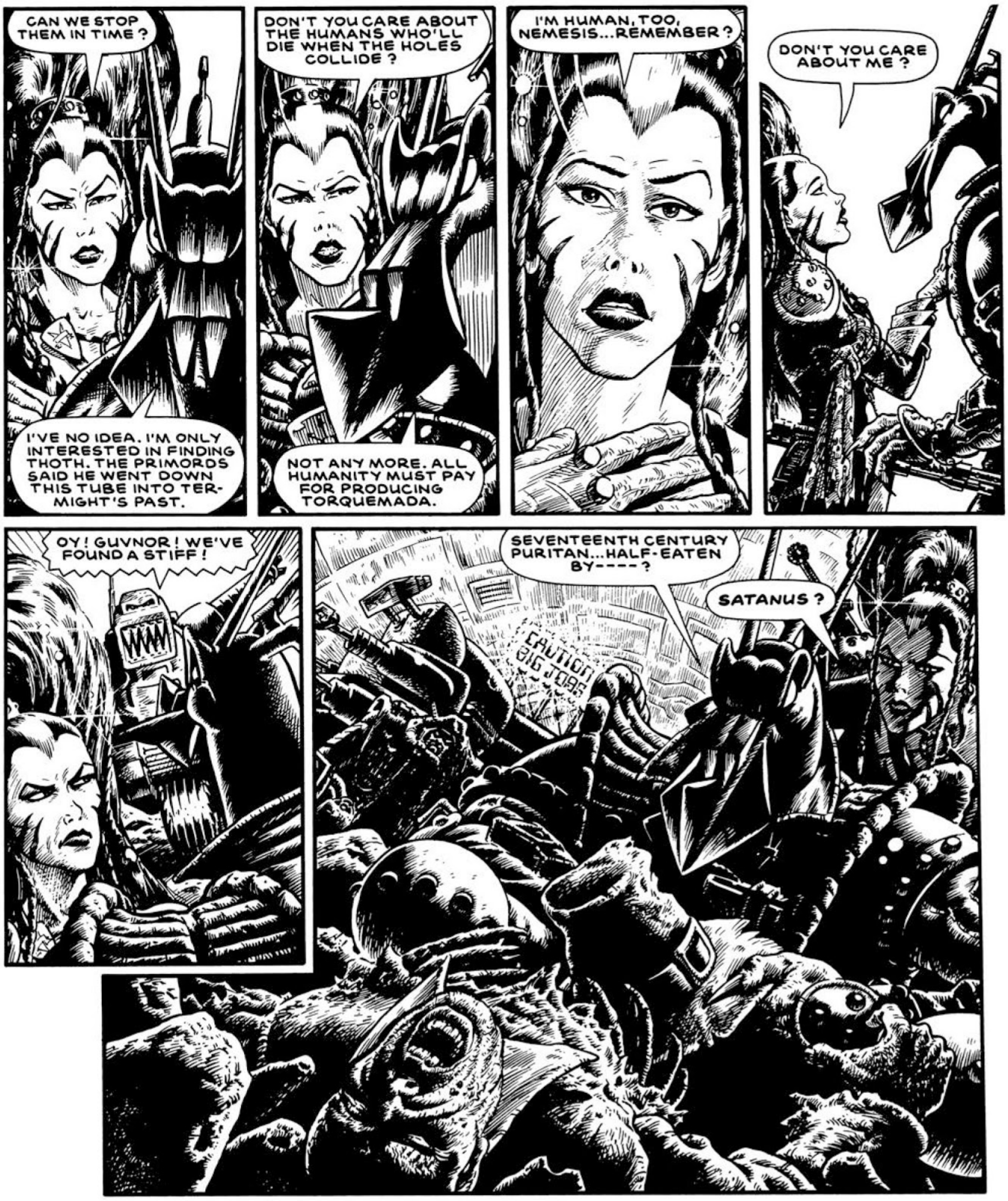
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

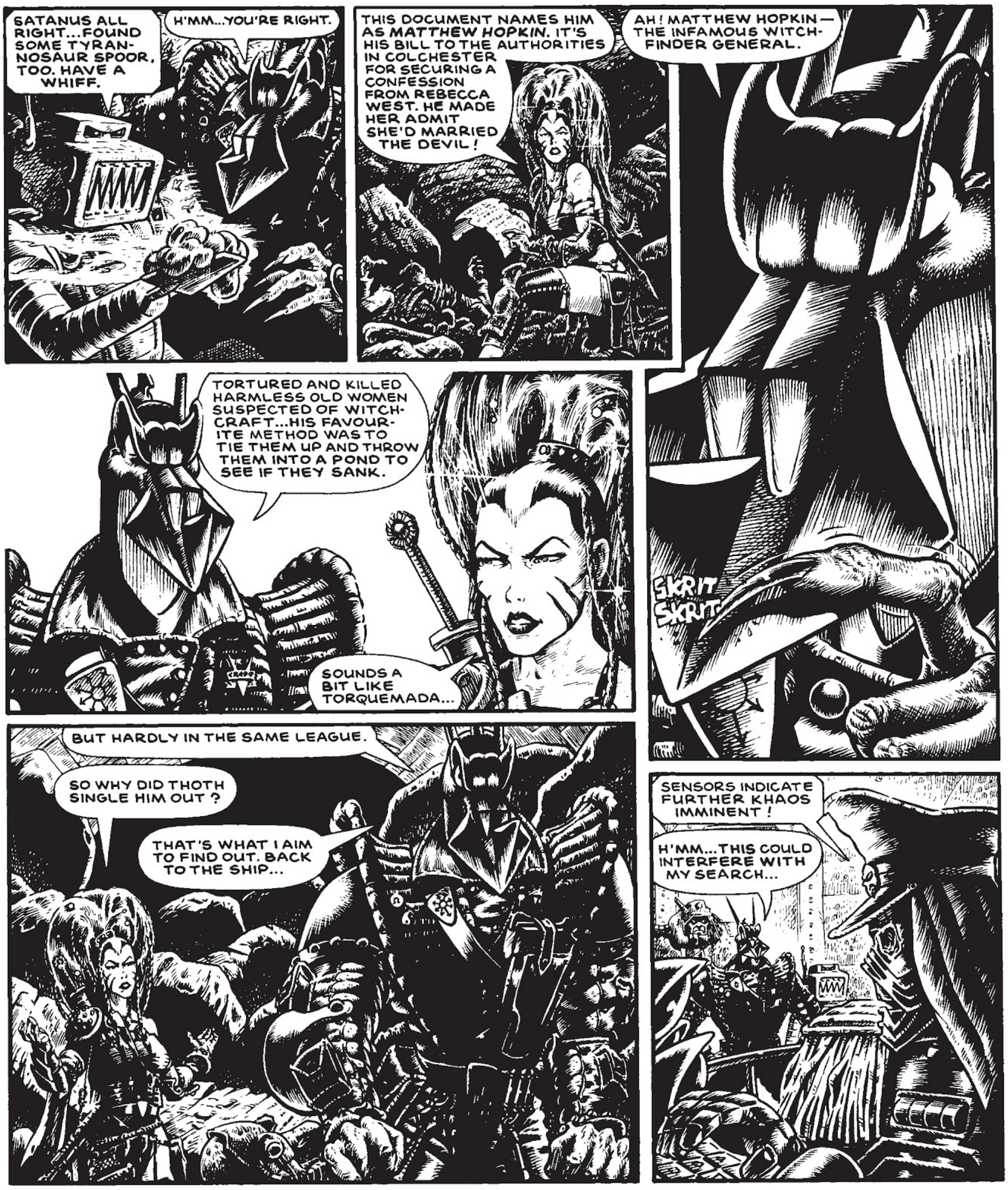
BOOK SIX

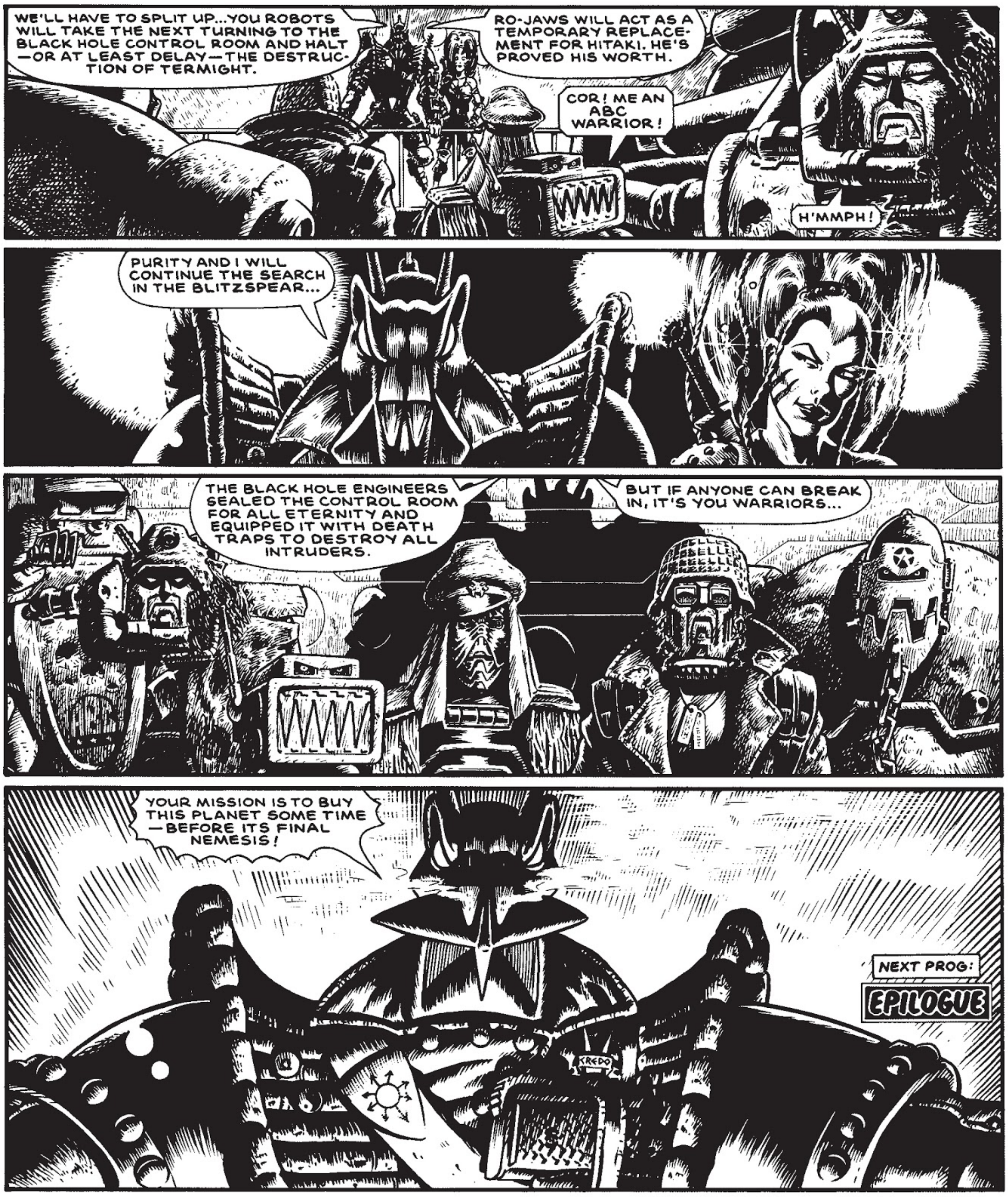
SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
BRYAN
TALBOT
LTG:
KID ROBSON

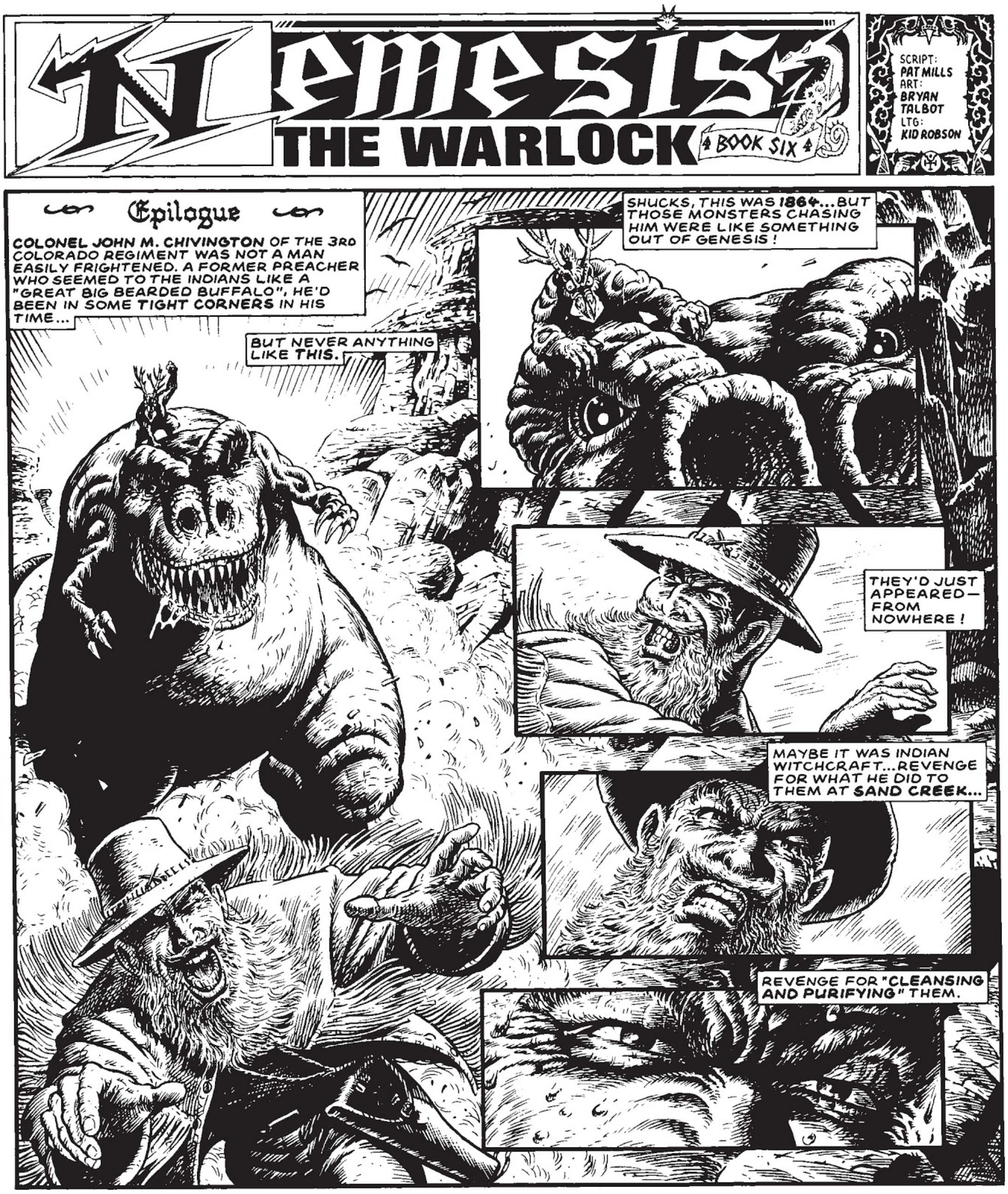

THE SCOOPSHIP RETURNS TO THE TIME WASTES... THE TEMPORAL NO-MAN'S-LAND CONTAINING THE ENTRANCES TO EARTH'S PAST AND FUTURE...
BUT FOR HITAKI THERE IS NO FUTURE...
SURE THERE'S NOTHING CAN BE DONE ?
I'M SURE... MEK-QUAKE CRUSHED HIS CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.
SUCH HUMAN DISPLAYS OF GRIEF ARE BENEATH AN ABC WARRIOR, HAMMERSTEIN.
LAY OFF, BLACKBLOOD. THEY WENT THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER.
IT IS ALL RIGHT, RED-EYES...
A SAMURAI LIVES IN SUCH A WAY...
HE IS ALWAYS READY TO...
DIE.

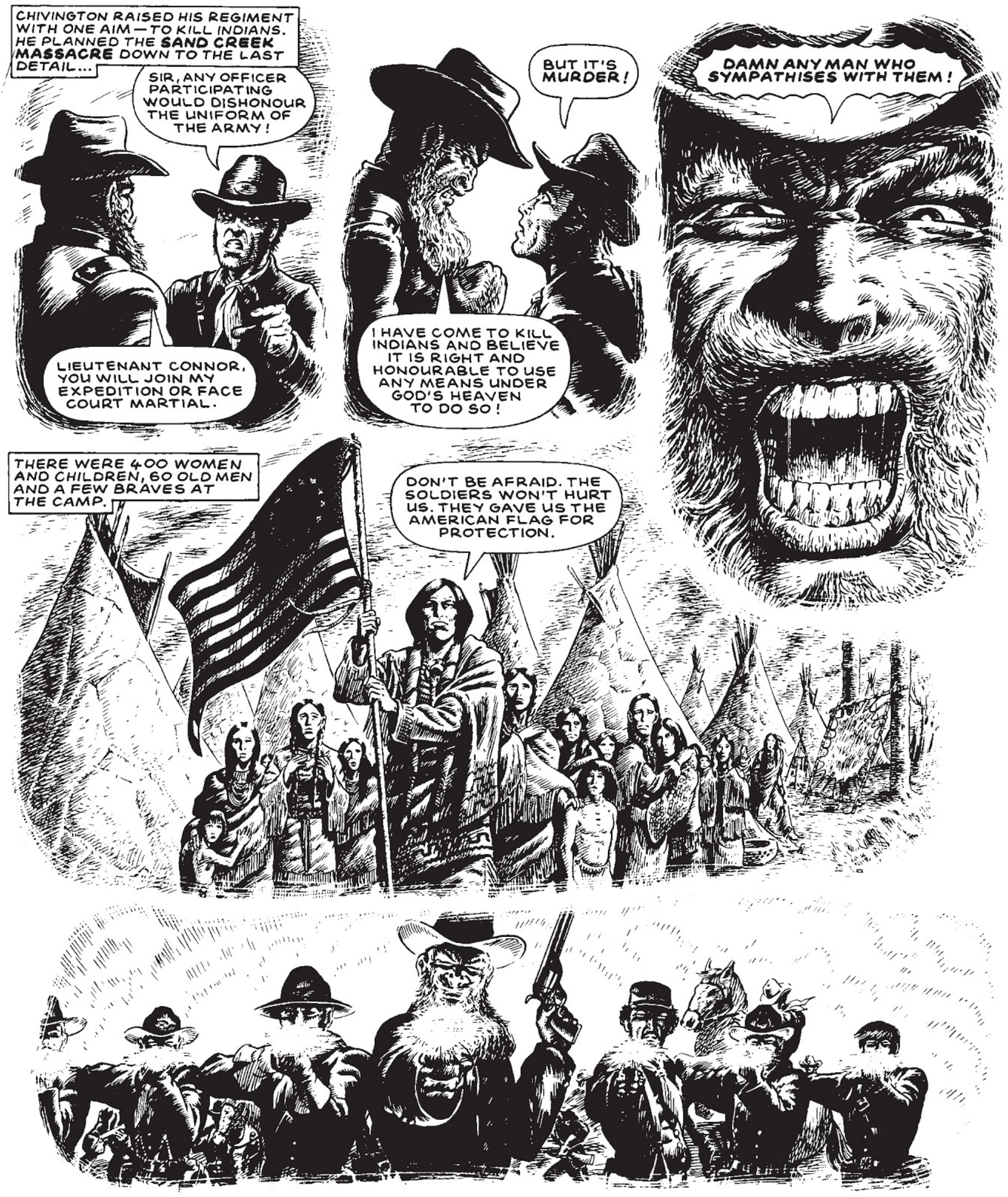

A FEW DAYS LATER...
TUBE-FALL!
YEAH...IT'S A BIG THICK WALL, GUV...BUT WE'VE GOT A BIG THICK BULLDOZER ON BOARD AND THERE'S A BIG THICK ROBOT TO DRIVE IT.
MEK-QUAKE SWITCHED TO HIS OLD BODY...
BIG JOBS! BIG JOBS!
MUST BE HUNDREDS OF TONS OF RUBBLE.
AND WE CAN EXPECT MORE KHAOS AS EARTH'S BLACK AND WHITE HOLES BECOME INCREASINGLY UNSTABLE!

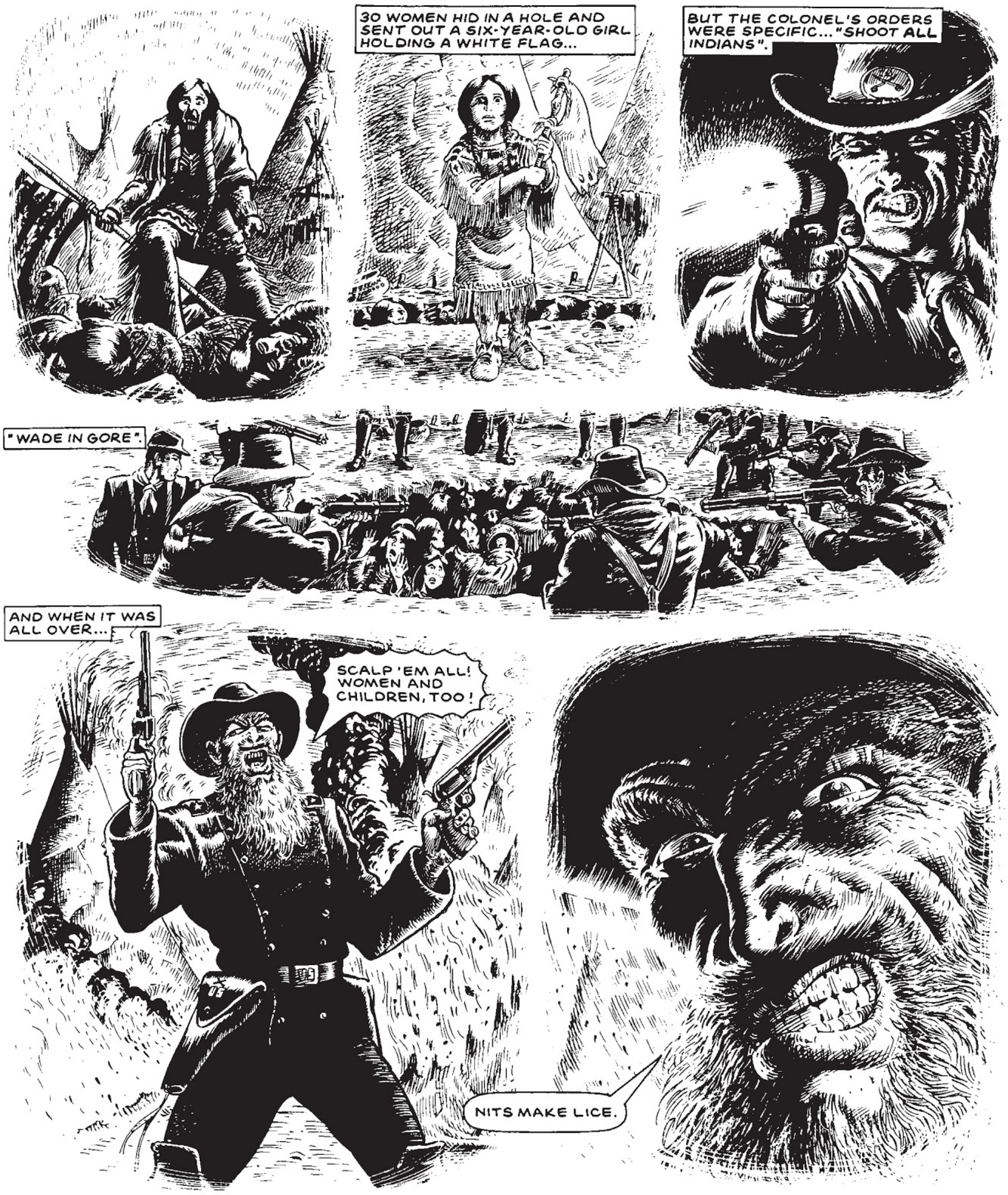

CAN WE STOP THEM IN TIME?
I'VE NO IDEA. I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN FINDING THOTH. THE PRIMORDS SAID HE WENT DOWN THIS TUBE INTO TERMIGHT'S PAST.
DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT THE HUMANS WHO'LL DIE WHEN THE HOLES COLLIDE?
NOT ANY MORE. ALL HUMANITY MUST PAY FOR PRODUCING TORQUEMADA.
I'M HUMAN, TOO, NEMESIS... REMEMBER?
DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT ME?
OY! GUVNOR! WE'VE FOUND A STIFF!
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PURITAN... HALF-EATEN BY----?
CAUTION BIG JOBS
SATANUS?

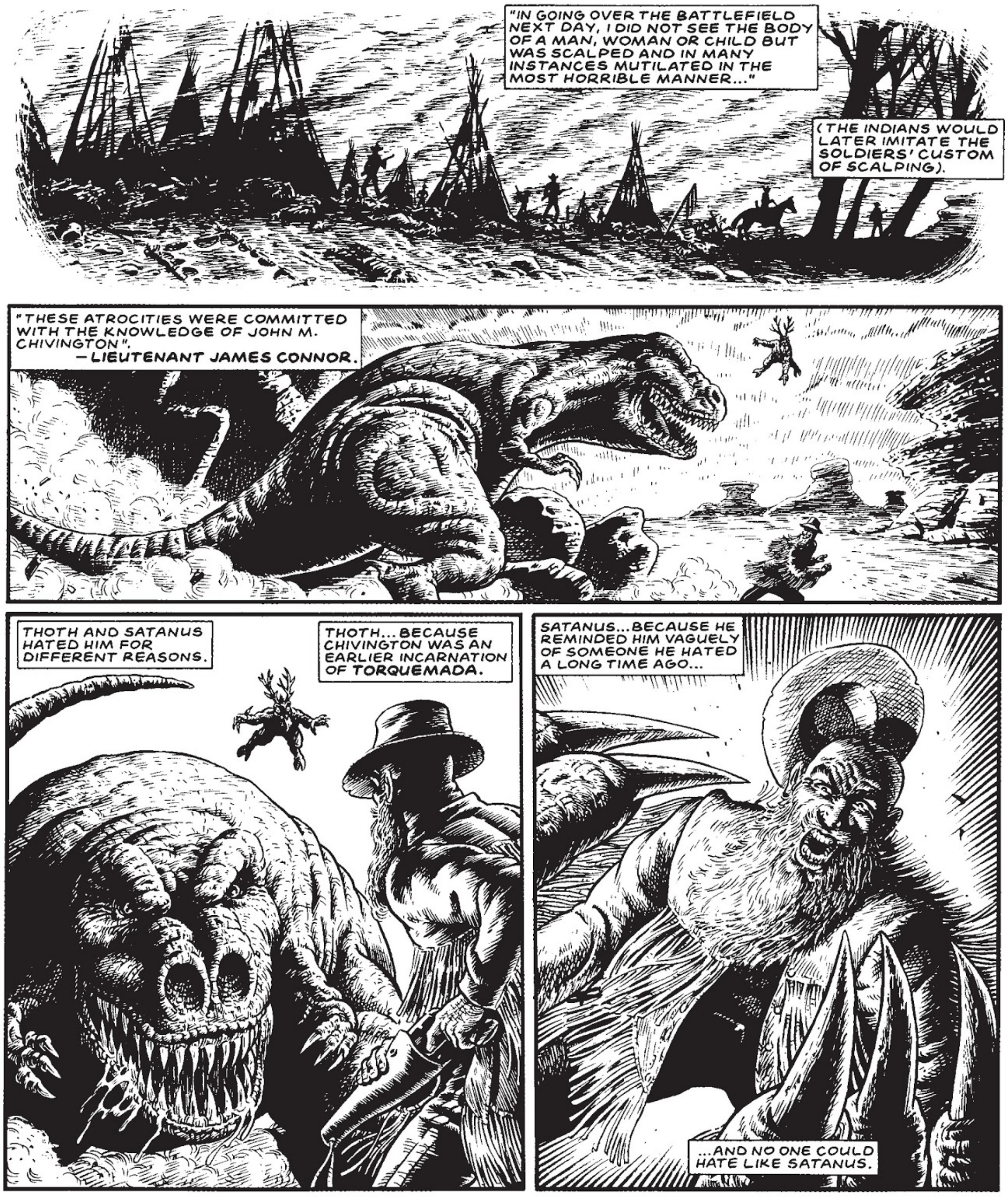

SATANUS ALL RIGHT...FOUND SOME TYRANNOSAUR SPOOR, TOO. HAVE A WHIFF.
H'MM...YOU'RE RIGHT.
THIS DOCUMENT NAMES HIM AS *MATTHEW HOPKIN*. IT'S HIS BILL TO THE AUTHORITIES IN COLCHESTER FOR SECURING A CONFESSION FROM REBECCA WEST. HE MADE HER ADMIT SHE'D MARRIED THE DEVIL!
AH! MATTHEW HOPKIN— THE INFAMOUS WITCH-FINDER GENERAL.
TORTURED AND KILLED HARMLESS OLD WOMEN SUSPECTED OF WITCHCRAFT...HIS FAVOURITE METHOD WAS TO TIE THEM UP AND THROW THEM INTO A POND TO SEE IF THEY SANK.
SOUNDS A BIT LIKE TORQUEMADA...
SKRIT
SKRIT
BUT HARDLY IN THE SAME LEAGUE.
SO WHY DID THOTH SINGLE HIM OUT?
THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT. BACK TO THE SHIP...
SENSORS INDICATE FURTHER KHAOS IMMINENT!
H'MM...THIS COULD INTERFERE WITH MY SEARCH...


WE'LL HAVE TO SPLIT UP...YOU ROBOTS WILL TAKE THE NEXT TURNING TO THE BLACK HOLE CONTROL ROOM AND HALT —OR AT LEAST DELAY—THE DESTRUCTION OF TERMIGHT.
RO-JAWS WILL ACT AS A TEMPORARY REPLACEMENT FOR HITAKI. HE'S PROVED HIS WORTH.
COR! ME AN ABC WARRIOR!
H'MMPH!
PURITY AND I WILL CONTINUE THE SEARCH IN THE BLITZSPEAR...
THE BLACK HOLE ENGINEERS SEALED THE CONTROL ROOM FOR ALL ETERNITY AND EQUIPPED IT WITH DEATH TRAPS TO DESTROY ALL INTRUDERS.
BUT IF ANYONE CAN BREAK IN, IT'S YOU WARRIORS...
YOUR MISSION IS TO BUY THIS PLANET SOME TIME —BEFORE ITS FINAL NEMESIS!
KREDO
NEXT PROG:
EPILOGUE


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
BOOK SIX
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: BRYAN TALBOT
LTG: KID ROBSON
Epilogue
COLONEL JOHN M. CHIVINGTON OF THE 3RD COLORADO REGIMENT WAS NOT A MAN EASILY FRIGHTENED. A FORMER PREACHER WHO SEEMED TO THE INDIANS LIKE A "GREAT BIG BEARDED BUFFALO", HE'D BEEN IN SOME TIGHT CORNERS IN HIS TIME...
BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS.
SHUCKS, THIS WAS 1864...BUT THOSE MONSTERS CHASING HIM WERE LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF GENESIS!
THEY'D JUST APPEARED—FROM NOWHERE!
MAYBE IT WAS INDIAN WITCHCRAFT...REVENGE FOR WHAT HE DID TO THEM AT SAND CREEK...
REVENGE FOR "CLEANSING AND PURIFYING" THEM.


CHIVINGTON RAISED HIS REGIMENT WITH ONE AIM — TO KILL INDIANS. HE PLANNED THE **SAND CREEK MASSACRE** DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL...
SIR, ANY OFFICER PARTICIPATING WOULD DISHONOUR THE UNIFORM OF THE ARMY!
LIEUTENANT CONNOR, YOU WILL JOIN MY EXPEDITION OR FACE COURT MARTIAL.
BUT IT'S **MURDER**!
I HAVE COME TO KILL INDIANS AND BELIEVE IT IS RIGHT AND HONOURABLE TO USE ANY MEANS UNDER GOD'S HEAVEN TO DO SO!
DAMN ANY MAN WHO SYMPATHISES WITH THEM!
THERE WERE 400 WOMEN AND CHILDREN, 60 OLD MEN AND A FEW BRAVES AT THE CAMP.
DON'T BE AFRAID. THE SOLDIERS WON'T HURT US. THEY GAVE US THE AMERICAN FLAG FOR PROTECTION.


30 WOMEN HID IN A HOLE AND SENT OUT A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL HOLDING A WHITE FLAG...
BUT THE COLONEL'S ORDERS WERE SPECIFIC... "SHOOT ALL INDIANS".
"WADE IN GORE".
AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER...
SCALP 'EM ALL! WOMEN AND CHILDREN, TOO!
NITS MAKE LICE.


"IN GOING OVER THE BATTLEFIELD NEXT DAY, I DID NOT SEE THE BODY OF A MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD BUT WAS SCALPED AND IN MANY INSTANCES MUTILATED IN THE MOST HORRIBLE MANNER..."
(THE INDIANS WOULD LATER IMITATE THE SOLDIERS' CUSTOM OF SCALPING).
"THESE ATROCITIES WERE COMMITTED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF JOHN M. CHIVINGTON". —LIEUTENANT JAMES CONNOR.
THOTH AND SATANUS HATED HIM FOR DIFFERENT REASONS.
THOTH... BECAUSE CHIVINGTON WAS AN EARLIER INCARNATION OF TORQUEMADA.
SATANUS... BECAUSE HE REMINDED HIM VAGUELY OF SOMEONE HE HATED A LONG TIME AGO...
...AND NO ONE COULD HATE LIKE SATANUS.

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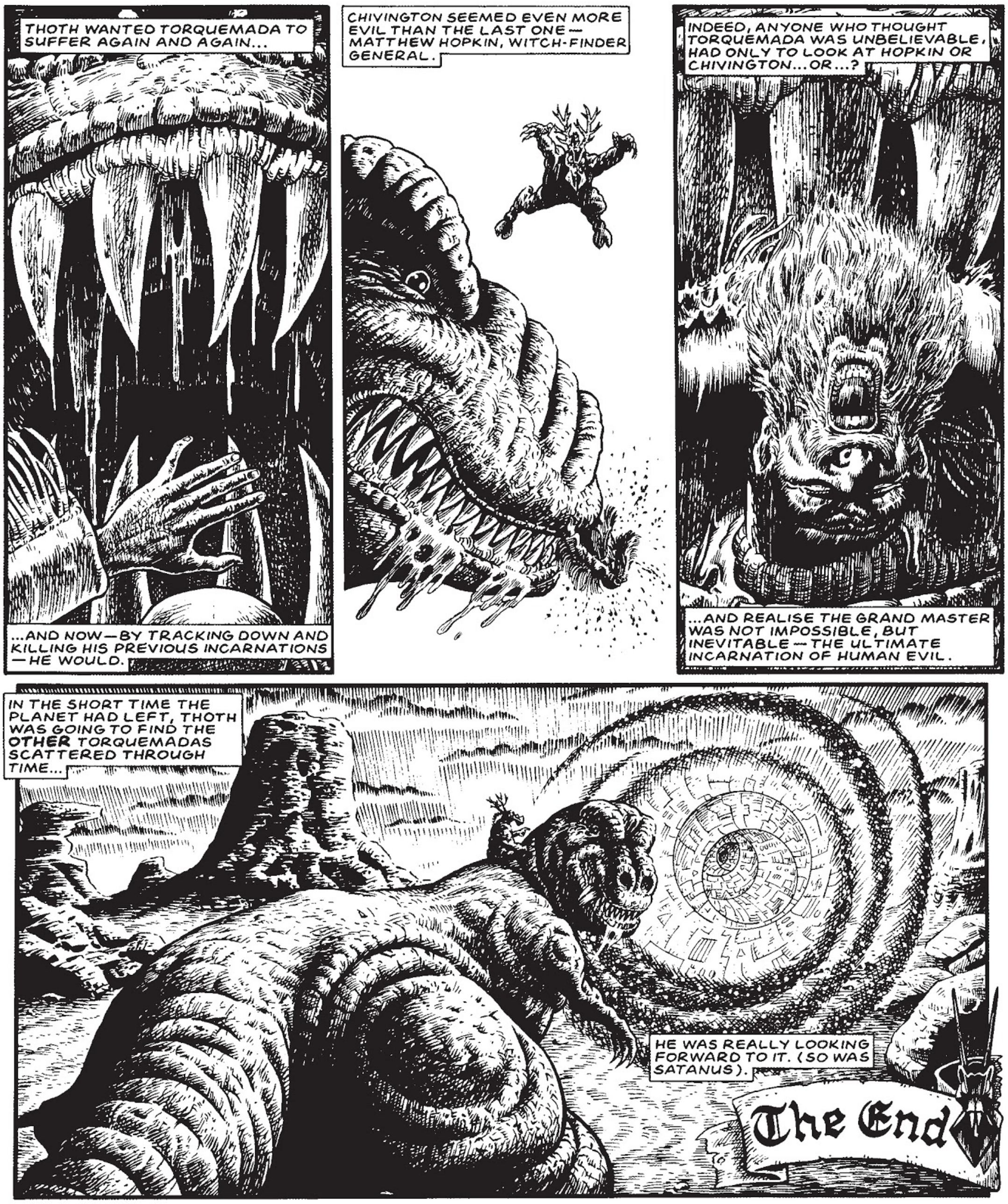
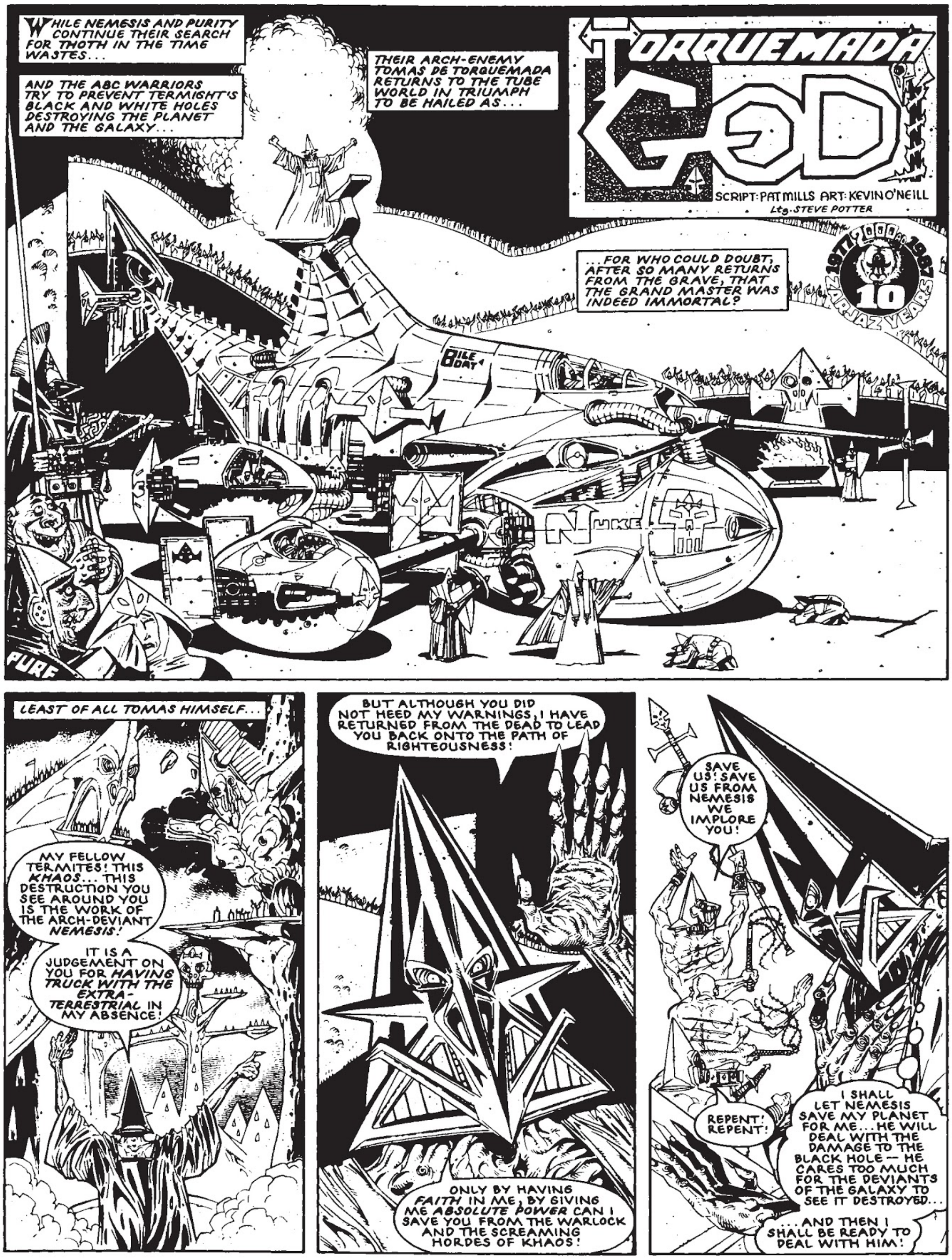
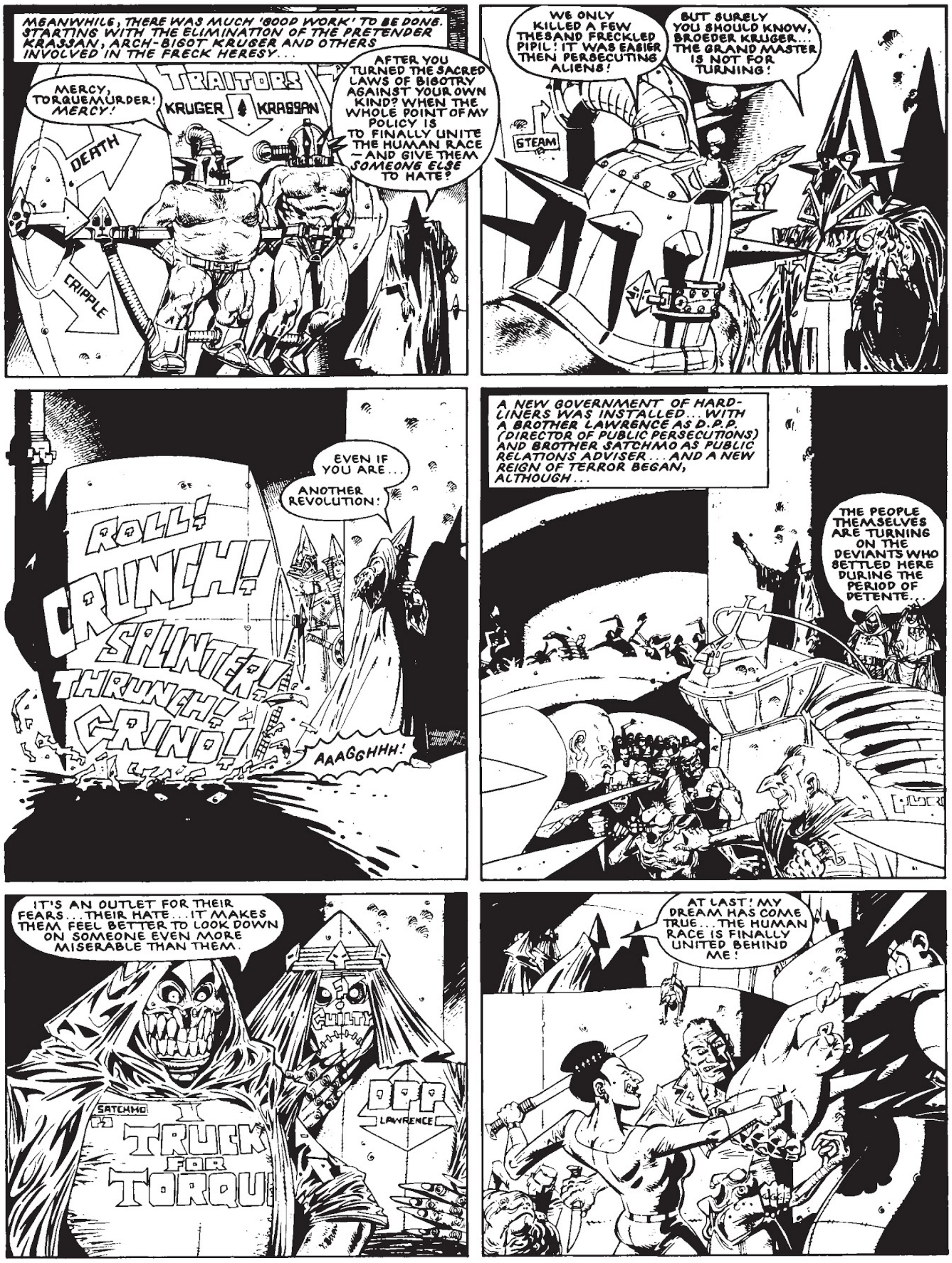

THOTH WANTED TORQUEMADA TO SUFFER AGAIN AND AGAIN...
...AND NOW—BY TRACKING DOWN AND KILLING HIS PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS—HE WOULD.
CHIVINGTON SEEMED EVEN MORE EVIL THAN THE LAST ONE—MATTHEW HOPKIN, WITCH-FINDER GENERAL.
INDEED, ANYONE WHO THOUGHT TORQUEMADA WAS UNBELIEVABLE, HAD ONLY TO LOOK AT HOPKIN OR CHIVINGTON...OR...?
...AND REALISE THE GRAND MASTER WAS NOT IMPOSSIBLE, BUT INEVITABLE—THE ULTIMATE INCARNATION OF HUMAN EVIL.
IN THE SHORT TIME THE PLANET HAD LEFT, THOTH WAS GOING TO FIND THE **OTHER** TORQUEMADAS SCATTERED THROUGH TIME...
HE WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. (SO WAS SATANUS).
The End

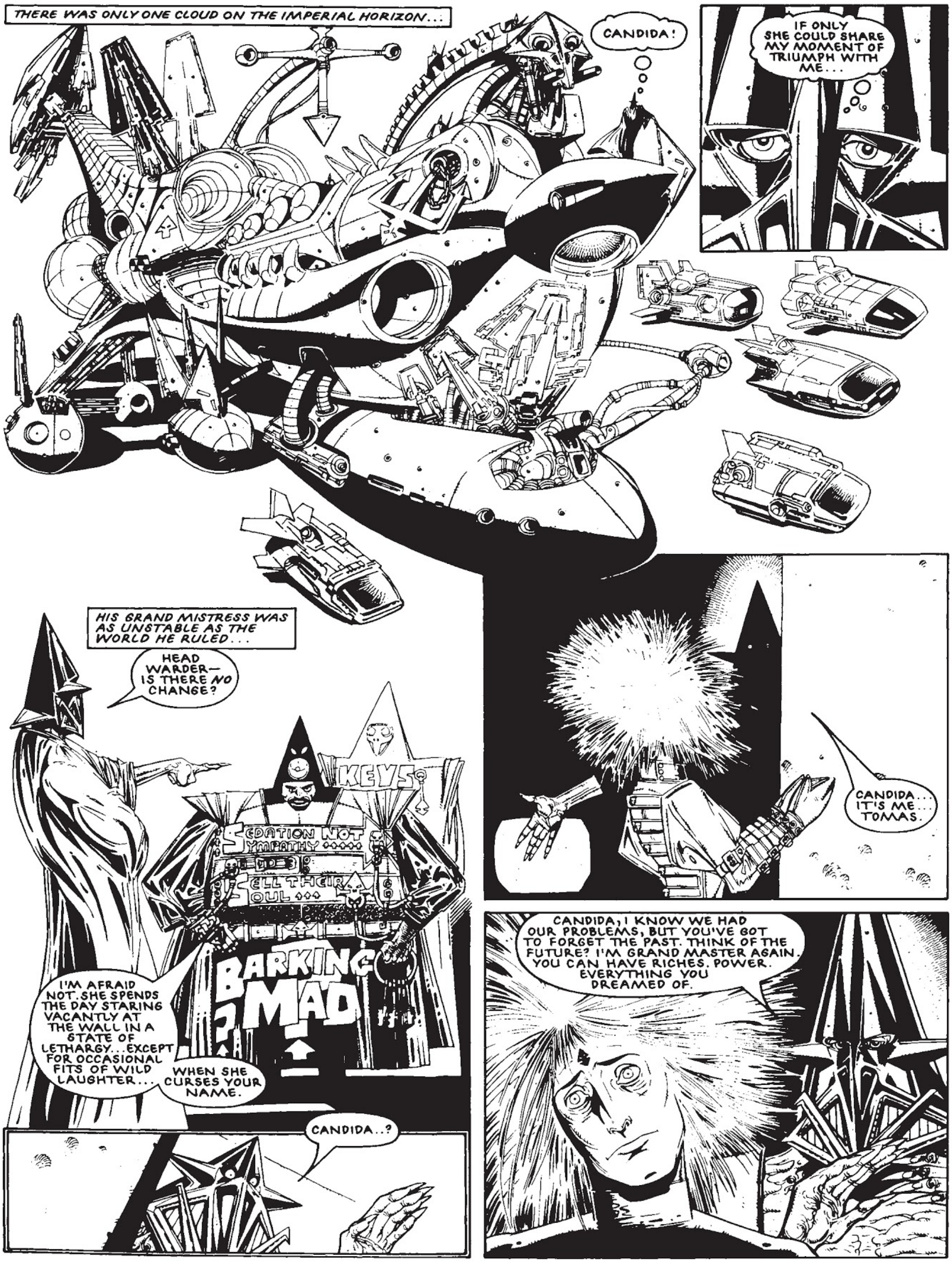
TORQUEMADA THE GOD

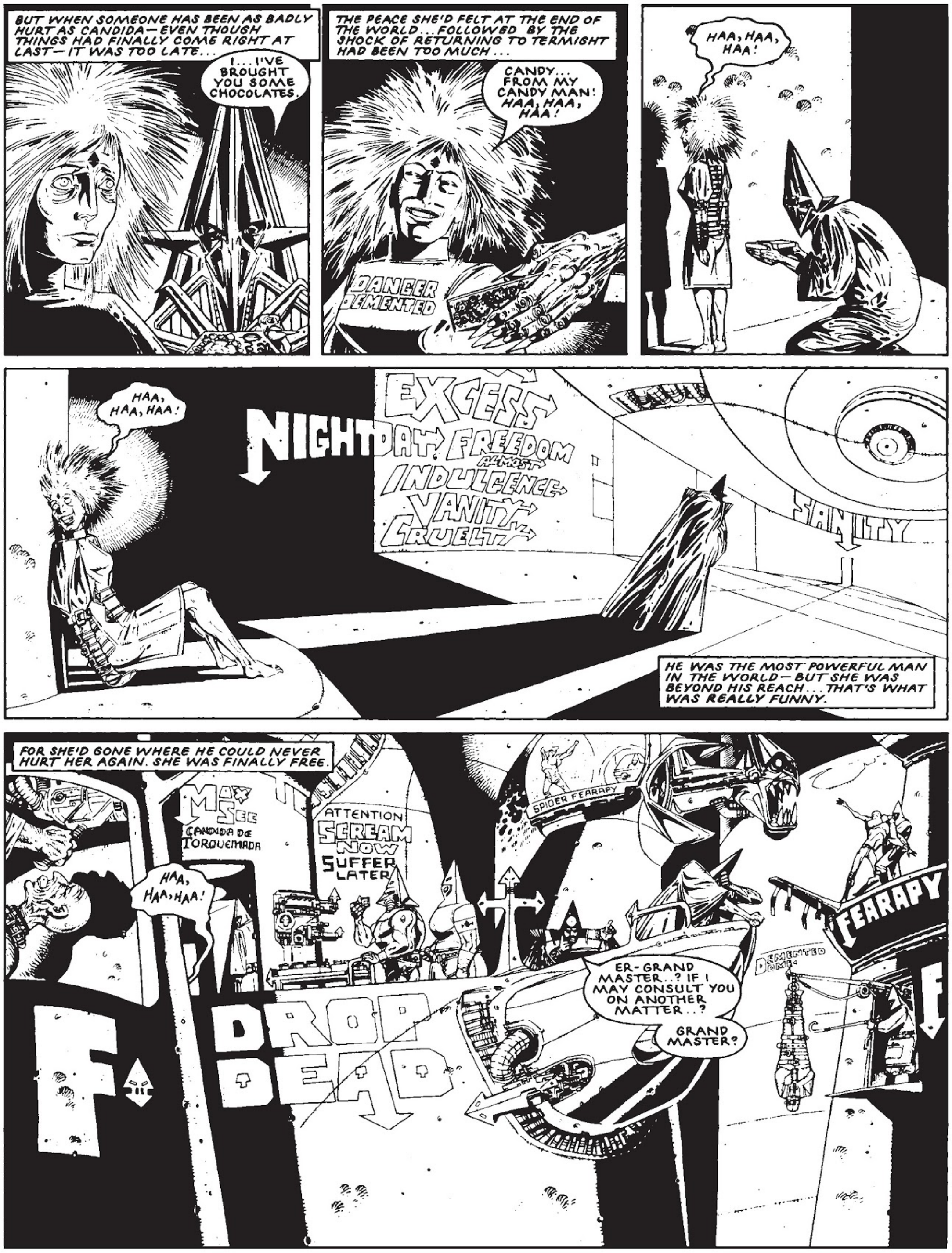
Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 520-524


WHILE NEMESIS AND PURITY CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH FOR THOTH IN THE TIME WASTES...
AND THE ABC WARRIORS TRY TO PREVENT TERMIGHT'S BLACK AND WHITE HOLES DESTROYING THE PLANET AND THE GALAXY...
THEIR ARCH-ENEMY TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA RETURNS TO THE TUBE WORLD IN TRIUMPH TO BE HAILED AS...
TORQUEMADA GOD
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS ART: KEVIN O'NEILL
Let. STEVE POTTER
...FOR WHO COULD DOUBT, AFTER SO MANY RETURNS FROM THE GRAVE, THAT THE GRAND MASTER WAS INDEED IMMORTAL?
1977 2000AD 1987 10 ZARJAZ YEARS
BILE BOAT
NUKE
PURE
LEAST OF ALL TOMAS HIMSELF...
MY FELLOW TERMITES! THIS KHAOS... THIS DESTRUCTION YOU SEE AROUND YOU IS THE WORK OF THE ARCH-DEVIANT NEMESIS!
IT IS A JUDGEMENT ON YOU FOR HAVING TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL IN MY ABSENCE!
BUT ALTHOUGH YOU DID NOT HEED MY WARNINGS, I HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD TO LEAD YOU BACK ONTO THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
ONLY BY HAVING FAITH IN ME, BY GIVING ME ABSOLUTE POWER CAN I SAVE YOU FROM THE WARLOCK AND THE SCREAMING HORDES OF KHAOS!
SAVE US! SAVE US FROM NEMESIS WE IMPLORE YOU!
REPENT! REPENT!
I SHALL LET NEMESIS SAVE MY PLANET FOR ME... HE WILL DEAL WITH THE DAMAGE TO THE BLACK HOLE — HE CARES TOO MUCH FOR THE DEVIANTS OF THE GALAXY TO SEE IT DESTROYED...
...AND THEN I SHALL BE READY TO DEAL WITH HIM!


MEANWHILE, THERE WAS MUCH 'GOOD WORK' TO BE DONE. STARTING WITH THE ELIMINATION OF THE PRETENDER KRASSAN, ARCH-BIGOT KRUGER AND OTHERS INVOLVED IN THE FRECK HERESY...
TRAITORS
KRUGER
KRASSAN
MERCY, TORQUEMURDER! MERCY!
DEATH
CRIPPLE
AFTER YOU TURNED THE SACRED LAWS OF BIGOTRY AGAINST YOUR OWN KIND? WHEN THE WHOLE POINT OF MY POLICY IS TO FINALLY UNITE THE HUMAN RACE —AND GIVE THEM SOMEONE ELSE TO HATE?
WE ONLY KILLED A FEW THESAND FRECKLED PIPIL! IT WAS EASIER THEN PERSECUTING ALIENS!
BUT SURELY YOU SHOULD KNOW, BROEDER KRUGER... THE GRAND MASTER IS NOT FOR TURNING!
STEAM
EVEN IF YOU ARE...
ANOTHER REVOLUTION!
ROLL!
CRUNCH!
SPLINTER!
THRUNCH!
GRIND!
AAAGGHHH!
A NEW GOVERNMENT OF HARD-LINERS WAS INSTALLED... WITH A BROTHER LAWRENCE AS D.P.P. (DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PERSECUTIONS) AND BROTHER SATCHMO AS PUBLIC RELATIONS ADVISER... AND A NEW REIGN OF TERROR BEGAN, ALTHOUGH...
THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES ARE TURNING ON THE DEVIANTS WHO SETTLED HERE DURING THE PERIOD OF DETENTE...
IT'S AN OUTLET FOR THEIR FEARS... THEIR HATE... IT MAKES THEM FEEL BETTER TO LOOK DOWN ON SOMEONE EVEN MORE MISERABLE THAN THEM.
GUILTY
SATCHMO
I TRUCK FOR TORQU
D.P.P.
LAWRENCE
AT LAST! MY DREAM HAS COME TRUE... THE HUMAN RACE IS FINALLY UNITED BEHIND ME!


THERE WAS ONLY ONE CLOUD ON THE IMPERIAL HORIZON...
CANDIDA!
IF ONLY SHE COULD SHARE MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH WITH ME...
HIS GRAND MISTRESS WAS AS UNSTABLE AS THE WORLD HE RULED...
HEAD WARDER— IS THERE NO CHANGE?
KEYS
SEDATION NOT SYMPATHY
SELL THEIR SOUL
BARKING MAD
I'M AFRAID NOT. SHE SPENDS THE DAY STARING VACANTLY AT THE WALL IN A STATE OF LETHARGY... EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL FITS OF WILD LAUGHTER...
WHEN SHE CURSES YOUR NAME.
CANDIDA...?
CANDIDA... IT'S ME... TOMAS.
CANDIDA, I KNOW WE HAD OUR PROBLEMS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FORGET THE PAST. THINK OF THE FUTURE? I'M GRAND MASTER AGAIN. YOU CAN HAVE RICHES. POWER. EVERYTHING YOU DREAMED OF.


BUT WHEN SOMEONE HAS BEEN AS BADLY HURT AS CANDIDA—EVEN THOUGH THINGS HAD FINALLY COME RIGHT AT LAST—IT WAS TOO LATE...
I... I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME CHOCOLATES.
THE PEACE SHE'D FELT AT THE END OF THE WORLD... FOLLOWED BY THE SHOCK OF RETURNING TO TERMIGHT HAD BEEN TOO MUCH...
CANDY... FROM MY CANDY MAN! HAA, HAA, HAA!
DANGER DEMENTED
HAA, HAA, HAA!
HAA, HAA, HAA!
NIGHTDAY
EXCESS
FREEDOM ALMOST
INDULGENCE
VANITY
CRUELTY
SANITY
HE WAS THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD—BUT SHE WAS BEYOND HIS REACH... THAT'S WHAT WAS REALLY FUNNY.
FOR SHE'D GONE WHERE HE COULD NEVER HURT HER AGAIN. SHE WAS FINALLY FREE.
MAX SEE CANDIDA DE TORQUEMADA
ATTENTION SCREAM NOW SUFFER LATER
SPIDER FEARAPY
HAA, HAA, HAA!
FEARAPY
DEMENTED DOME
ER-GRAND MASTER..? IF I MAY CONSULT YOU ON ANOTHER MATTER..?
GRAND MASTER?
F
DROP DEAD
F

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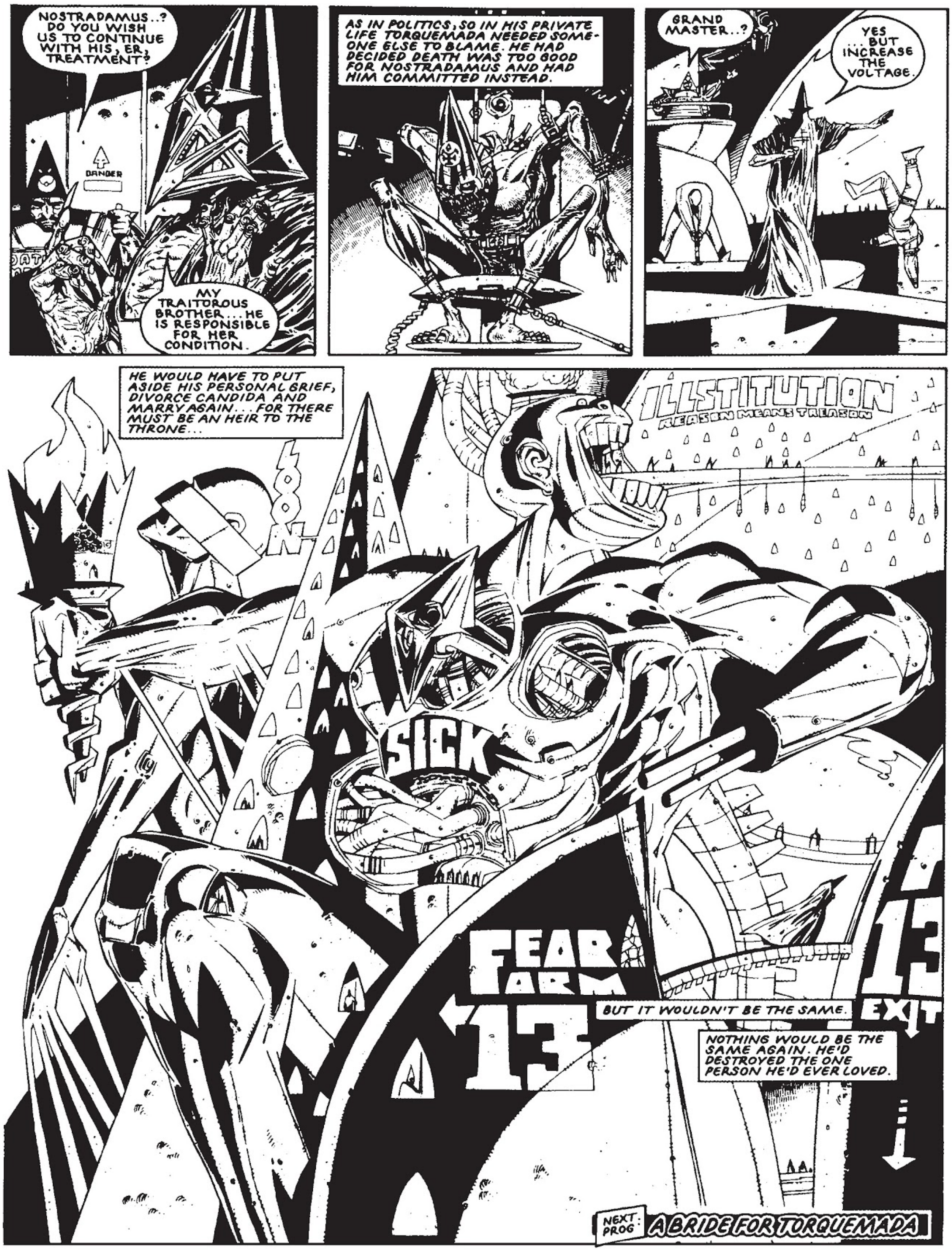
NOSTRADAMUS..? DO YOU WISH US TO CONTINUE WITH HIS, ER, TREATMENT?
DANGER
MY TRAITOROUS BROTHER... HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER CONDITION.
AS IN POLITICS, SO IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE TORQUEMADA NEEDED SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME. HE HAD DECIDED DEATH WAS TOO GOOD FOR NOSTRADAMUS AND HAD HIM COMMITTED INSTEAD.
GRAND MASTER..?
YES ...BUT INCREASE THE VOLTAGE.
HE WOULD HAVE TO PUT ASIDE HIS PERSONAL GRIEF, DIVORCE CANDIDA AND MARRY AGAIN... FOR THERE MUST BE AN HEIR TO THE THRONE...
ILLSTITUTION
REASON MEANS TREASON
LOON
SICK
FEAR FARM 13
13 EXIT
BUT IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME.
NOTHING WOULD BE THE SAME AGAIN. HE'D DESTROYED THE ONE PERSON HE'D EVER LOVED.
NEXT PROG A BRIDE FOR TORQUEMADA

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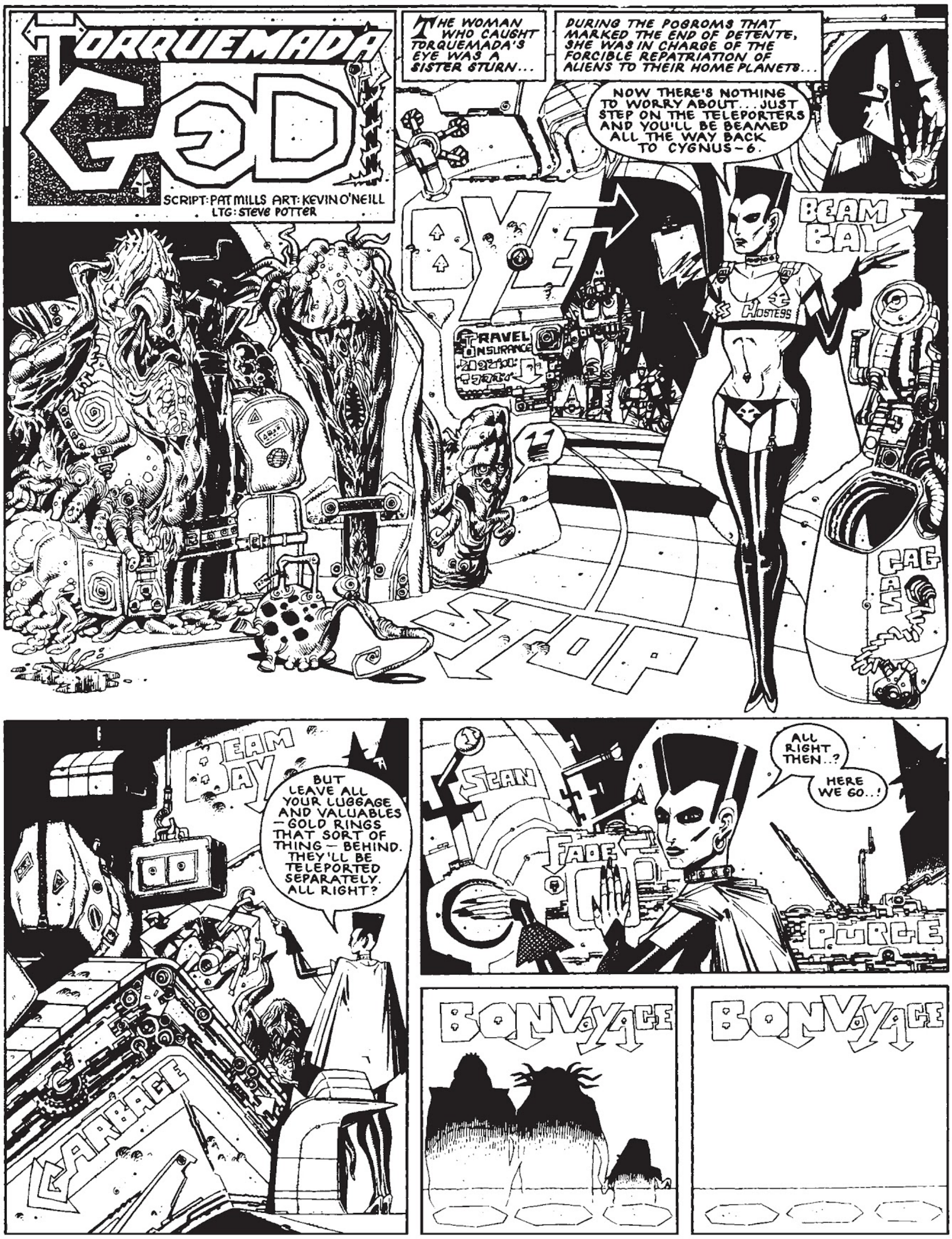
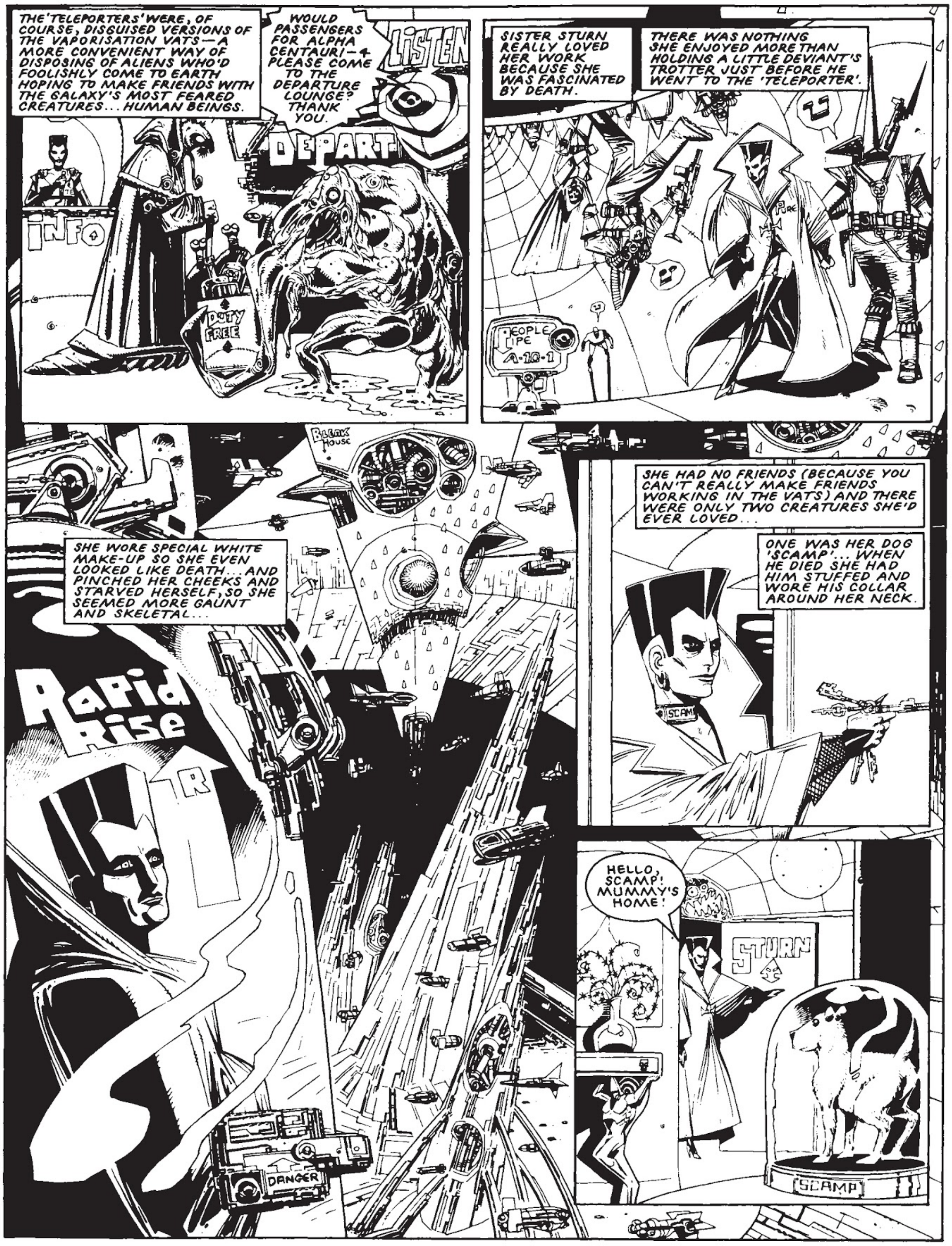
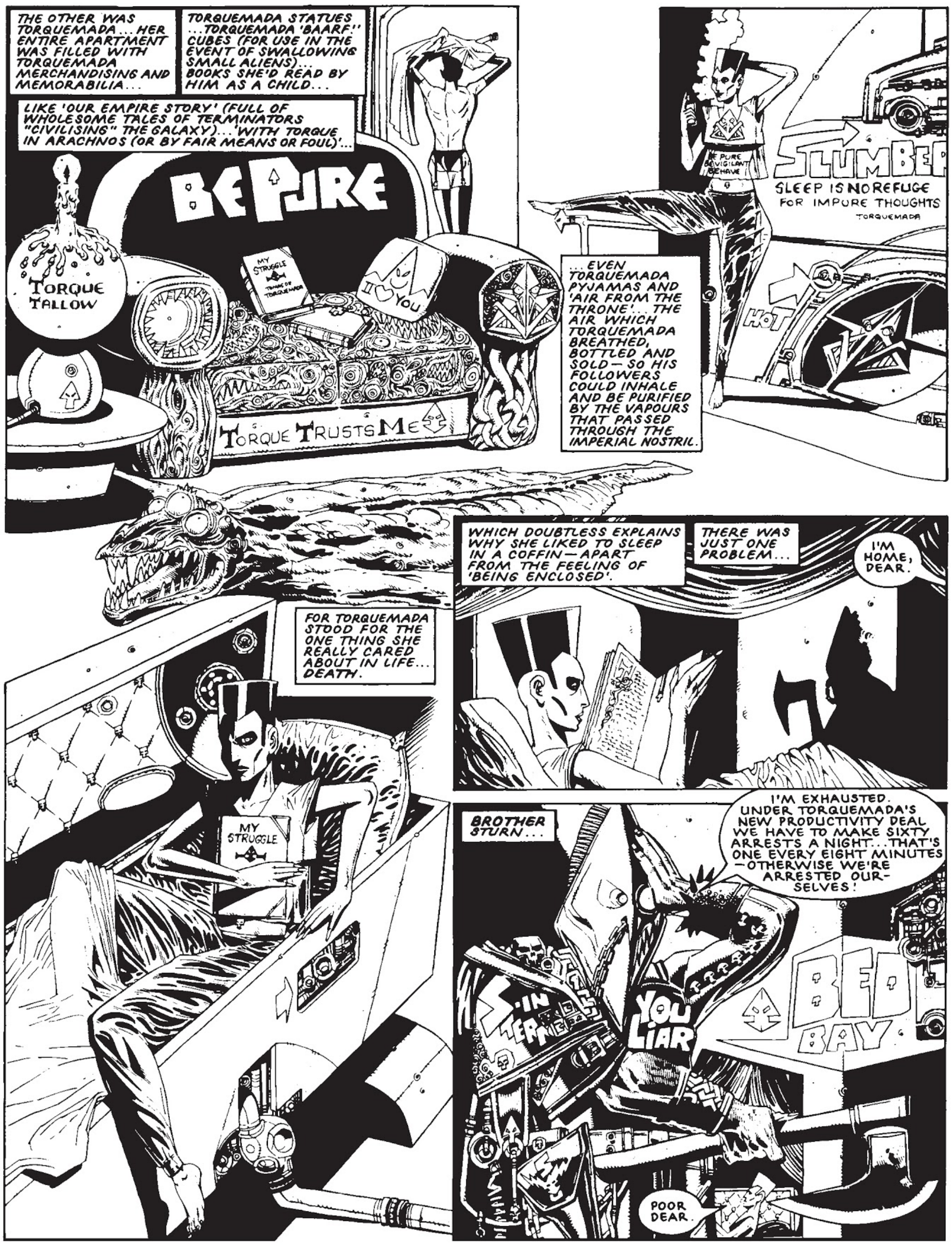
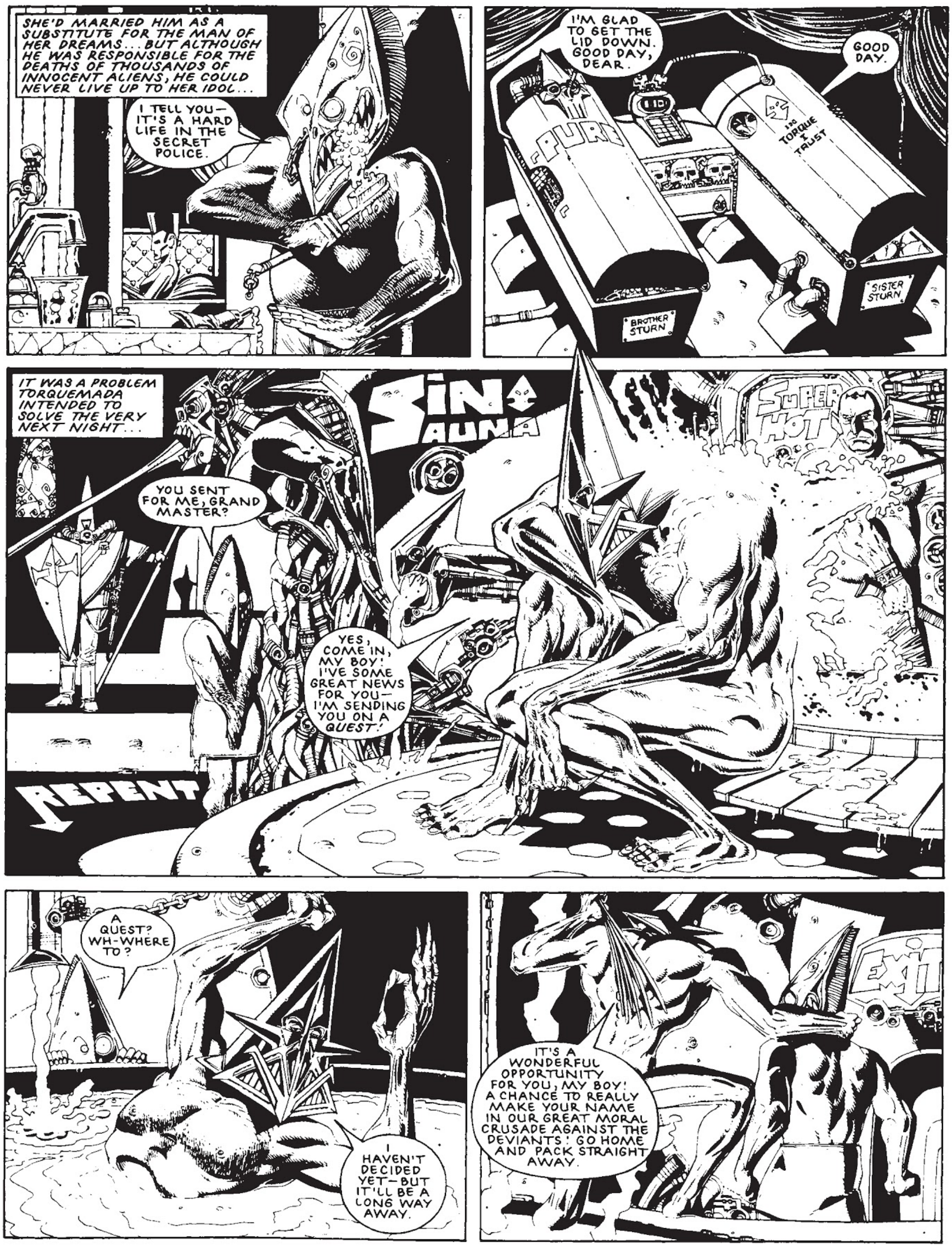
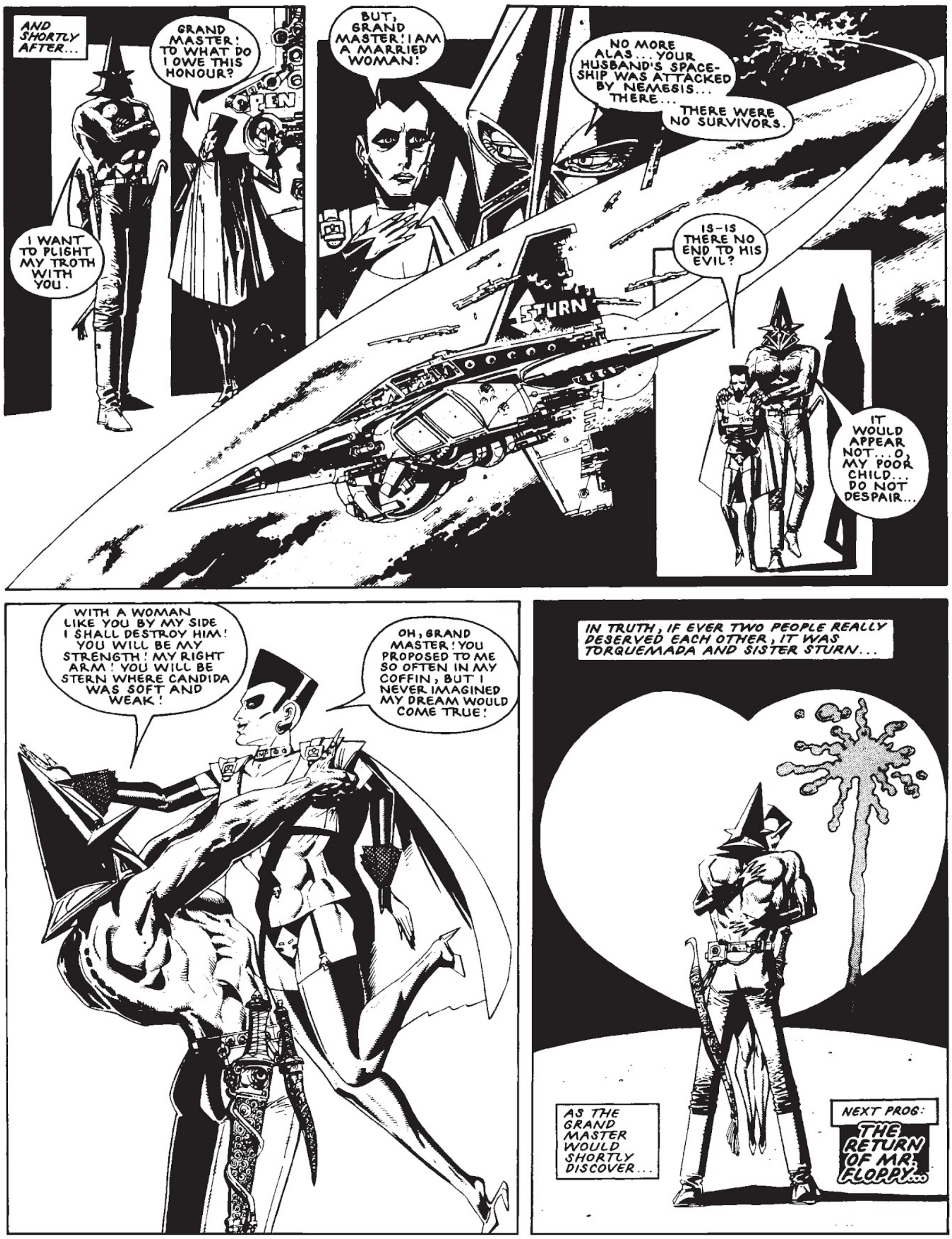
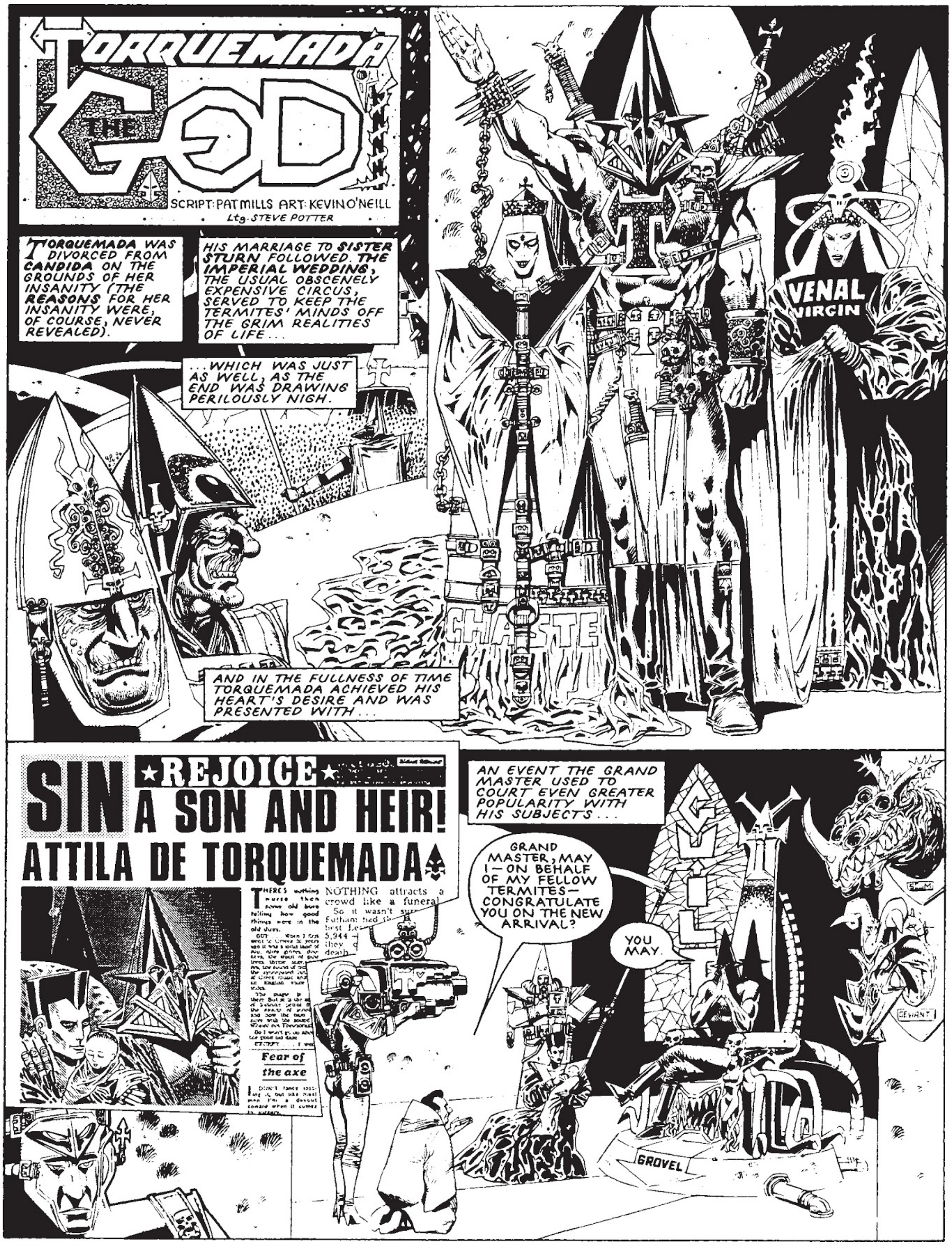

TORQUEMADA
GOD
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS ART: KEVIN O'NEILL
LTG: STEVE POTTER
THE WOMAN WHO CAUGHT TORQUEMADA'S EYE WAS A SISTER STURN...
DURING THE POGROMS THAT MARKED THE END OF DETENTE, SHE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE FORCIBLE REPATRIATION OF ALIENS TO THEIR HOME PLANETS...
NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... JUST STEP ON THE TELEPORTERS AND YOU'LL BE BEAMED ALL THE WAY BACK TO CYGNUS-6.
BYE
BEAM BAY
TRAVEL INSURANCE
HOSTESS
??
GAG GAS
STOP
BEAM BAY
BUT LEAVE ALL YOUR LUGGAGE AND VALUABLES — GOLD RINGS THAT SORT OF THING — BEHIND. THEY'LL BE TELEPORTED SEPARATELY. ALL RIGHT?
GARBAGE
SCAN
FADE
ALL RIGHT THEN..?
HERE WE GO..!
PURGE
BON VOYAGE
BON VOYAGE

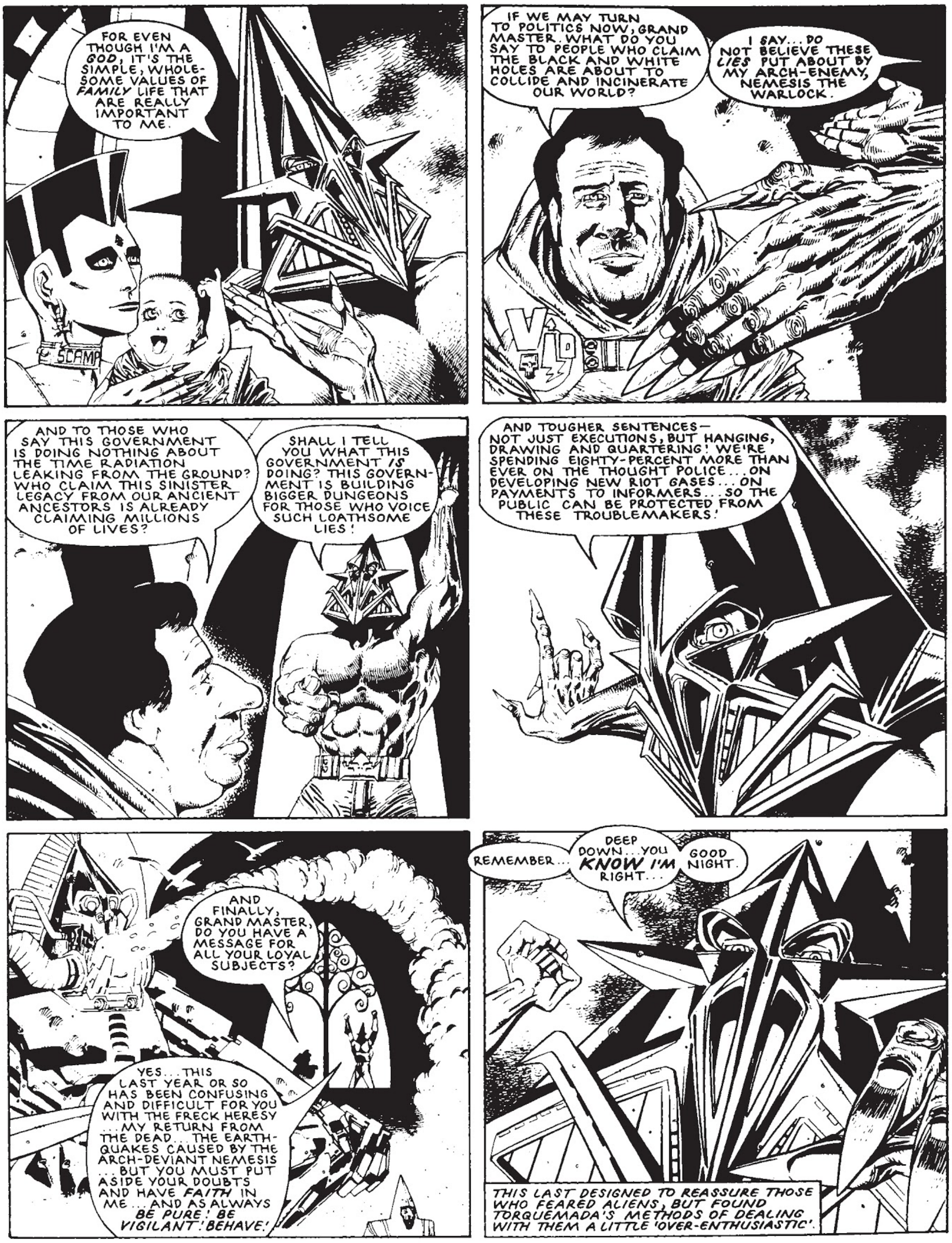

THE 'TELEPORTERS' WERE, OF COURSE, DISGUISED VERSIONS OF THE VAPORISATION VATS—A MORE CONVENIENT WAY OF DISPOSING OF ALIENS WHO'D FOOLISHLY COME TO EARTH HOPING TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE GALAXY'S MOST FEARED CREATURES... HUMAN BEINGS.
WOULD PASSENGERS FOR ALPHA CENTAURI—4 PLEASE COME TO THE DEPARTURE LOUNGE? THANK YOU.
LISTEN
DEPART
INFO
DUTY FREE
SISTER STURN REALLY LOVED HER WORK BECAUSE SHE WAS FASCINATED BY DEATH.
THERE WAS NOTHING SHE ENJOYED MORE THAN HOLDING A LITTLE DEVIANT'S TROTTER JUST BEFORE HE WENT TO THE 'TELEPORTER'.
PURE
EOPLE IPE A·10·1
BLEAK HOUSE
SHE WORE SPECIAL WHITE MAKE-UP SO SHE EVEN LOOKED LIKE DEATH... AND PINCHED HER CHEEKS AND STARVED HERSELF, SO SHE SEEMED MORE GAUNT AND SKELETAL...
RAPID RISE
R
DANGER
SHE HAD NO FRIENDS (BECAUSE YOU CAN'T REALLY MAKE FRIENDS WORKING IN THE VATS) AND THERE WERE ONLY TWO CREATURES SHE'D EVER LOVED...
ONE WAS HER DOG 'SCAMP'... WHEN HE DIED SHE HAD HIM STUFFED AND WORE HIS COLLAR AROUND HER NECK.
SCAM
HELLO, SCAMP! MUMMY'S HOME!
STURN
SCAMP

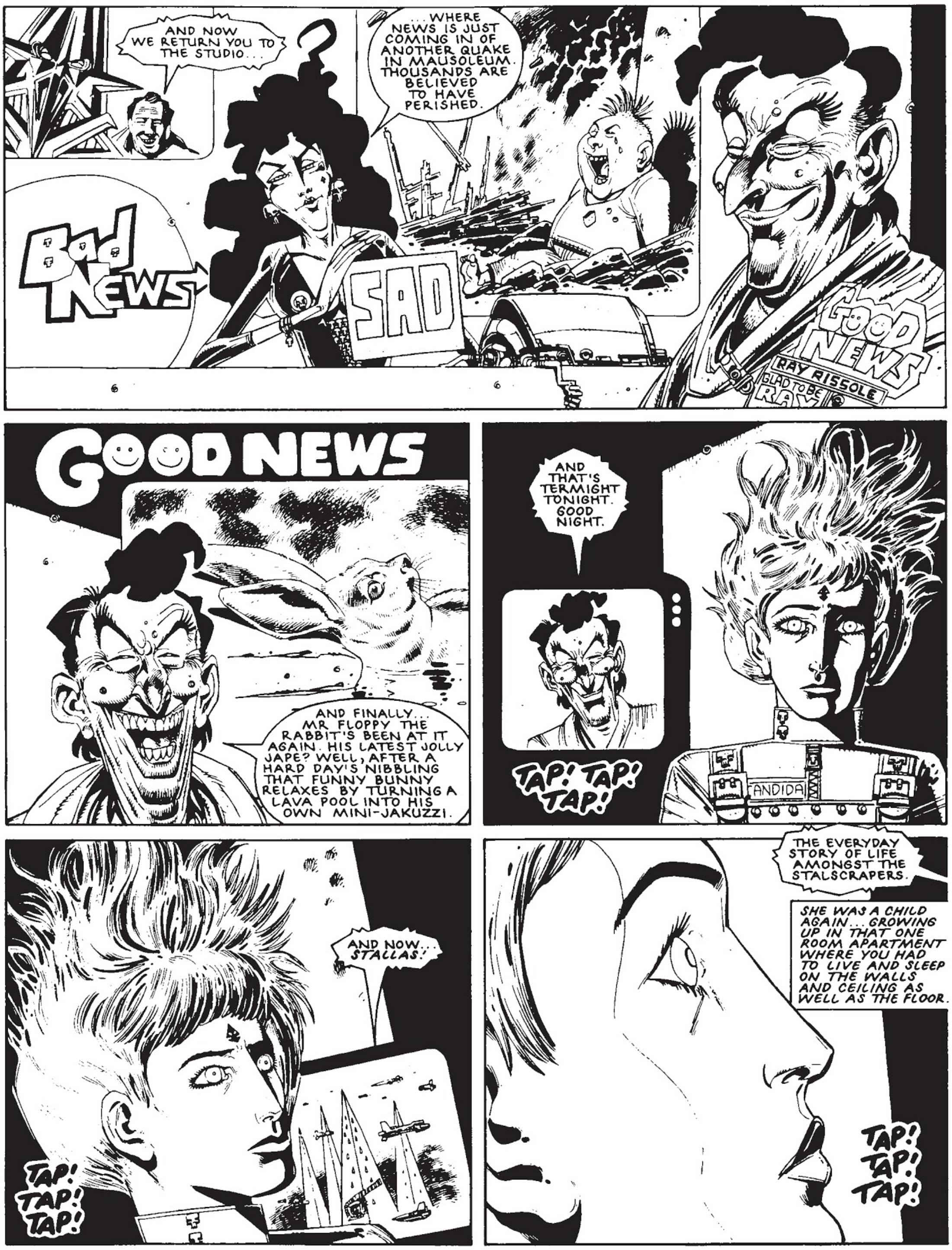

THE OTHER WAS TORQUEMADA... HER ENTIRE APARTMENT WAS FILLED WITH TORQUEMADA MERCHANDISING AND MEMORABILIA...
TORQUEMADA STATUES ...TORQUEMADA 'BAARF!' CUBES (FOR USE IN THE EVENT OF SWALLOWING SMALL ALIENS)... BOOKS SHE'D READ BY HIM AS A CHILD...
LIKE 'OUR EMPIRE STORY' (FULL OF WHOLESOME TALES OF TERMINATORS "CIVILISING" THE GALAXY)...'WITH TORQUE IN ARACHNOS (OR BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL)'...
BE PURE
TORQUE TALLOW
MY STRUGGLE
I ♥ YOU
TORQUE TRUSTS ME
BE PURE BE VIGILANT BEHAVE
SLUMBER
SLEEP IS NO REFUGE FOR IMPURE THOUGHTS
TORQUEMADA
HOT
...EVEN TORQUEMADA PYJAMAS AND 'AIR FROM THE THRONE'... THE AIR WHICH TORQUEMADA BREATHED, BOTTLED AND SOLD—SO HIS FOLLOWERS COULD INHALE AND BE PURIFIED BY THE VAPOURS THAT PASSED THROUGH THE IMPERIAL NOSTRIL.
FOR TORQUEMADA STOOD FOR THE ONE THING SHE REALLY CARED ABOUT IN LIFE... DEATH.
MY STRUGGLE
WHICH DOUBTLESS EXPLAINS WHY SHE LIKED TO SLEEP IN A COFFIN—APART FROM THE FEELING OF 'BEING ENCLOSED'.
THERE WAS JUST ONE PROBLEM...
I'M HOME, DEAR.
BROTHER STURN...
I'M EXHAUSTED. UNDER TORQUEMADA'S NEW PRODUCTIVITY DEAL WE HAVE TO MAKE SIXTY ARRESTS A NIGHT... THAT'S ONE EVERY EIGHT MINUTES —OTHERWISE WE'RE ARRESTED OURSELVES!
YOU LIAR
BED BAY
POOR DEAR.

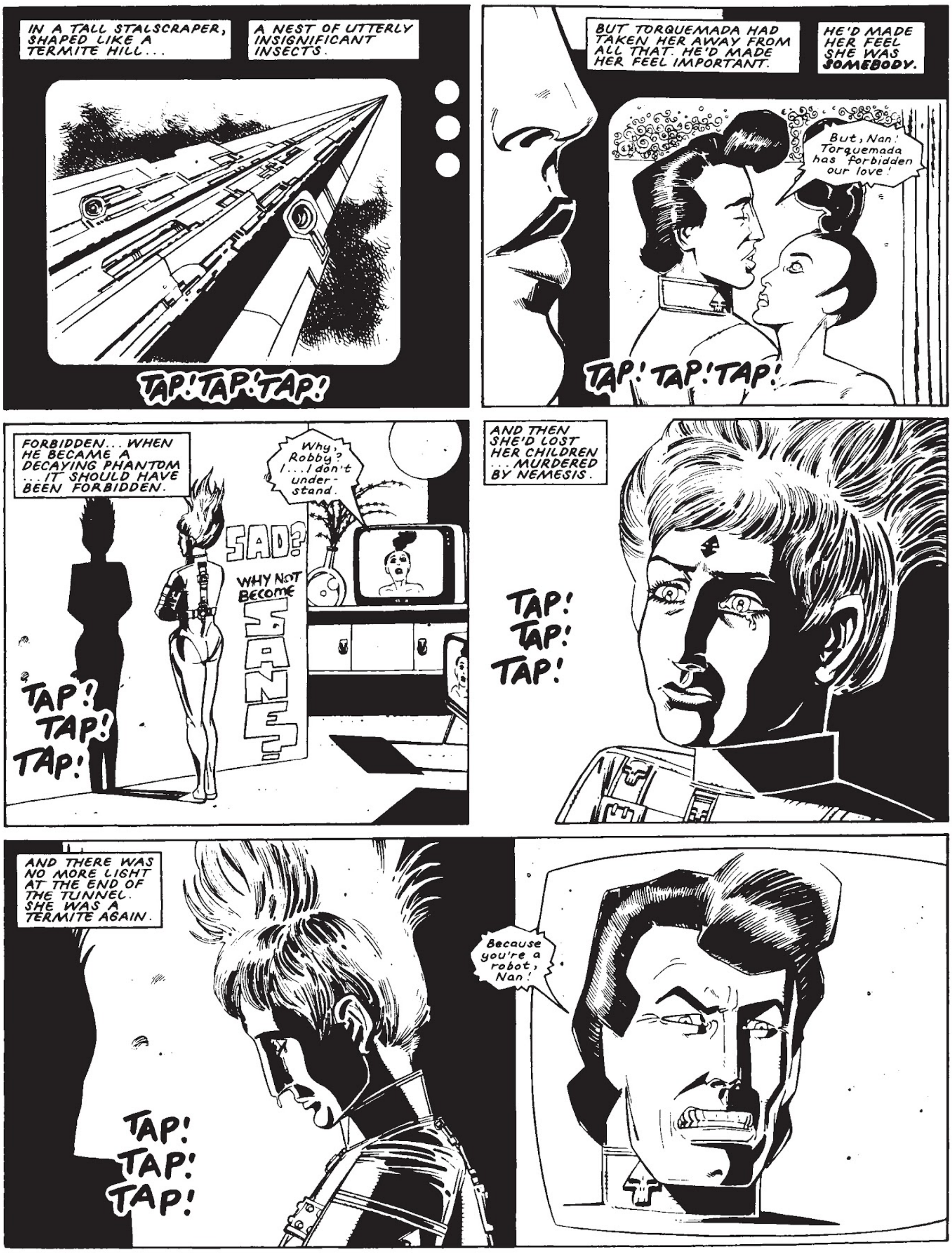

SHE'D MARRIED HIM AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MAN OF HER DREAMS... BUT ALTHOUGH HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT ALIENS, HE COULD NEVER LIVE UP TO HER IDOL...
I TELL YOU— IT'S A HARD LIFE IN THE SECRET POLICE.
I'M GLAD TO GET THE LID DOWN. GOOD DAY, DEAR.
GOOD DAY.
PURE
IN TORQUE I TRUST
BROTHER STURN
SISTER STURN
IT WAS A PROBLEM TORQUEMADA INTENDED TO SOLVE THE VERY NEXT NIGHT...
SIN SAUNA
SUPER HOT
YOU SENT FOR ME, GRAND MASTER?
YES, COME IN, MY BOY! I'VE SOME GREAT NEWS FOR YOU— I'M SENDING YOU ON A *QUEST*!
REPENT
A QUEST? WH-WHERE TO?
I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET—BUT IT'LL BE A LONG WAY AWAY.
EXIT
IT'S A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU, MY BOY! A CHANCE TO REALLY MAKE YOUR NAME IN OUR GREAT MORAL CRUSADE AGAINST THE DEVIANTS! GO HOME AND PACK STRAIGHT AWAY.

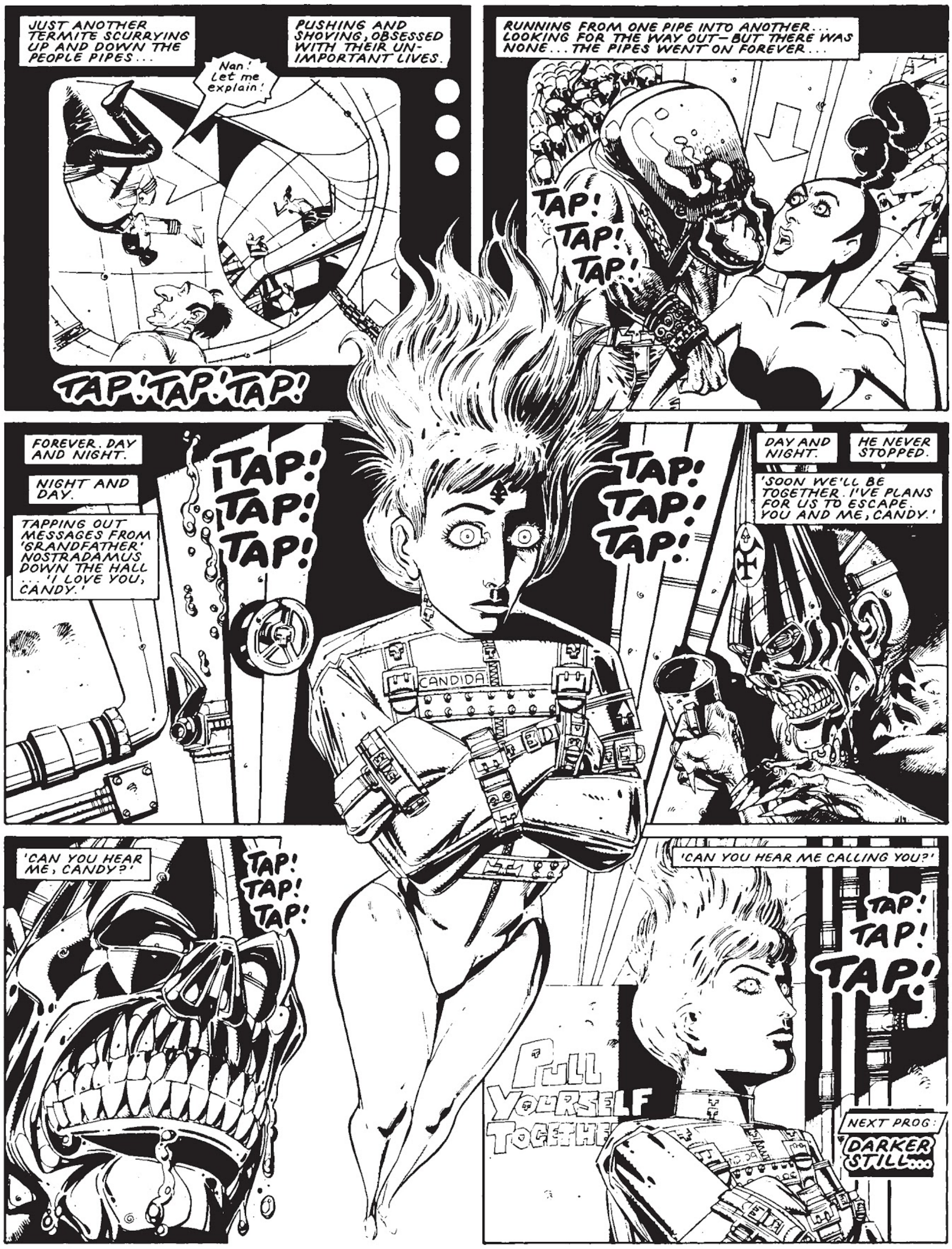

AND SHORTLY AFTER...
GRAND MASTER: TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS HONOUR?
OPEN
I WANT TO PLIGHT MY TROTH WITH YOU.
BUT, GRAND MASTER! I AM A MARRIED WOMAN!
NO MORE ALAS... YOUR HUSBAND'S SPACE-SHIP WAS ATTACKED BY NEMESIS... THERE...
THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.
STURN
IS-IS THERE NO END TO HIS EVIL?
IT WOULD APPEAR NOT... O MY POOR CHILD... DO NOT DESPAIR...
WITH A WOMAN LIKE YOU BY MY SIDE I SHALL DESTROY HIM! YOU WILL BE MY STRENGTH! MY RIGHT ARM! YOU WILL BE STERN WHERE CANDIDA WAS SOFT AND WEAK!
OH, GRAND MASTER! YOU PROPOSED TO ME SO OFTEN IN MY COFFIN, BUT I NEVER IMAGINED MY DREAM WOULD COME TRUE!
IN TRUTH, IF EVER TWO PEOPLE REALLY DESERVED EACH OTHER, IT WAS TORQUEMADA AND SISTER STURN...
AS THE GRAND MASTER WOULD SHORTLY DISCOVER...
NEXT PROG: THE RETURN OF MR. FLOPPY...

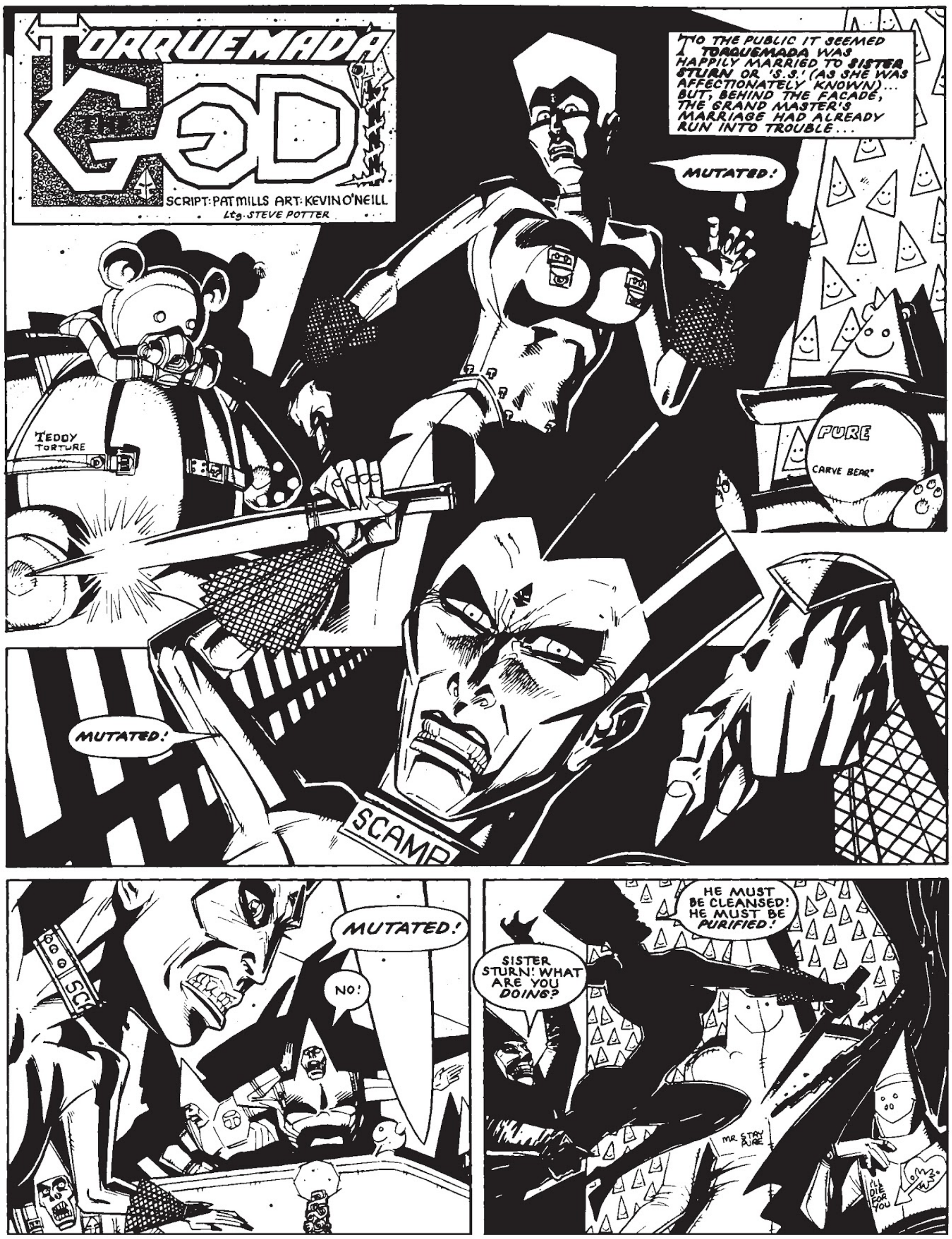

TORQUEMADA THE GOD
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS ART: KEVIN O'NEILL
Ltg. STEVE POTTER
TORQUEMADA WAS DIVORCED FROM CANDIDA ON THE GROUNDS OF HER INSANITY (THE REASONS FOR HER INSANITY WERE, OF COURSE, NEVER REVEALED).
HIS MARRIAGE TO SISTER STURN FOLLOWED. THE IMPERIAL WEDDING, THE USUAL OBSCENELY EXPENSIVE CIRCUS, SERVED TO KEEP THE TERMITES' MINDS OFF THE GRIM REALITIES OF LIFE...
...WHICH WAS JUST AS WELL, AS THE END WAS DRAWING PERILOUSLY NIGH.
VENAL VIRGIN
CHASTE
AND IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME TORQUEMADA ACHIEVED HIS HEART'S DESIRE AND WAS PRESENTED WITH...
SIN
★REJOICE★
A SON AND HEIR!
ATTILA DE TORQUEMADA
NOTHING attracts a crowd like a funeral
Fear of the axe
AN EVENT THE GRAND MASTER USED TO COURT EVEN GREATER POPULARITY WITH HIS SUBJECTS...
GRAND MASTER, MAY I — ON BEHALF OF MY FELLOW TERMITES — CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE NEW ARRIVAL?
YOU MAY.
CULT
S&M
DEVIANT
GROVEL

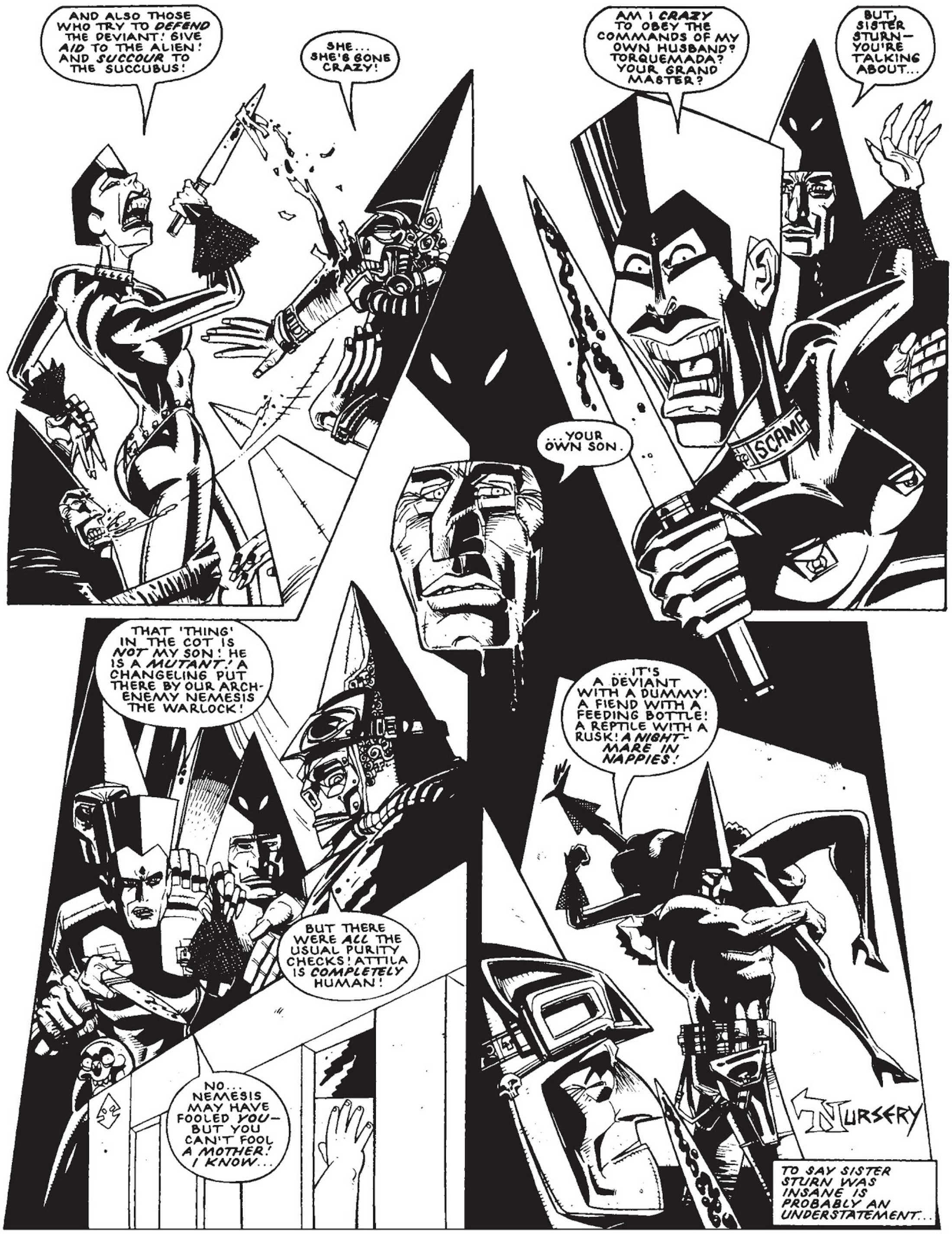

FOR EVEN THOUGH I'M A *GOD*, IT'S THE SIMPLE, WHOLESOME VALUES OF *FAMILY* LIFE THAT ARE REALLY IMPORTANT TO ME.
SCAMP
IF WE MAY TURN TO POLITICS NOW, GRAND MASTER. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO PEOPLE WHO CLAIM THE BLACK AND WHITE HOLES ARE ABOUT TO COLLIDE AND INCINERATE OUR WORLD?
I SAY... DO NOT BELIEVE THESE *LIES* PUT ABOUT BY MY ARCH-ENEMY, NEMESIS THE WARLOCK.
VID
AND TO THOSE WHO SAY THIS GOVERNMENT IS DOING NOTHING ABOUT THE TIME RADIATION LEAKING FROM THE GROUND? WHO CLAIM THIS SINISTER LEGACY FROM OUR ANCIENT ANCESTORS IS ALREADY CLAIMING MILLIONS OF LIVES?
SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT THIS GOVERNMENT *IS* DOING? THIS GOVERNMENT IS BUILDING BIGGER DUNGEONS FOR THOSE WHO VOICE SUCH LOATHSOME LIES!
AND TOUGHER SENTENCES— NOT JUST EXECUTIONS, BUT HANGING, DRAWING AND QUARTERING! WE'RE SPENDING EIGHTY-PERCENT MORE THAN EVER ON THE THOUGHT POLICE... ON DEVELOPING NEW RIOT GASES... ON PAYMENTS TO INFORMERS... SO THE PUBLIC CAN BE PROTECTED FROM THESE TROUBLEMAKERS!
AND FINALLY, GRAND MASTER, DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR ALL YOUR LOYAL SUBJECTS?
YES... THIS LAST YEAR OR SO HAS BEEN CONFUSING AND DIFFICULT FOR YOU WITH THE FRECK HERESY ...MY RETURN FROM THE DEAD... THE EARTHQUAKES CAUSED BY THE ARCH-DEVIANT NEMESIS ...BUT YOU MUST PUT ASIDE YOUR DOUBTS AND HAVE *FAITH* IN ME... AND AS ALWAYS *BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!*
REMEMBER...
DEEP DOWN... YOU ***KNOW*** I'M RIGHT...
GOOD NIGHT.
THIS LAST DESIGNED TO REASSURE THOSE WHO FEARED ALIENS, BUT FOUND TORQUEMADA'S METHODS OF DEALING WITH THEM A LITTLE 'OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC'.

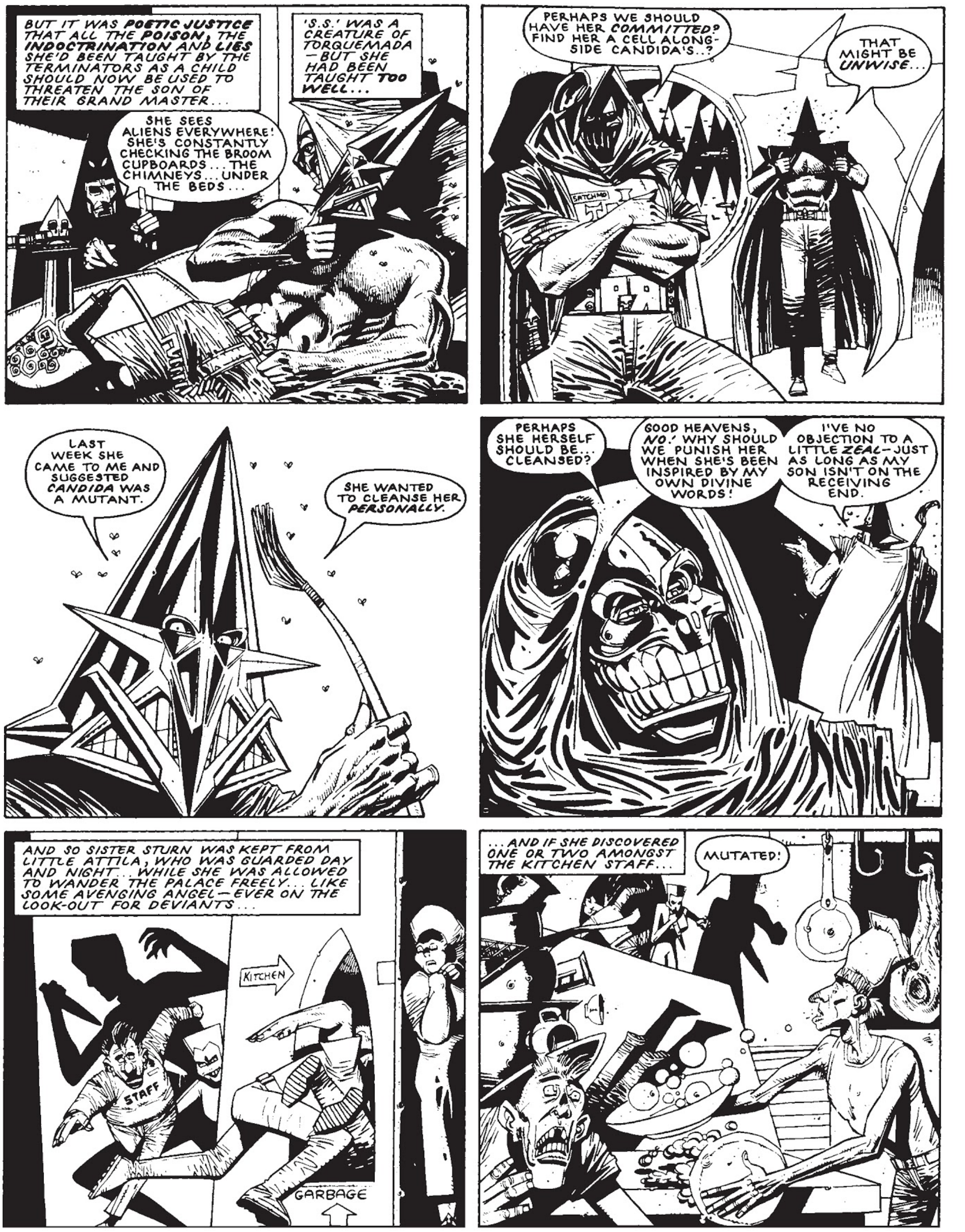

AND NOW WE RETURN YOU TO THE STUDIO...
...WHERE NEWS IS JUST COMING IN OF ANOTHER QUAKE IN MAUSOLEUM. THOUSANDS ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE PERISHED.
BAD NEWS
SAD
GOOD NEWS
RAY RISSOLE
GLAD TO BE RAY
GOOD NEWS
AND FINALLY... MR FLOPPY THE RABBIT'S BEEN AT IT AGAIN. HIS LATEST JOLLY JAPE? WELL, AFTER A HARD DAY'S NIBBLING THAT FUNNY BUNNY RELAXES BY TURNING A LAVA POOL INTO HIS OWN MINI-JAKUZZI.
AND THAT'S TERMIGHT TONIGHT. GOOD NIGHT.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
ANDIDA
AND NOW... STALLAS!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
THE EVERYDAY STORY OF LIFE AMONGST THE STALSCRAPERS.
SHE WAS A CHILD AGAIN... GROWING UP IN THAT ONE ROOM APARTMENT WHERE YOU HAD TO LIVE AND SLEEP ON THE WALLS AND CEILING AS WELL AS THE FLOOR.
TAP! TAP! TAP!

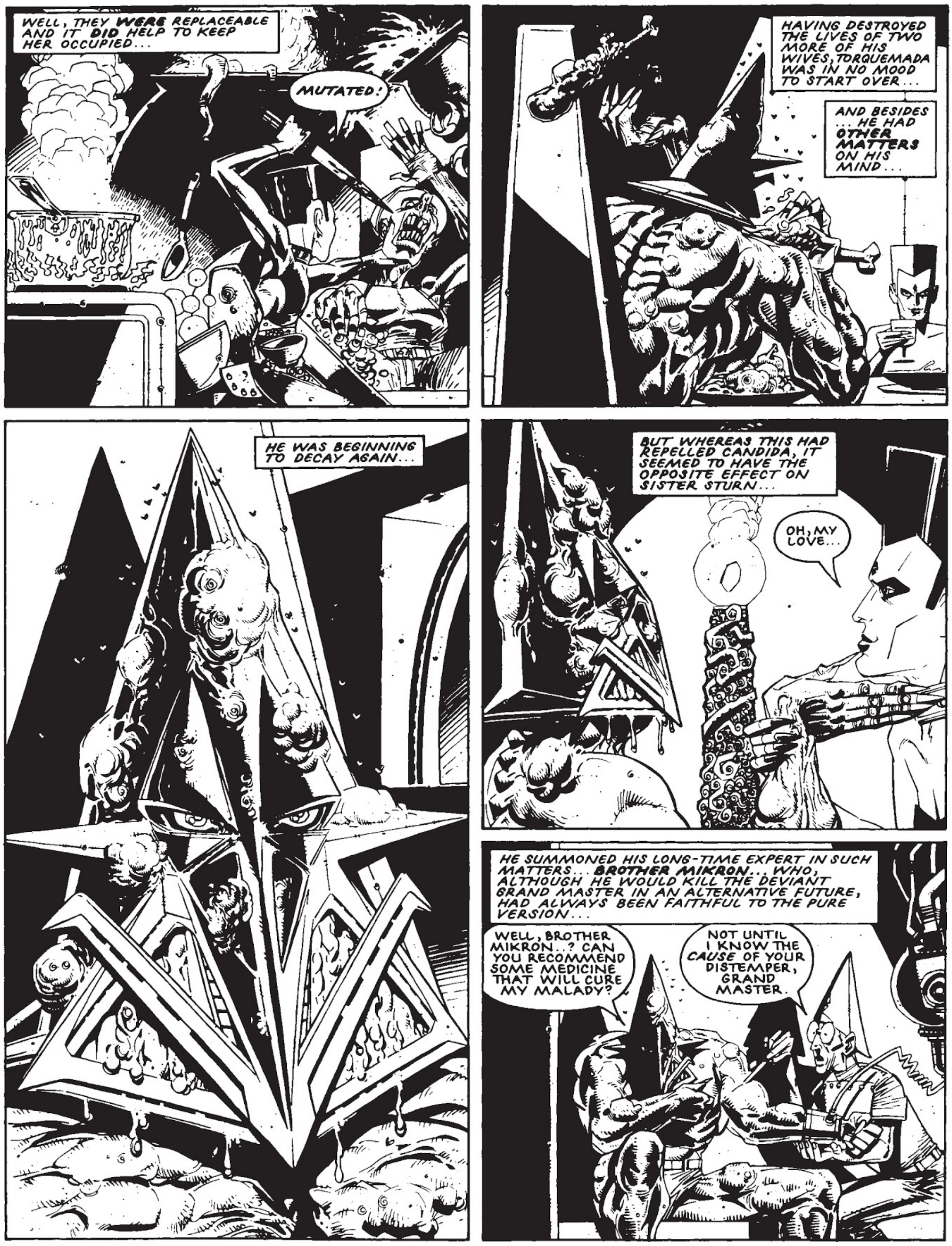

IN A TALL STALSCRAPER, SHAPED LIKE A TERMITE HILL...
A NEST OF UTTERLY INSIGNIFICANT INSECTS.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
BUT TORQUEMADA HAD TAKEN HER AWAY FROM ALL THAT. HE'D MADE HER FEEL IMPORTANT.
HE'D MADE HER FEEL SHE WAS **SOMEBODY**.
But, Nan! Torquemada has forbidden our love!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
FORBIDDEN... WHEN HE BECAME A DECAYING PHANTOM ...IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FORBIDDEN.
Why, Robby? I... I don't understand.
SAD? WHY NOT BECOME SANE?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
AND THEN SHE'D LOST HER CHILDREN ...MURDERED BY NEMESIS.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
AND THERE WAS NO MORE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL. SHE WAS A TERMITE AGAIN.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
Because you're a robot, Nan!

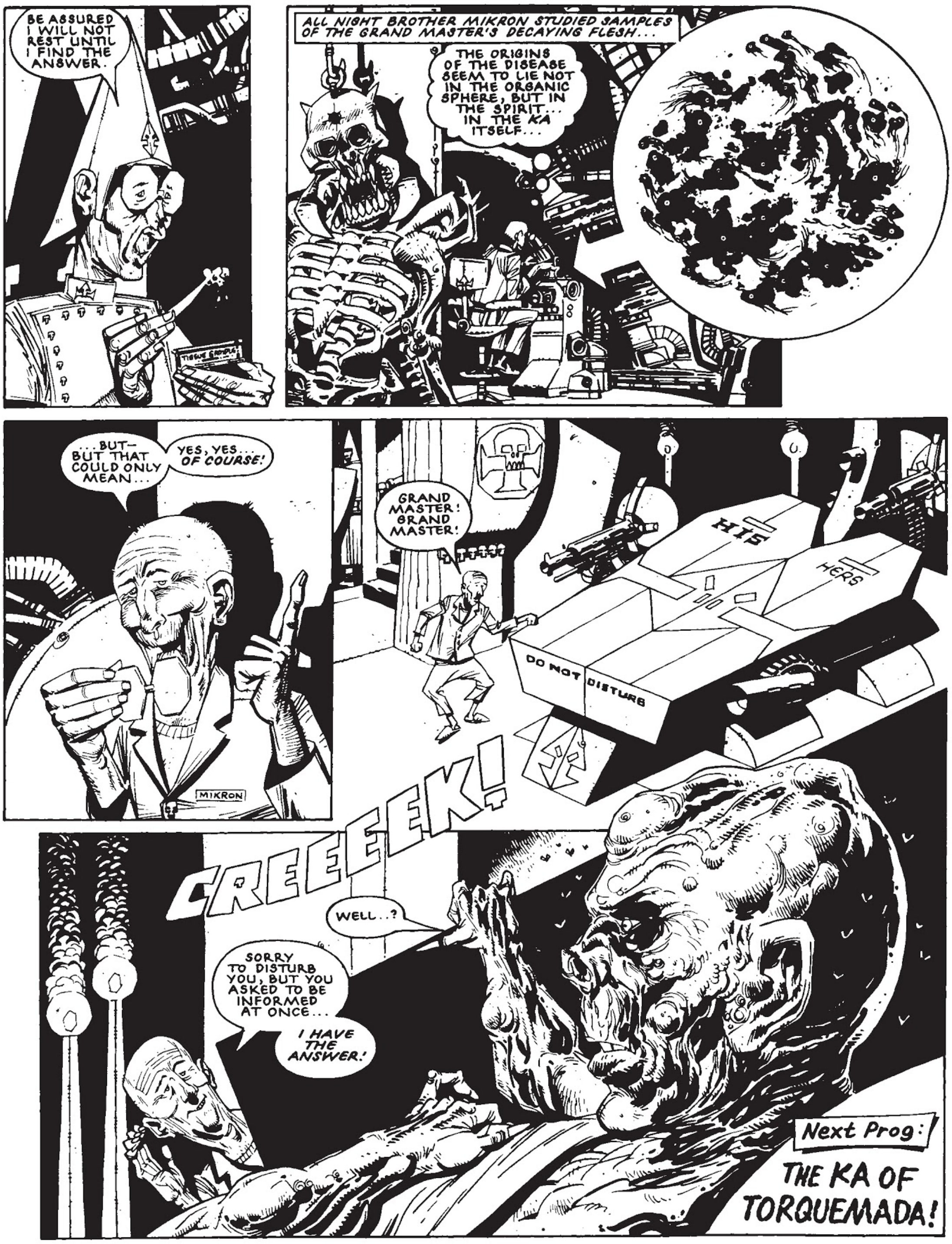

JUST ANOTHER TERMITE SCURRYING UP AND DOWN THE PEOPLE PIPES...
Nan! Let me explain!
PUSHING AND SHOVING, OBSESSED WITH THEIR UN-IMPORTANT LIVES.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
RUNNING FROM ONE PIPE INTO ANOTHER... LOOKING FOR THE WAY OUT—BUT THERE WAS NONE... THE PIPES WENT ON FOREVER...
TAP! TAP! TAP!
FOREVER. DAY AND NIGHT.
NIGHT AND DAY.
TAPPING OUT MESSAGES FROM 'GRANDFATHER' NOSTRADAMUS DOWN THE HALL ... 'I LOVE YOU, CANDY.'
TAP! TAP! TAP!
CANDIDA
TAP! TAP! TAP!
DAY AND NIGHT.
HE NEVER STOPPED.
'SOON WE'LL BE TOGETHER. I'VE PLANS FOR US TO ESCAPE. YOU AND ME, CANDY.'
'CAN YOU HEAR ME, CANDY?'
TAP! TAP! TAP!
'CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING YOU?'
TAP! TAP! TAP!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHE
NEXT PROG:
DARKER STILL...

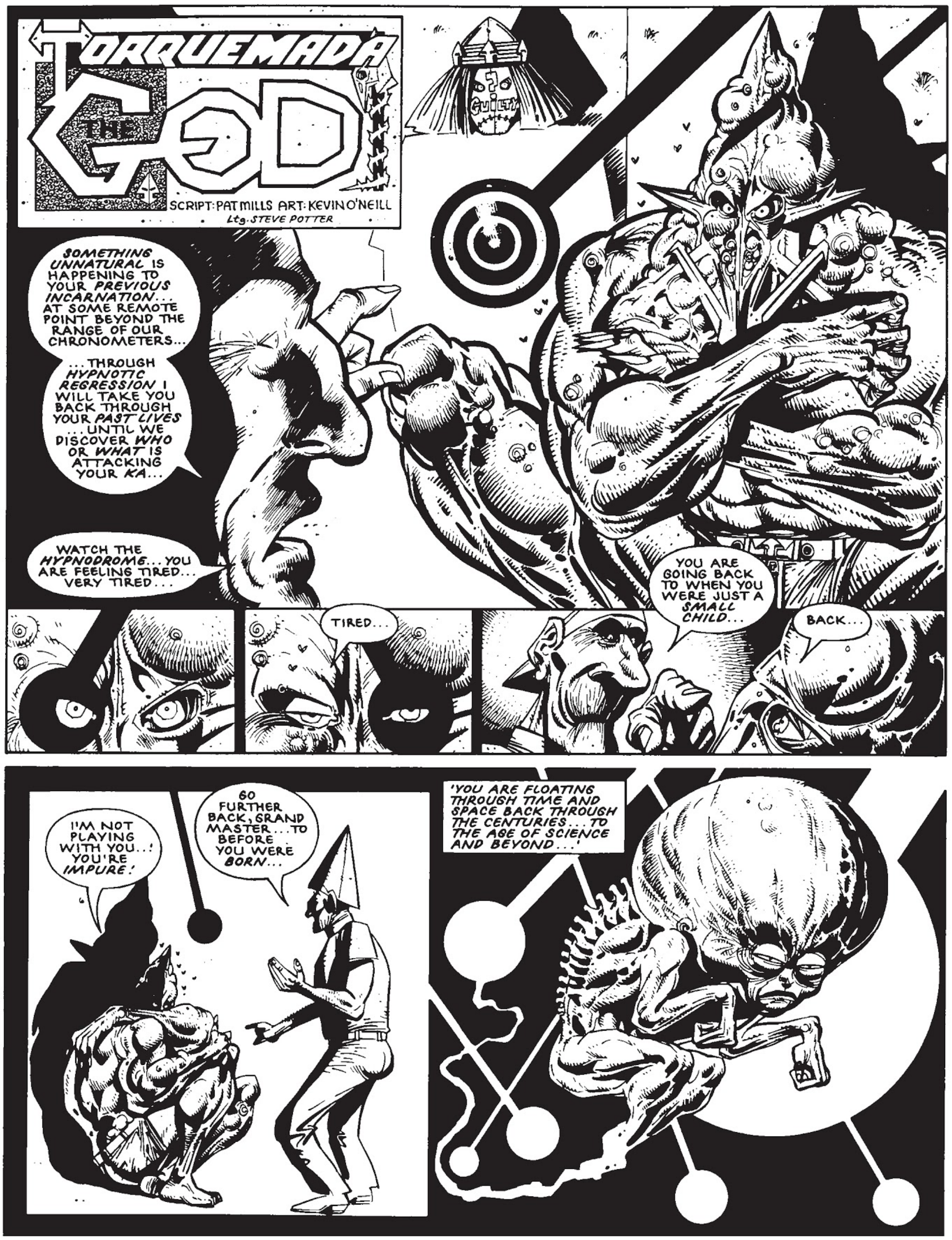

TORQUEMADA
THE GOD
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS ART: KEVIN O'NEILL
Ltg. STEVE POTTER
TO THE PUBLIC IT SEEMED TORQUEMADA WAS HAPPILY MARRIED TO SISTER STURN OR 'S.S.' (AS SHE WAS AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN)... BUT, BEHIND THE FACADE, THE GRAND MASTER'S MARRIAGE HAD ALREADY RUN INTO TROUBLE...
MUTATED!
TEDDY TORTURE
PURE
CARVE BEAR
MUTATED!
SCAMP
MUTATED!
SC
NO!
HE MUST BE CLEANSED! HE MUST BE PURIFIED!
SISTER STURN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
MR. STAY PURE
I'LL DIE FOR YOU

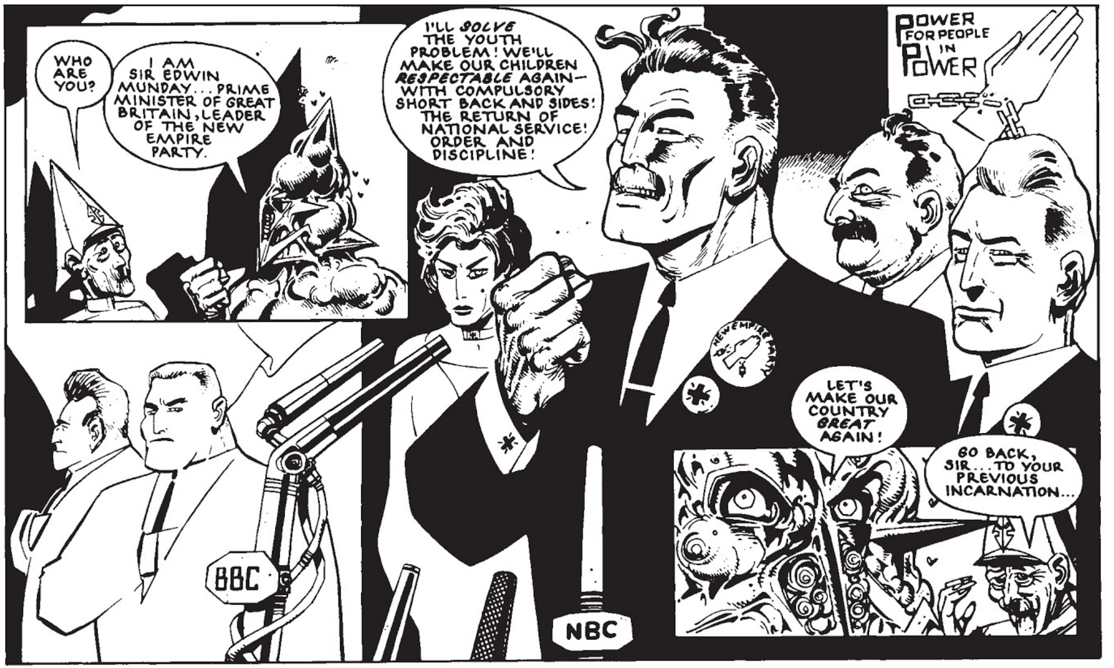

AND ALSO THOSE WHO TRY TO *DEFEND* THE DEVIANT! GIVE *AID* TO THE ALIEN! AND *SUCCOUR* TO THE SUCCUBUS!
SHE... SHE'S GONE CRAZY!
AM I *CRAZY* TO OBEY THE COMMANDS OF MY OWN HUSBAND? TORQUEMADA? YOUR GRAND MASTER?
BUT, SISTER STURN— YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...
...YOUR OWN SON.
SCAMP
THAT 'THING' IN THE COT IS *NOT* MY SON! HE IS A *MUTANT!* A CHANGELING PUT THERE BY OUR ARCH-ENEMY NEMESIS THE WARLOCK!
BUT THERE WERE *ALL* THE USUAL PURITY CHECKS! ATTILA IS *COMPLETELY* HUMAN!
NO... NEMESIS MAY HAVE FOOLED *YOU*— BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL A *MOTHER!* I *KNOW*...
...IT'S A DEVIANT WITH A DUMMY! A FIEND WITH A FEEDING BOTTLE! A REPTILE WITH A RUSK! *A NIGHTMARE IN NAPPIES!*
NURSERY
TO SAY SISTER STURN WAS INSANE IS PROBABLY AN UNDERSTATEMENT...

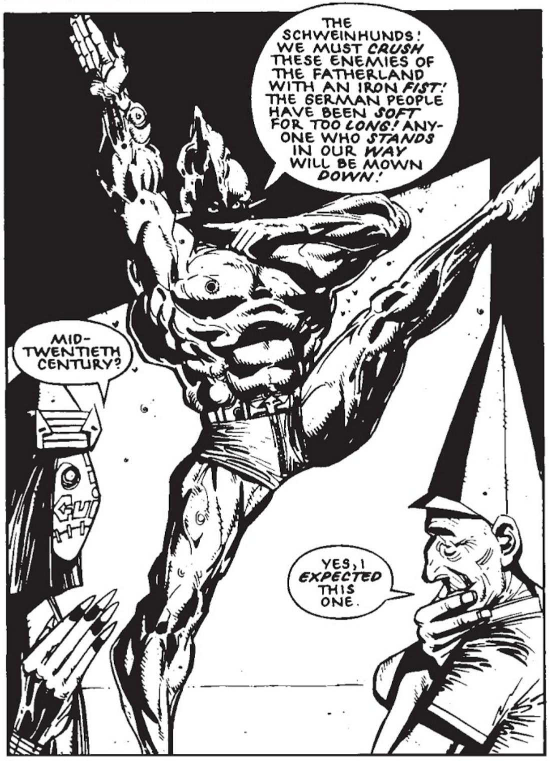

BUT IT WAS **POETIC JUSTICE** THAT ALL THE **POISON**, THE **INDOCTRINATION** AND **LIES** SHE'D BEEN TAUGHT BY THE TERMINATORS AS A CHILD SHOULD NOW BE USED TO THREATEN THE SON OF THEIR GRAND MASTER...
'S.S.' WAS A CREATURE OF TORQUEMADA—BUT SHE HAD BEEN TAUGHT **TOO WELL**...
SHE SEES ALIENS EVERYWHERE! SHE'S CONSTANTLY CHECKING THE BROOM CUPBOARDS... THE CHIMNEYS... UNDER THE BEDS...
PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE HER ***COMMITTED***? FIND HER A CELL ALONGSIDE CANDIDA'S..?
SATCHMO
THAT MIGHT BE ***UNWISE***...
LAST WEEK SHE CAME TO ME AND SUGGESTED ***CANDIDA*** WAS A MUTANT.
SHE WANTED TO CLEANSE HER ***PERSONALLY***.
PERHAPS SHE HERSELF SHOULD BE... CLEANSED?
GOOD HEAVENS, ***NO!*** WHY SHOULD WE PUNISH HER WHEN SHE'S BEEN INSPIRED BY MY OWN DIVINE WORDS!
I'VE NO OBJECTION TO A LITTLE ***ZEAL***—JUST AS LONG AS MY SON ISN'T ON THE RECEIVING END.
AND SO SISTER STURN WAS KEPT FROM LITTLE ATTILA, WHO WAS GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT... WHILE SHE WAS ALLOWED TO WANDER THE PALACE FREELY... LIKE SOME AVENGING ANGEL—EVER ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR DEVIANTS...
KITCHEN
STAFF
GARBAGE
...AND IF SHE DISCOVERED ONE OR TWO AMONGST THE KITCHEN STAFF...
MUTATED!

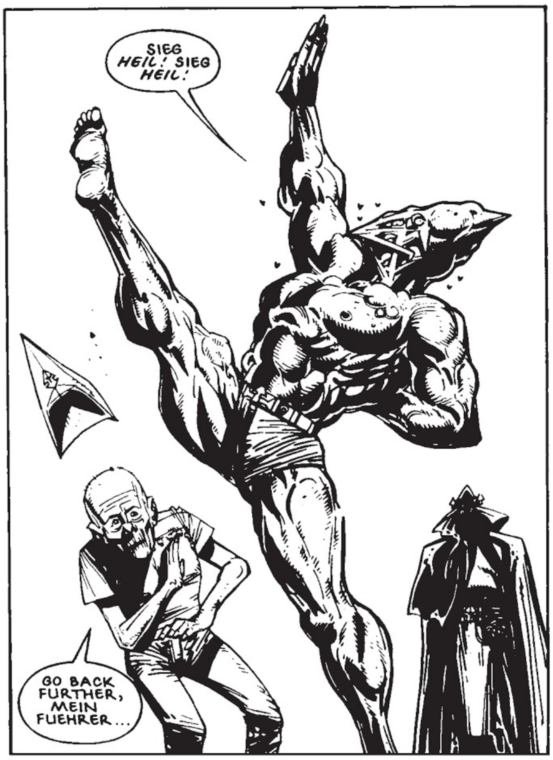

WELL, THEY **WERE** REPLACEABLE AND IT **DID** HELP TO KEEP HER OCCUPIED...
MUTATED!
HAVING DESTROYED THE LIVES OF TWO MORE OF HIS WIVES, TORQUEMADA WAS IN NO MOOD TO START OVER...
AND BESIDES ... HE HAD **OTHER MATTERS** ON HIS MIND...
HE WAS BEGINNING TO DECAY AGAIN...
BUT WHEREAS THIS HAD REPELLED CANDIDA, IT SEEMED TO HAVE THE OPPOSITE EFFECT ON SISTER STURN...
OH, MY LOVE...
HE SUMMONED HIS LONG-TIME EXPERT IN SUCH MATTERS... **BROTHER MIKRON**... WHO, ALTHOUGH HE WOULD KILL THE DEVIANT GRAND MASTER IN AN ALTERNATIVE FUTURE, HAD ALWAYS BEEN FAITHFUL TO THE PURE VERSION...
WELL, BROTHER MIKRON..? CAN YOU RECOMMEND SOME MEDICINE THAT WILL CURE MY MALADY?
NOT UNTIL I KNOW THE *CAUSE* OF YOUR DISTEMPER, GRAND MASTER.

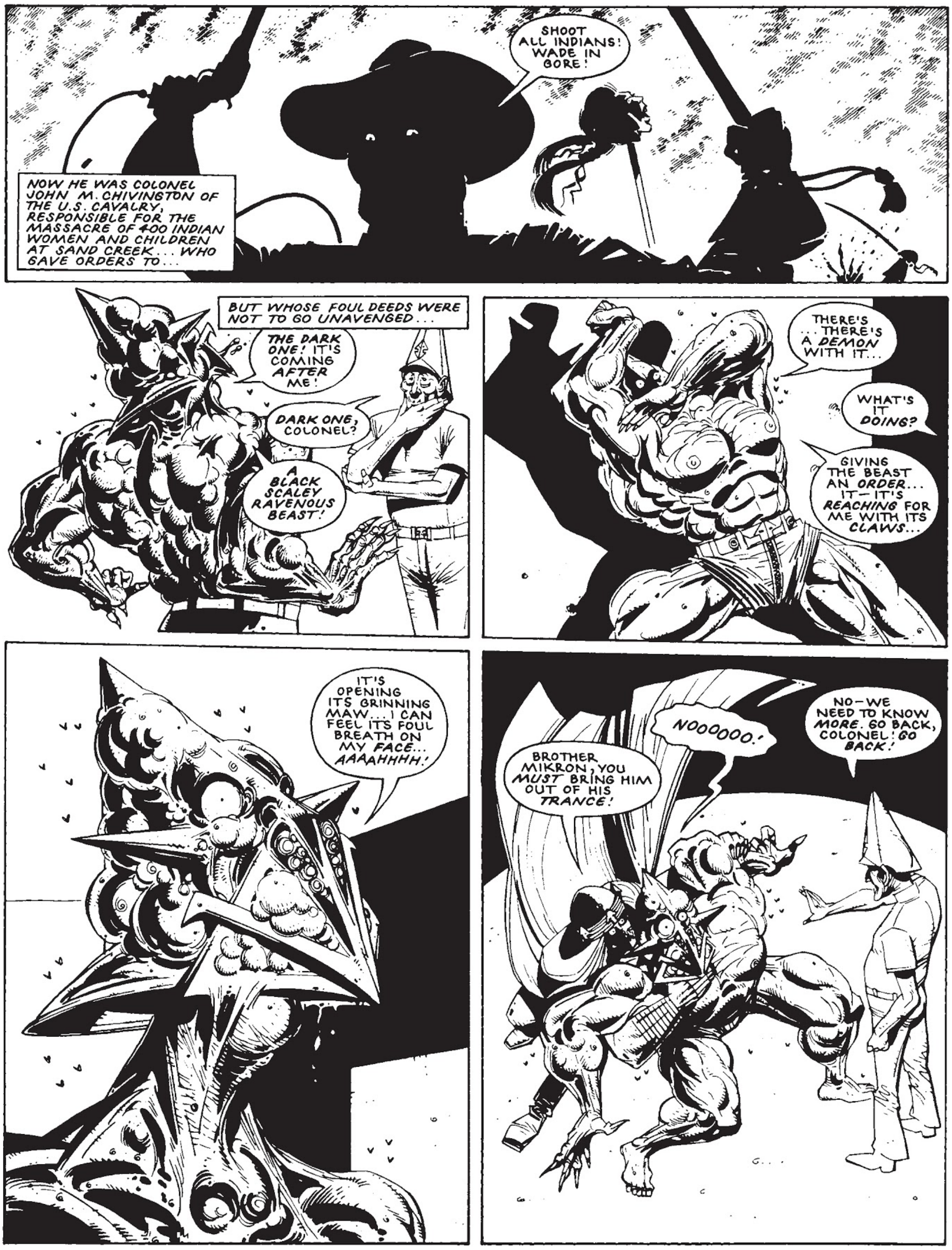

BE ASSURED I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I FIND THE ANSWER.
TISSUE SAMPLES
ALL NIGHT BROTHER MIKRON STUDIED SAMPLES OF THE GRAND MASTER'S DECAYING FLESH...
THE ORIGINS OF THE DISEASE SEEM TO LIE NOT IN THE ORGANIC SPHERE, BUT IN THE SPIRIT... IN THE KA ITSELF...
...BUT— BUT THAT COULD ONLY MEAN...
YES, YES... OF COURSE!
MIKRON
GRAND MASTER! GRAND MASTER!
HIS
HERS
DO NOT DISTURB
CREEEEK!
WELL..?
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT YOU ASKED TO BE INFORMED AT ONCE... I HAVE THE ANSWER!
Next Prog:
THE KA OF TORQUEMADA!

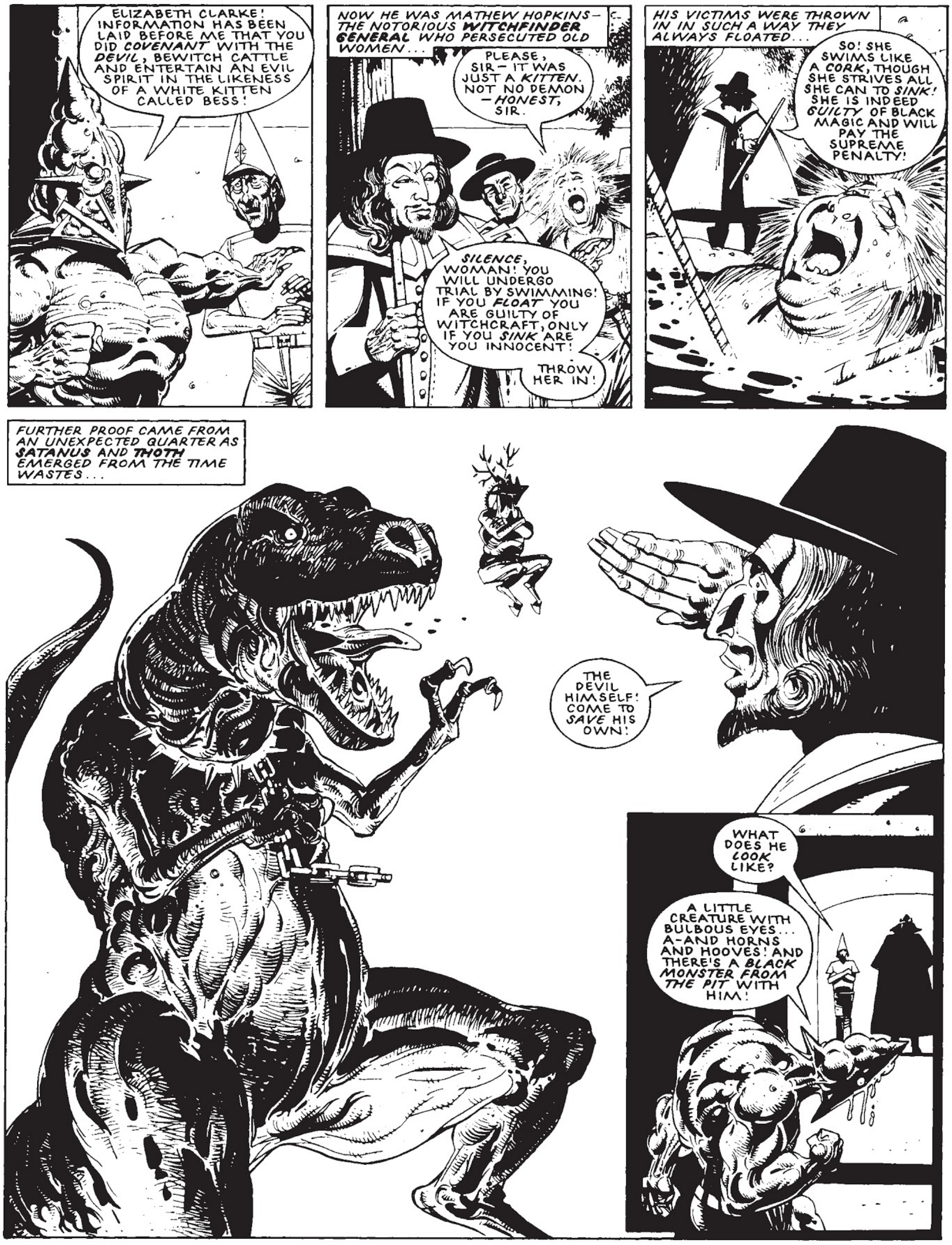

TORQUEMADA
THE GOD
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS ART: KEVIN O'NEILL
Ltg. STEVE POTTER
GUILTY
SOMETHING UNNATURAL IS HAPPENING TO YOUR PREVIOUS INCARNATION... AT SOME REMOTE POINT BEYOND THE RANGE OF OUR CHRONOMETERS...
...THROUGH HYPNOTIC REGRESSION I WILL TAKE YOU BACK THROUGH YOUR PAST LIVES ...UNTIL WE DISCOVER WHO OR WHAT IS ATTACKING YOUR KA...
WATCH THE HYPNODROME... YOU ARE FEELING TIRED... VERY TIRED...
YOU ARE GOING BACK TO WHEN YOU WERE JUST A SMALL CHILD...
TIRED...
BACK...
I'M NOT PLAYING WITH YOU...! YOU'RE IMPURE!
GO FURTHER BACK, GRAND MASTER... TO BEFORE YOU WERE BORN...
'YOU ARE FLOATING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES... TO THE AGE OF SCIENCE AND BEYOND...'

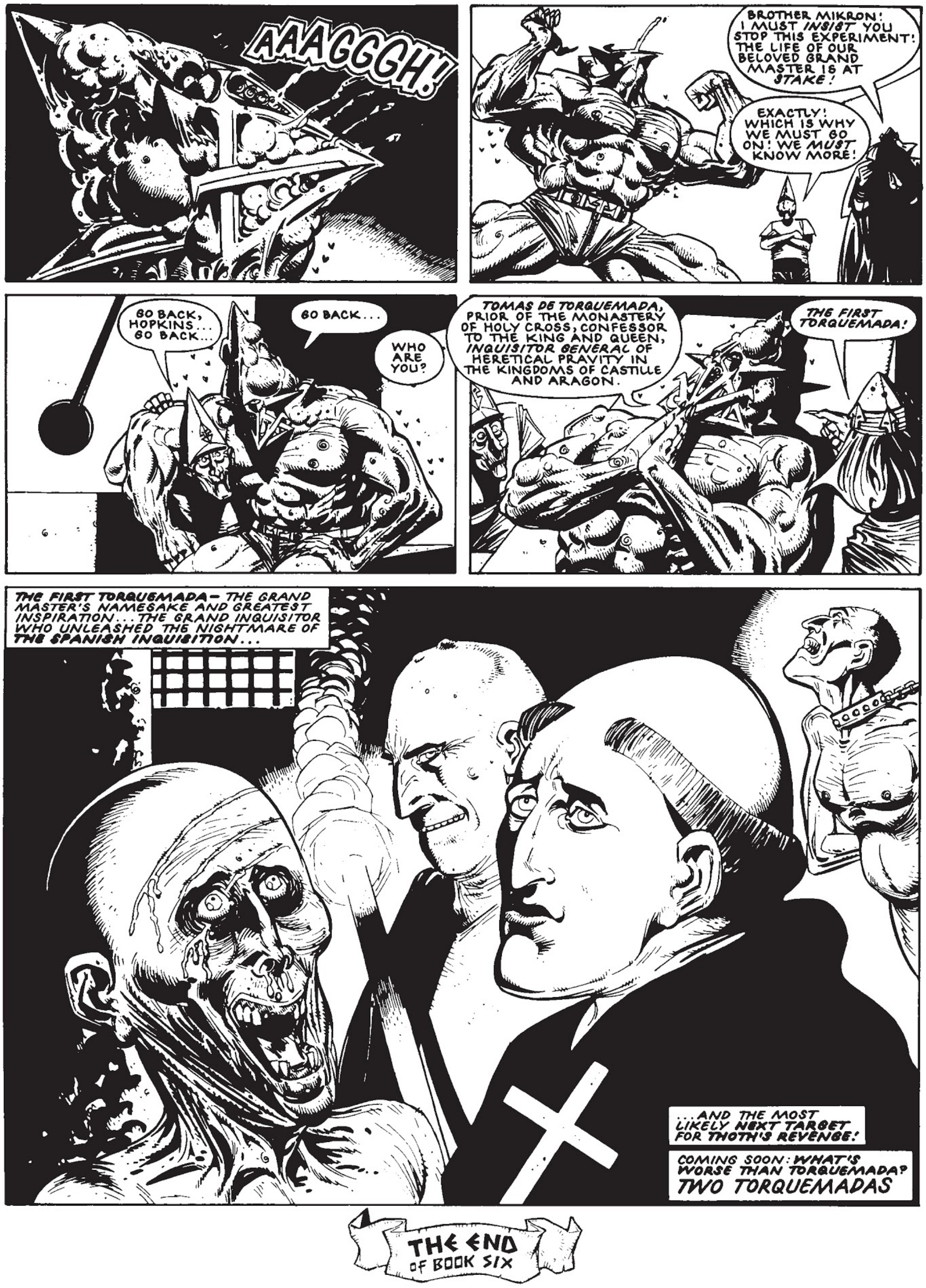

WHO ARE YOU?
I AM SIR EDWIN MUNDAY... PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN, LEADER OF THE NEW EMPIRE PARTY.
I'LL *SOLVE* THE YOUTH PROBLEM! WE'LL MAKE OUR CHILDREN *RESPECTABLE* AGAIN— WITH COMPULSORY SHORT BACK AND SIDES! THE RETURN OF NATIONAL SERVICE! ORDER AND DISCIPLINE!
POWER FOR PEOPLE IN POWER
NEW EMPIRE PARTY
BBC
NBC
LET'S MAKE OUR COUNTRY *GREAT* AGAIN!
GO BACK, SIR... TO YOUR PREVIOUS INCARNATION...


THE SCHWEINHUNDS! WE MUST *CRUSH* THESE ENEMIES OF THE FATHERLAND WITH AN IRON *FIST!* THE GERMAN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN *SOFT* FOR TOO *LONG!* ANYONE WHO *STANDS* IN OUR *WAY* WILL BE MOWN *DOWN!*
MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY?
YES, I *EXPECTED* THIS ONE.


SIEG *HEIL!* SIEG *HEIL!*
GO BACK FURTHER, MEIN FUEHRER...


SHOOT ALL INDIANS! WADE IN GORE!
NOW HE WAS COLONEL JOHN M. CHIVINGTON OF THE U.S. CAVALRY, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MASSACRE OF 400 INDIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT SAND CREEK... WHO GAVE ORDERS TO...
BUT WHOSE FOUL DEEDS WERE NOT TO GO UNAVENGED...
THE DARK ONE! IT'S COMING AFTER ME!
DARK ONE, COLONEL?
A BLACK SCALEY RAVENOUS BEAST!
THERE'S ...THERE'S A DEMON WITH IT...
WHAT'S IT DOING?
GIVING THE BEAST AN ORDER... IT—IT'S REACHING FOR ME WITH ITS CLAWS...
IT'S OPENING ITS GRINNING MAW... I CAN FEEL ITS FOUL BREATH ON MY FACE... AAAAHHHH!
NOOOOOO!
BROTHER MIKRON, YOU MUST BRING HIM OUT OF HIS TRANCE!
NO—WE NEED TO KNOW MORE. GO BACK, COLONEL! GO BACK!

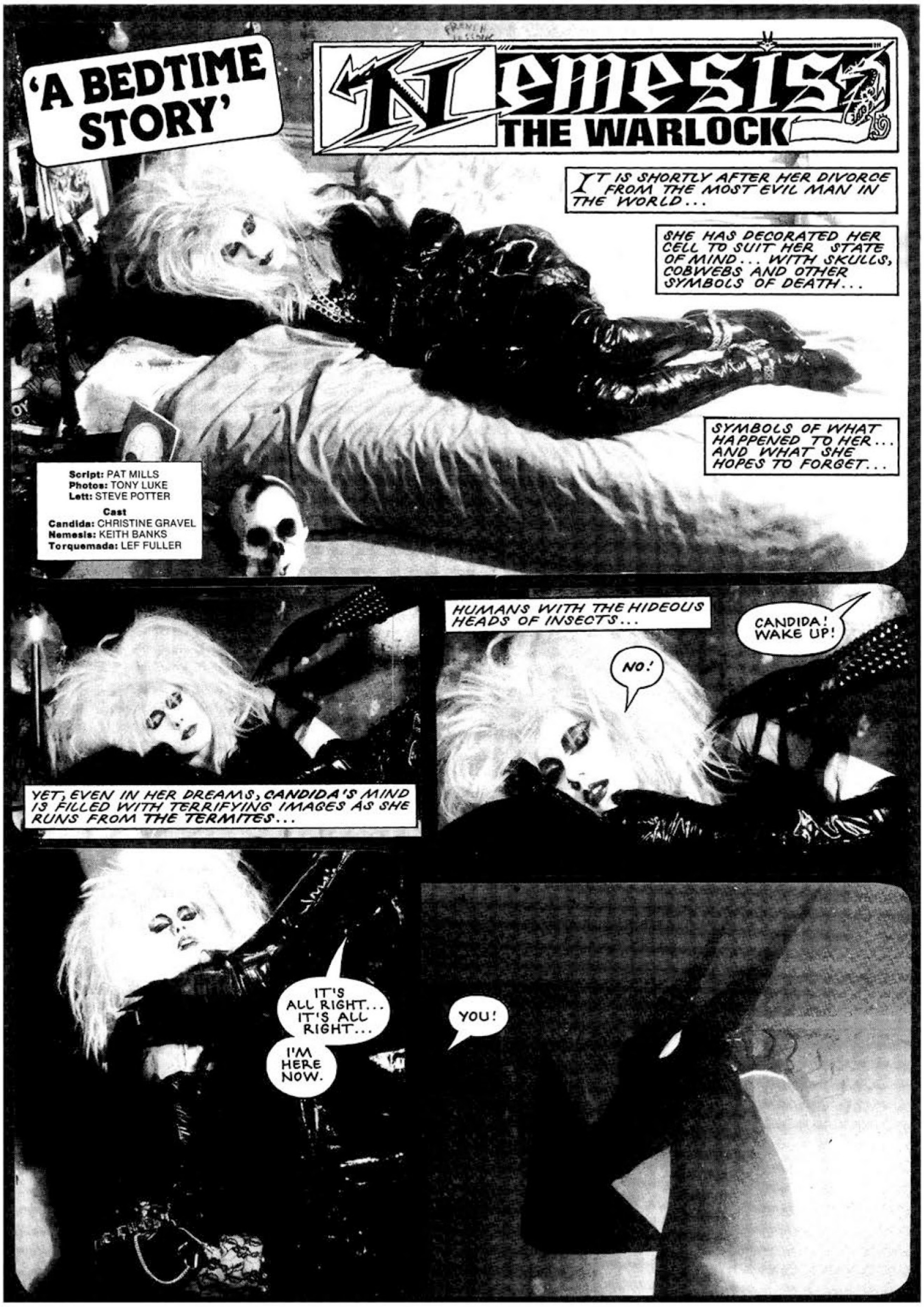

ELIZABETH CLARKE! INFORMATION HAS BEEN LAID BEFORE ME THAT YOU DID **COVENANT** WITH THE **DEVIL**, BEWITCH CATTLE AND ENTERTAIN AN EVIL SPIRIT IN THE LIKENESS OF A WHITE KITTEN CALLED BESS!
NOW HE WAS MATHEW HOPKINS— THE NOTORIOUS **WITCHFINDER GENERAL** WHO PERSECUTED OLD WOMEN...
PLEASE, SIR— IT WAS JUST A **KITTEN**. NOT NO DEMON —**HONEST**, SIR.
SILENCE, WOMAN! YOU WILL UNDERGO TRIAL BY SWIMMING! IF YOU **FLOAT** YOU ARE GUILTY OF WITCHCRAFT, ONLY IF YOU **SINK** ARE YOU INNOCENT!
THROW HER IN!
HIS VICTIMS WERE THROWN IN IN SUCH A WAY THEY ALWAYS FLOATED...
SO! SHE SWIMS LIKE A **CORK**, THOUGH SHE STRIVES ALL SHE CAN TO **SINK**! SHE IS INDEED **GUILTY** OF BLACK MAGIC AND WILL PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY!
FURTHER PROOF CAME FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER AS **SATANUS** AND **THOTH** EMERGED FROM THE TIME WASTES...
THE DEVIL HIMSELF! COME TO **SAVE** HIS OWN!
WHAT DOES HE **LOOK** LIKE?
A LITTLE CREATURE WITH BULBOUS EYES... A-AND HORNS AND HOOVES! AND THERE'S A **BLACK MONSTER FROM THE PIT** WITH HIM!


AAAGGGH!
BROTHER MIKRON! I MUST *INSIST* YOU STOP THIS EXPERIMENT: THE LIFE OF OUR BELOVED GRAND MASTER IS AT *STAKE*!
EXACTLY! WHICH IS WHY WE MUST GO ON! WE *MUST* KNOW MORE!
GO BACK, HOPKINS... GO BACK...
GO BACK...
WHO ARE YOU?
TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA, PRIOR OF THE MONASTERY OF HOLY CROSS, CONFESSOR TO THE KING AND QUEEN, *INQUISITOR GENERAL* OF HERETICAL PRAVITY IN THE KINGDOMS OF CASTILLE AND ARAGON.
THE FIRST TORQUEMADA!
THE FIRST TORQUEMADA– THE GRAND MASTER'S NAMESAKE AND GREATEST INSPIRATION... THE GRAND INQUISITOR WHO UNLEASHED THE NIGHTMARE OF **THE SPANISH INQUISITION**...
...AND THE MOST LIKELY **NEXT TARGET** *FOR* **THOTH'S REVENGE!**
COMING SOON: **WHAT'S WORSE THAN TORQUEMADA?**
TWO TORQUEMADAS
THE END OF BOOK SIX

A BEDTIME STORY

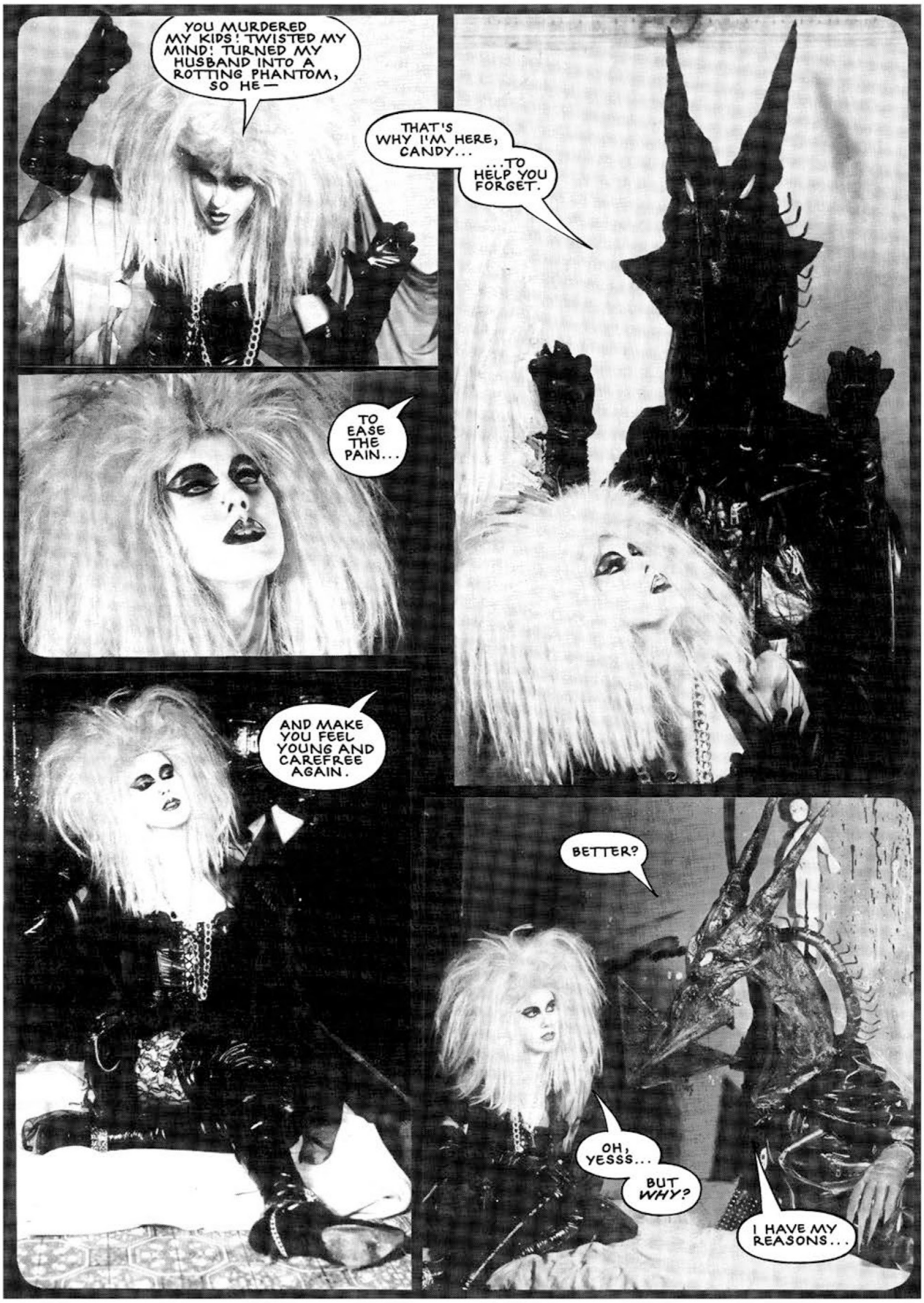
Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Tony Luke
Illumination: Steve Potter

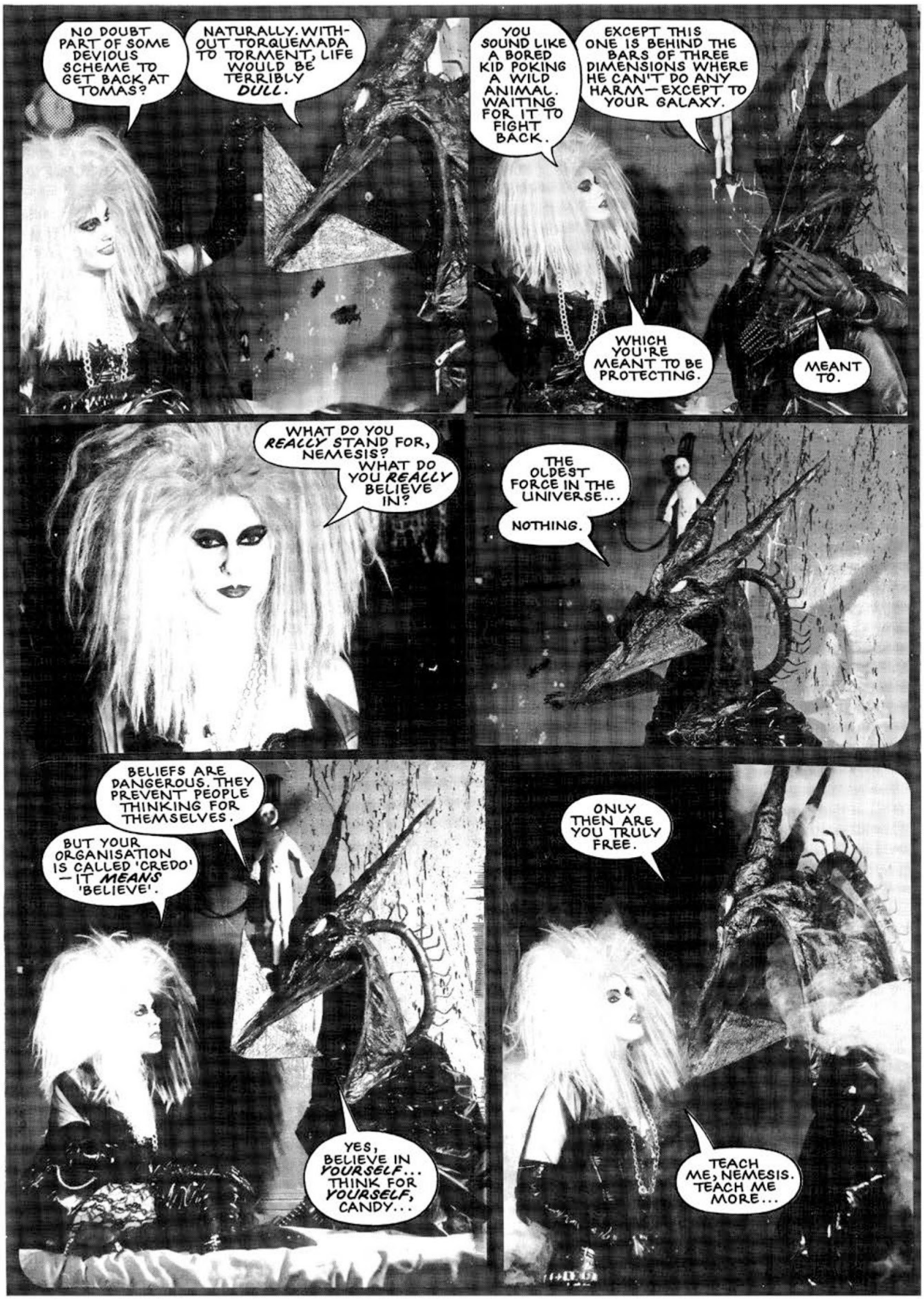
Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 534

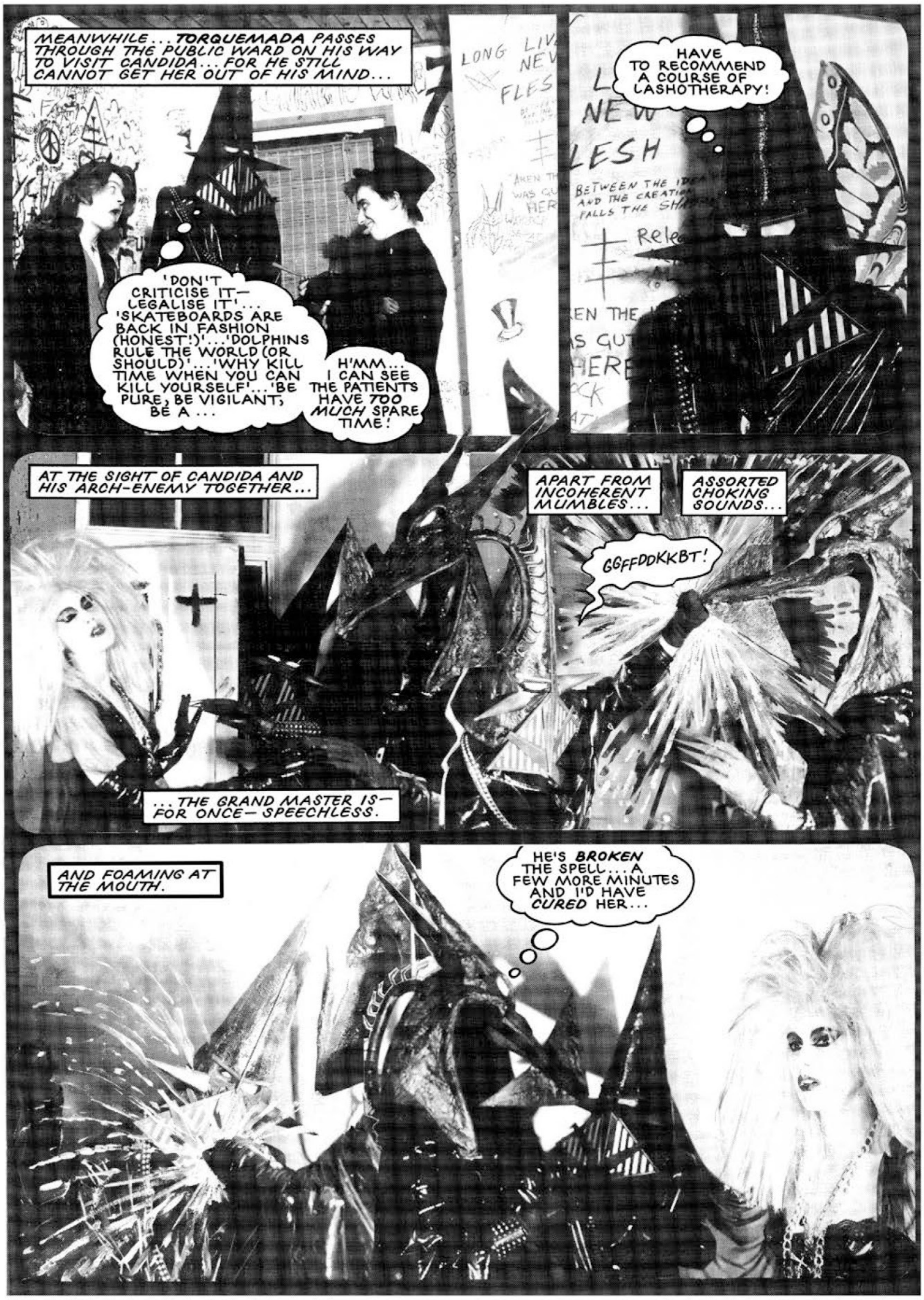

'A BEDTIME STORY'
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
IT IS SHORTLY AFTER HER DIVORCE FROM THE MOST EVIL MAN IN THE WORLD...
SHE HAS DECORATED HER CELL TO SUIT HER STATE OF MIND... WITH SKULLS, COBWEBS AND OTHER SYMBOLS OF DEATH...
SYMBOLS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HER... AND WHAT SHE HOPES TO FORGET...
YET, EVEN IN HER DREAMS, CANDIDA'S MIND IS FILLED WITH TERRIFYING IMAGES AS SHE RUNS FROM THE TERMITES...
HUMANS WITH THE HIDEOUS HEADS OF INSECTS...
CANDIDA! WAKE UP!
NO!
IT'S ALL RIGHT... IT'S ALL RIGHT...
I'M HERE NOW.
YOU!

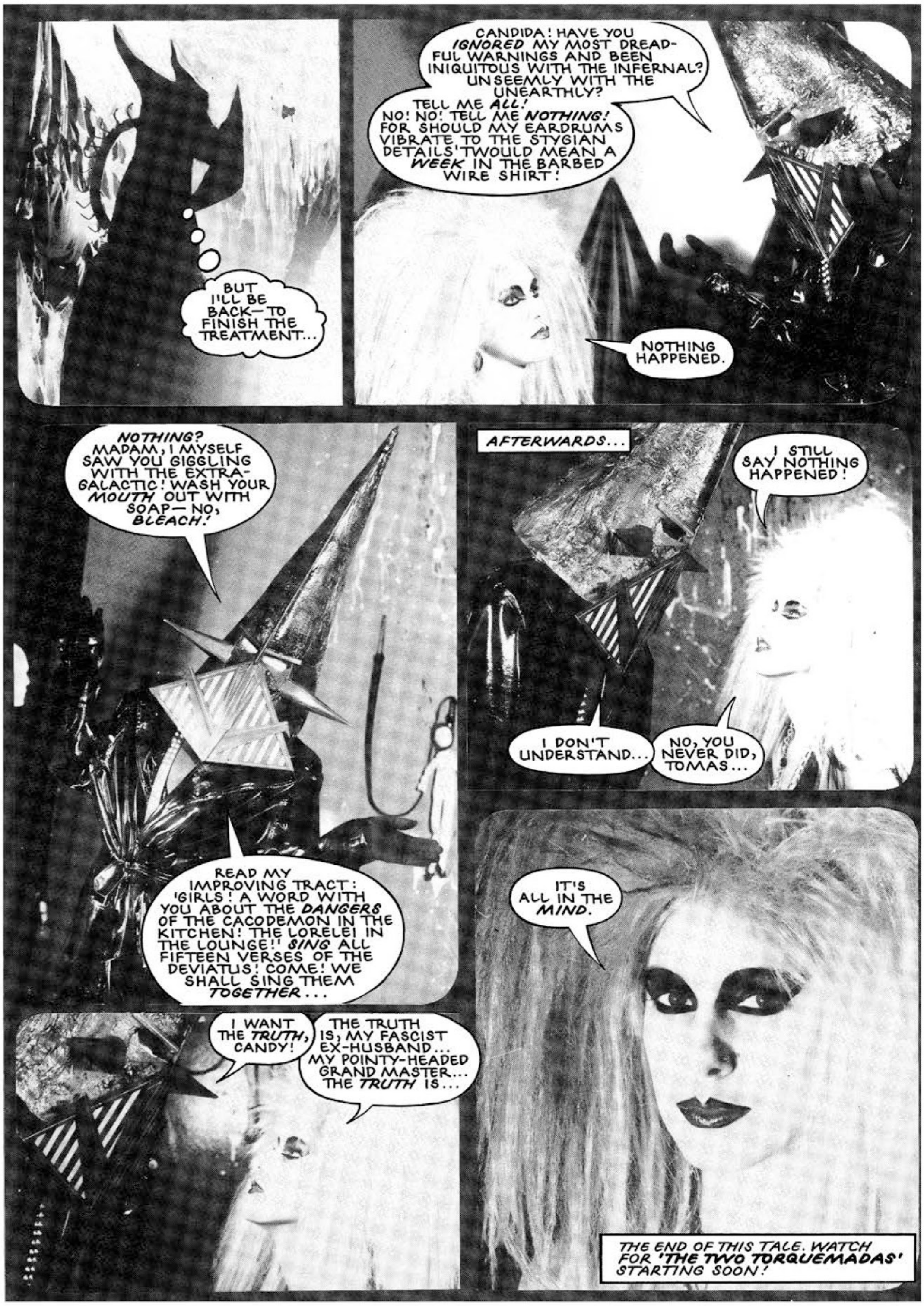
Script: PAT MILLS
Photos: TONY LUKE
Lett: STEVE POTTER

Cast
Candida: CHRISTINE GRAVEL
Nemesis: KEITH BANKS
Torquemada: LEF FULLER


YOU MURDERED MY KIDS! TWISTED MY MIND! TURNED MY HUSBAND INTO A ROTTING PHANTOM, SO HE—
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, CANDY...
...TO HELP YOU FORGET.
TO EASE THE PAIN...
AND MAKE YOU FEEL YOUNG AND CAREFREE AGAIN.
BETTER?
OH, YESSS...
BUT *WHY?*
I HAVE MY REASONS...


NO DOUBT PART OF SOME DEVIOUS SCHEME TO GET BACK AT TOMAS?
NATURALLY. WITHOUT TORQUEMADA TO TORMENT, LIFE WOULD BE TERRIBLY *DULL*.
YOU SOUND LIKE A BORED KID POKING A WILD ANIMAL. WAITING FOR IT TO FIGHT BACK.
EXCEPT THIS ONE IS BEHIND THE BARS OF THREE DIMENSIONS WHERE HE CAN'T DO ANY HARM—EXCEPT TO YOUR GALAXY.
WHICH YOU'RE MEANT TO BE PROTECTING.
MEANT TO.
WHAT DO YOU *REALLY* STAND FOR, NEMESIS? WHAT DO YOU *REALLY* BELIEVE IN?
THE OLDEST FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE...
NOTHING.
BELIEFS ARE DANGEROUS. THEY PREVENT PEOPLE THINKING FOR THEMSELVES.
BUT YOUR ORGANISATION IS CALLED 'CREDO' — IT *MEANS* 'BELIEVE'.
YES, BELIEVE IN *YOURSELF*... THINK FOR *YOURSELF*, CANDY...
ONLY THEN ARE YOU TRULY FREE.
TEACH ME, NEMESIS. TEACH ME MORE...


MEANWHILE... **TORQUEMADA** PASSES THROUGH THE PUBLIC WARD ON HIS WAY TO VISIT CANDIDA... FOR HE STILL CANNOT GET HER OUT OF HIS MIND...
'DON'T CRITICISE IT— LEGALISE IT'... 'SKATEBOARDS ARE BACK IN FASHION (HONEST!)'... 'DOLPHINS RULE THE WORLD (OR SHOULD)'... 'WHY KILL TIME WHEN YOU CAN KILL YOURSELF'... 'BE PURE, BE VIGILANT, BE A...
H'MM... I CAN SEE THE PATIENTS HAVE *TOO MUCH* SPARE TIME!
HAVE TO RECOMMEND A COURSE OF LASHOTHERAPY!
AT THE SIGHT OF CANDIDA AND HIS ARCH-ENEMY TOGETHER...
...THE GRAND MASTER IS— FOR ONCE— SPEECHLESS.
APART FROM INCOHERENT MUMBLES...
ASSORTED CHOKING SOUNDS...
GGFFDDKKBT!
AND FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.
HE'S **BROKEN** THE SPELL... A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I'D HAVE **CURED** HER...


BUT I'LL BE BACK— TO FINISH THE TREATMENT...
CANDIDA! HAVE YOU *IGNORED* MY MOST DREADFUL WARNINGS AND BEEN INIQUITOUS WITH THE INFERNAL? UNSEEMLY WITH THE UNEARTHLY? TELL ME *ALL!* NO! NO! TELL ME *NOTHING!* FOR SHOULD MY EARDRUMS VIBRATE TO THE STYGIAN DETAILS 'TWOULD MEAN A *WEEK* IN THE BARBED WIRE SHIRT!
NOTHING HAPPENED.
NOTHING? MADAM, I MYSELF SAW YOU GIGGLING WITH THE EXTRA-GALACTIC! WASH YOUR *MOUTH* OUT WITH SOAP— NO, *BLEACH!*
READ MY IMPROVING TRACT: 'GIRLS! A WORD WITH YOU ABOUT THE *DANGERS* OF THE CACODEMON IN THE KITCHEN! THE LORELEI IN THE LOUNGE!' *SING* ALL FIFTEEN VERSES OF THE DEVIATUS! COME! WE SHALL SING THEM *TOGETHER*...
AFTERWARDS...
I STILL SAY NOTHING HAPPENED!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
NO, YOU NEVER DID, TOMAS...
I WANT THE *TRUTH*, CANDY!
THE TRUTH IS, MY FASCIST EX-HUSBAND... MY POINTY-HEADED GRAND MASTER... THE *TRUTH* IS...
IT'S ALL IN THE *MIND*.
THE END OF THIS TALE. WATCH FOR ***'THE TWO TORQUEMADAS'*** *STARTING SOON!*

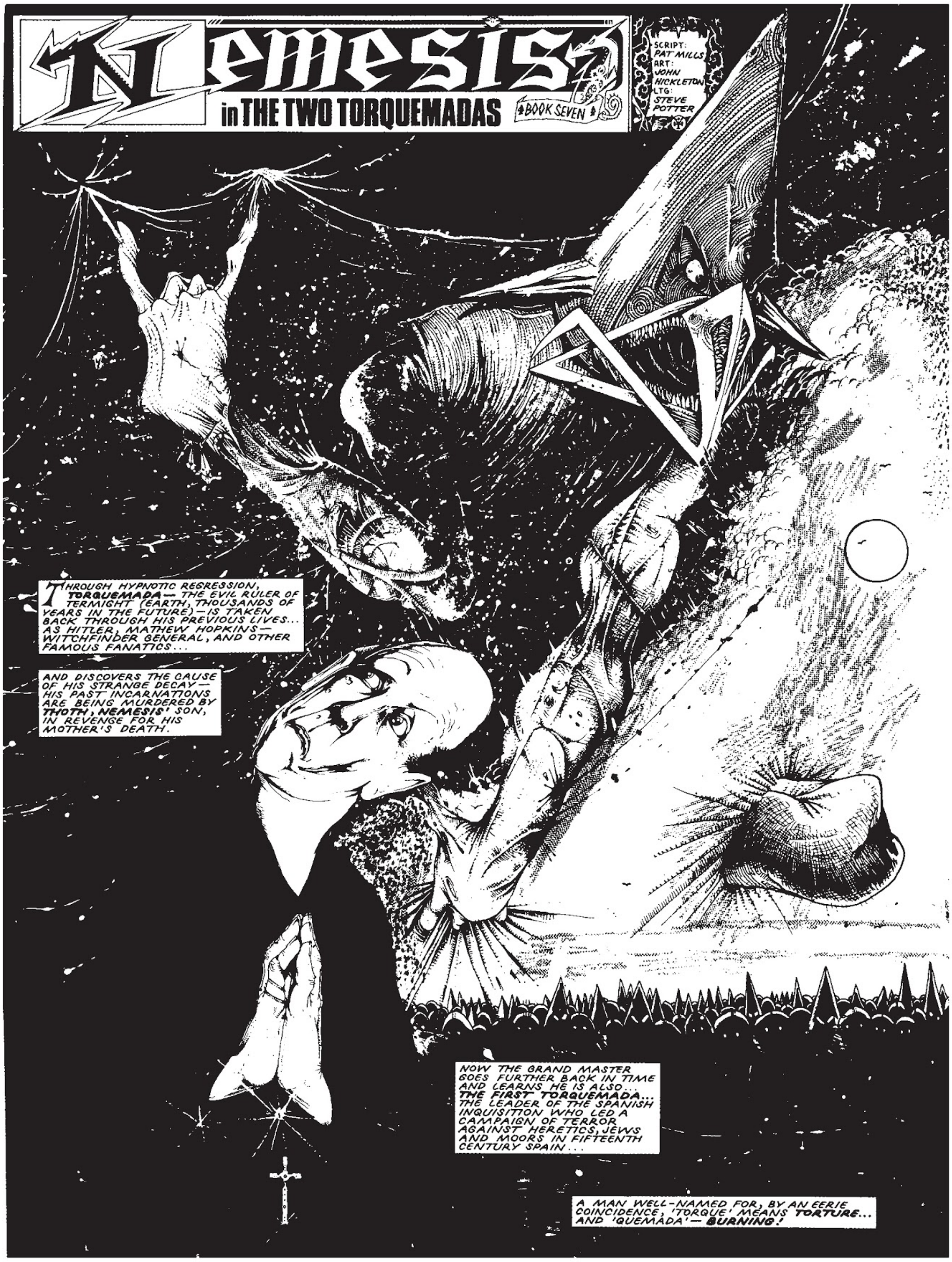
Nemesis THE WARLOCK

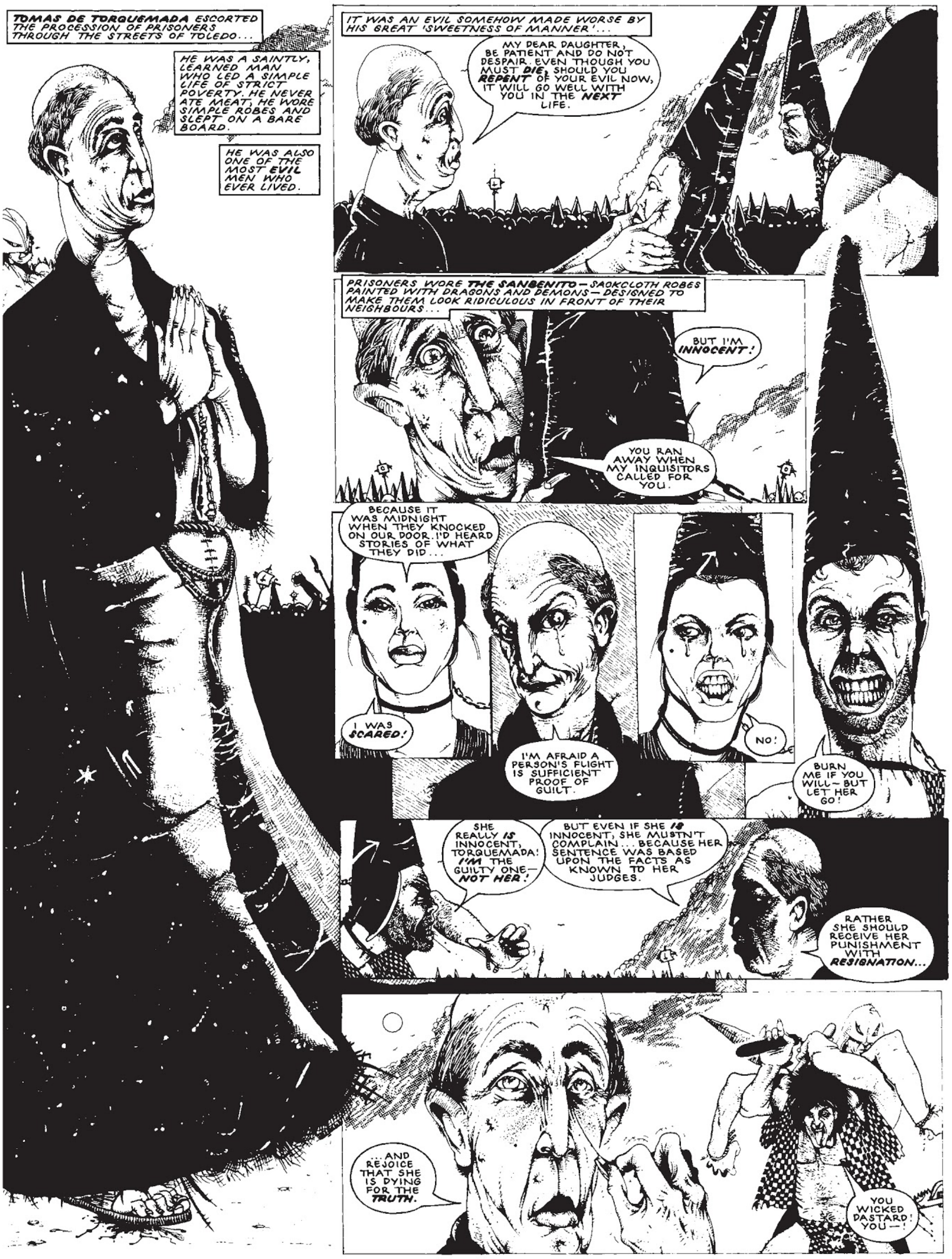
BOOK VII

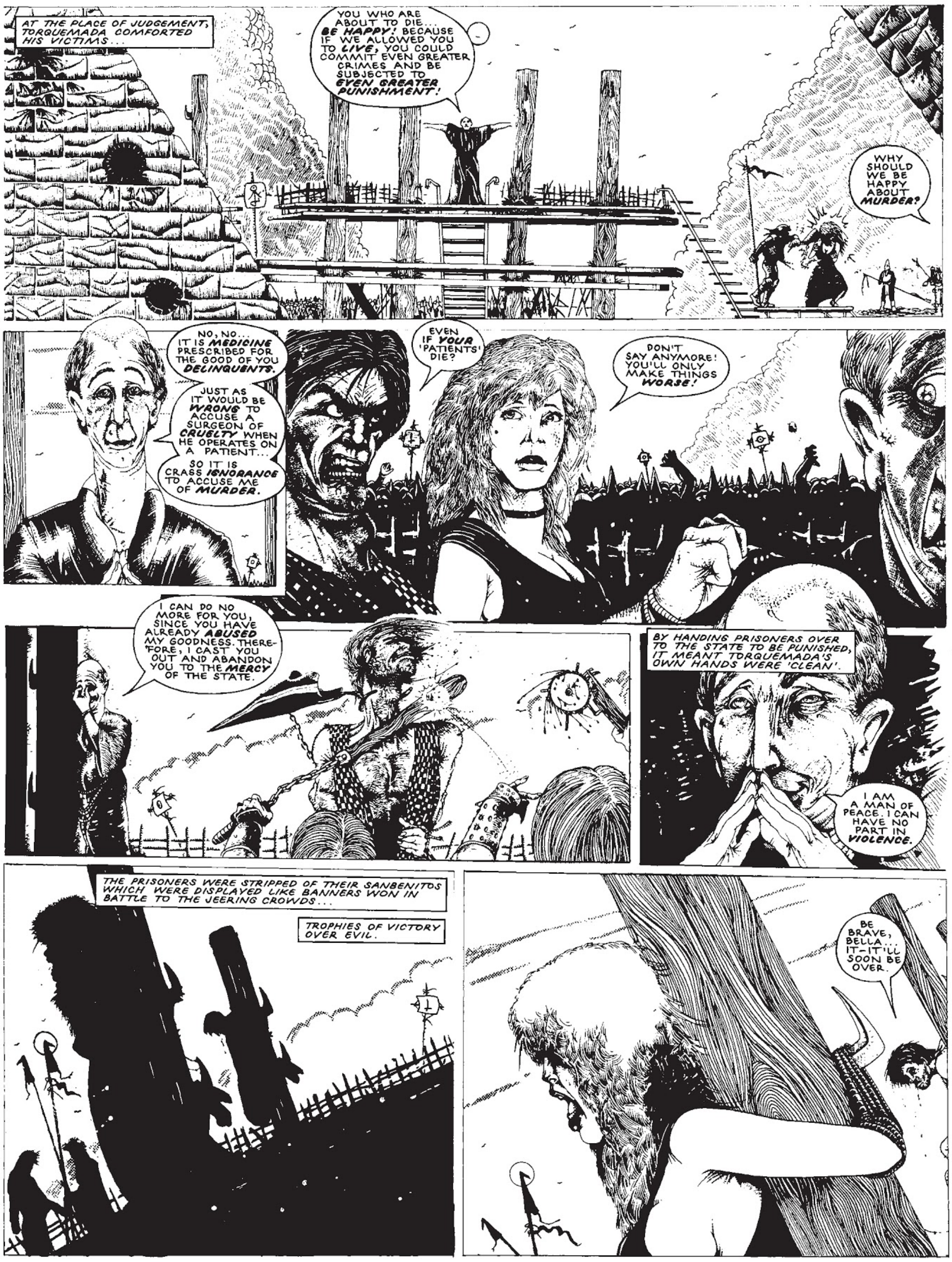
THE TWO TORQUEMADAS

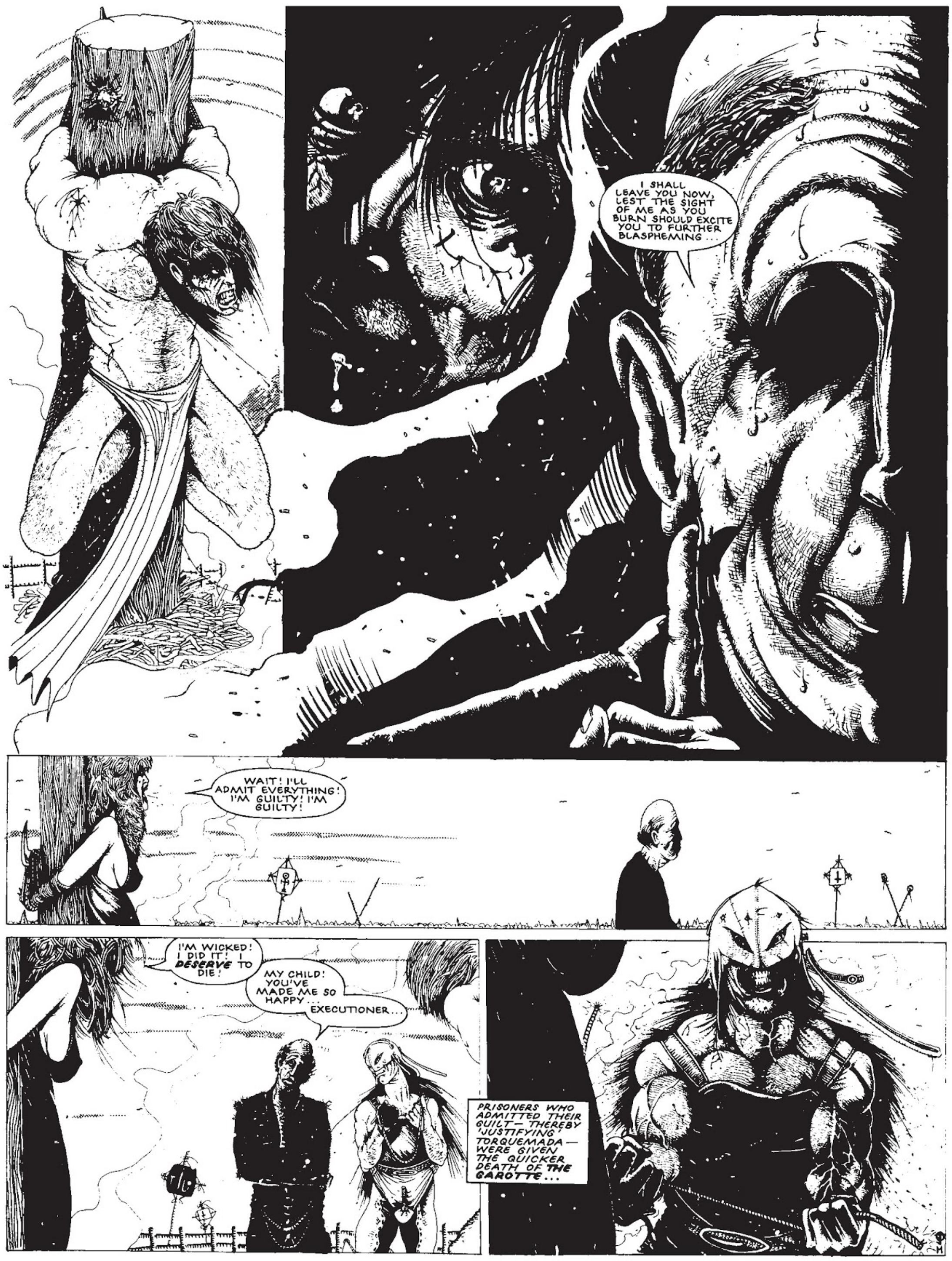
Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: John Hicklenton
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 546-557


Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLETON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
THROUGH HYPNOTIC REGRESSION, TORQUEMADA— THE EVIL RULER OF TERMIGHT (EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE)—IS TAKEN BACK THROUGH HIS PREVIOUS LIVES... AS HITLER, MATHEW HOPKINS— WITCHFINDER GENERAL, AND OTHER FAMOUS FANATICS...
AND DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF HIS STRANGE DECAY— HIS PAST INCARNATIONS ARE BEING MURDERED BY THOTH, NEMESIS' SON, IN REVENGE FOR HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.
NOW THE GRAND MASTER GOES FURTHER BACK IN TIME AND LEARNS HE IS ALSO... THE FIRST TORQUEMADA... THE LEADER OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION WHO LED A CAMPAIGN OF TERROR AGAINST HERETICS, JEWS AND MOORS IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY SPAIN...
A MAN WELL-NAMED FOR, BY AN EERIE COINCIDENCE, 'TORQUE' MEANS TORTURE... AND 'QUEMADA'— BURNING!


TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA ESCORTED THE PROCESSION OF PRISONERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF TOLEDO...
HE WAS A SAINTLY, LEARNED MAN WHO LED A SIMPLE LIFE OF STRICT POVERTY. HE NEVER ATE MEAT; HE WORE SIMPLE ROBES AND SLEPT ON A BARE BOARD.
HE WAS ALSO ONE OF THE MOST EVIL MEN WHO EVER LIVED.
IT WAS AN EVIL SOMEHOW MADE WORSE BY HIS GREAT 'SWEETNESS OF MANNER'...
MY DEAR DAUGHTER, BE PATIENT AND DO NOT DESPAIR EVEN THOUGH YOU MUST DIE. SHOULD YOU REPENT OF YOUR EVIL NOW, IT WILL GO WELL WITH YOU IN THE NEXT LIFE.
PRISONERS WORE THE SANBENITO — SACKCLOTH ROBES PAINTED WITH DRAGONS AND DEMONS — DESIGNED TO MAKE THEM LOOK RIDICULOUS IN FRONT OF THEIR NEIGHBOURS...
BUT I'M INNOCENT!
YOU RAN AWAY WHEN MY INQUISITORS CALLED FOR YOU.
BECAUSE IT WAS MIDNIGHT WHEN THEY KNOCKED ON OUR DOOR. I'D HEARD STORIES OF WHAT THEY DID...
I WAS SCARED!
I'M AFRAID A PERSON'S FLIGHT IS SUFFICIENT PROOF OF GUILT.
NO!
BURN ME IF YOU WILL — BUT LET HER GO!
SHE REALLY IS INNOCENT, TORQUEMADA! I'M THE GUILTY ONE — NOT HER!
BUT EVEN IF SHE IS INNOCENT, SHE MUSTN'T COMPLAIN... BECAUSE HER SENTENCE WAS BASED UPON THE FACTS AS KNOWN TO HER JUDGES.
RATHER SHE SHOULD RECEIVE HER PUNISHMENT WITH RESIGNATION...
...AND REJOICE THAT SHE IS DYING FOR THE TRUTH.
YOU WICKED DASTARD! YOU —!


AT THE PLACE OF JUDGEMENT, TORQUEMADA COMFORTED HIS VICTIMS...
YOU WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE... BE HAPPY! BECAUSE IF WE ALLOWED YOU TO LIVE, YOU COULD COMMIT EVEN GREATER CRIMES AND BE SUBJECTED TO EVEN GREATER PUNISHMENT!
WHY SHOULD WE BE HAPPY ABOUT MURDER?
NO, NO... IT IS MEDICINE PRESCRIBED FOR THE GOOD OF YOU DELINQUENTS.
JUST AS IT WOULD BE WRONG TO ACCUSE A SURGEON OF CRUELTY WHEN HE OPERATES ON A PATIENT...
SO IT IS CRASS IGNORANCE TO ACCUSE ME OF MURDER.
EVEN IF YOUR 'PATIENTS' DIE?
DON'T SAY ANYMORE! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE!
I CAN DO NO MORE FOR YOU, SINCE YOU HAVE ALREADY ABUSED MY GOODNESS. THEREFORE, I CAST YOU OUT AND ABANDON YOU TO THE MERCY OF THE STATE.
BY HANDING PRISONERS OVER TO THE STATE TO BE PUNISHED, IT MEANT TORQUEMADA'S OWN HANDS WERE 'CLEAN'.
I AM A MAN OF PEACE. I CAN HAVE NO PART IN VIOLENCE.
THE PRISONERS WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR SANBENITOS WHICH WERE DISPLAYED LIKE BANNERS WON IN BATTLE TO THE JEERING CROWDS...
TROPHIES OF VICTORY OVER EVIL.
BE BRAVE, BELLA... IT-IT'LL SOON BE OVER.


I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW, LEST THE SIGHT OF ME AS YOU BURN SHOULD EXCITE YOU TO FURTHER BLASPHEMING...
WAIT! I'LL ADMIT EVERYTHING! I'M GUILTY! I'M GUILTY!
I'M WICKED! I DID IT! I **DESERVE** TO DIE!
MY CHILD! YOU'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY... EXECUTIONER...
PRISONERS WHO ADMITTED THEIR GUILT— THEREBY 'JUSTIFYING' TORQUEMADA— WERE GIVEN THE QUICKER DEATH OF **THE GAROTTE**...

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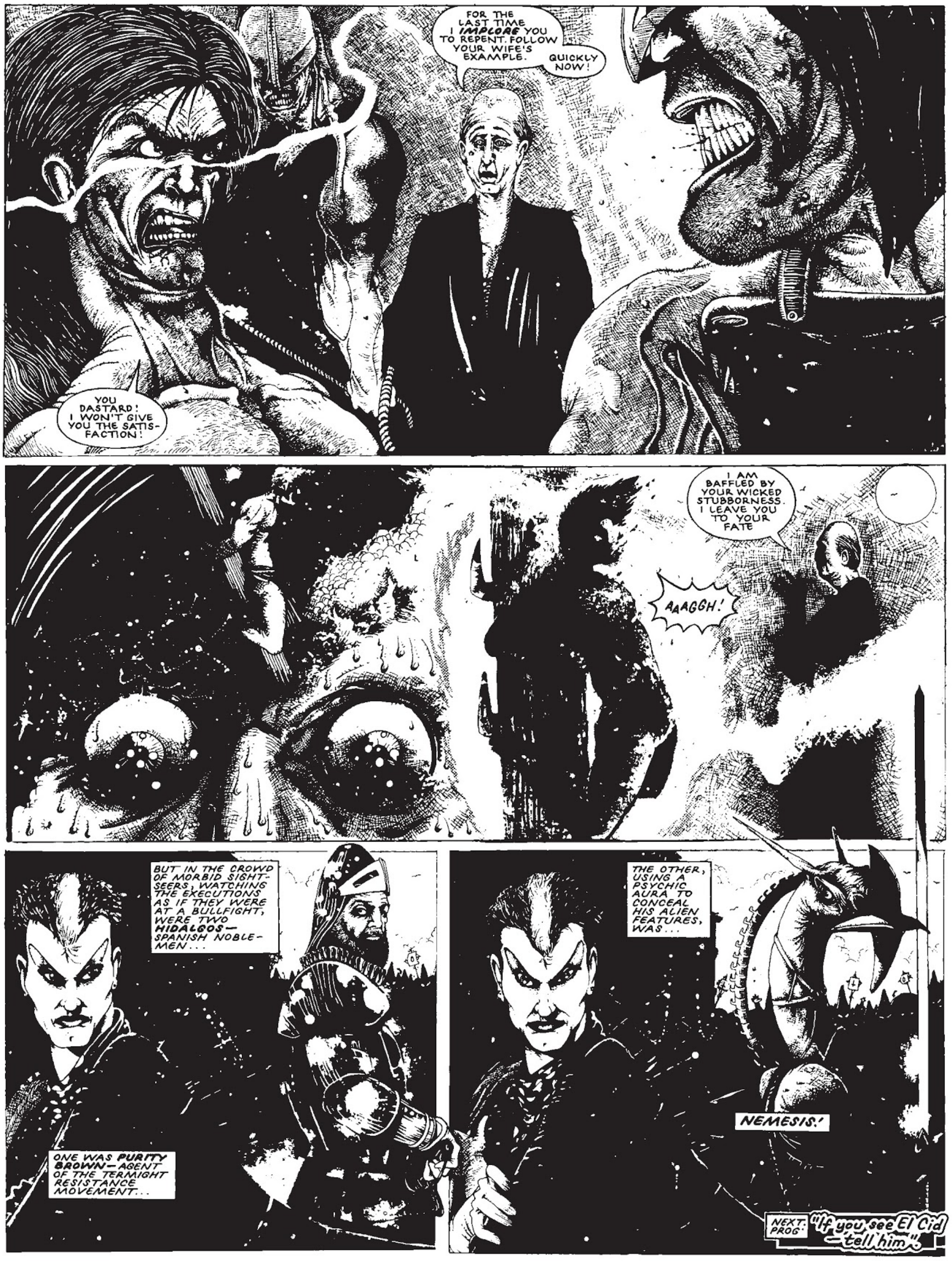
FOR THE LAST TIME I **IMPLORE** YOU TO REPENT. FOLLOW YOUR WIFE'S EXAMPLE.
QUICKLY NOW!
YOU DASTARD! I WON'T GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION!
I AM BAFFLED BY YOUR WICKED STUBBORNESS. I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE
AAAGGH!
BUT IN THE CROWD OF MORBID SIGHTSEERS, WATCHING THE EXECUTIONS AS IF THEY WERE AT A BULLFIGHT, WERE TWO **HIDALGOS**— SPANISH NOBLEMEN...
ONE WAS **PURITY BROWN**— AGENT OF THE TERMIGHT RESISTANCE MOVEMENT...
THE OTHER, USING A PSYCHIC AURA TO CONCEAL HIS ALIEN FEATURES, WAS...
NEMESIS!
NEXT PROG: "If you see El Cid —tell him".

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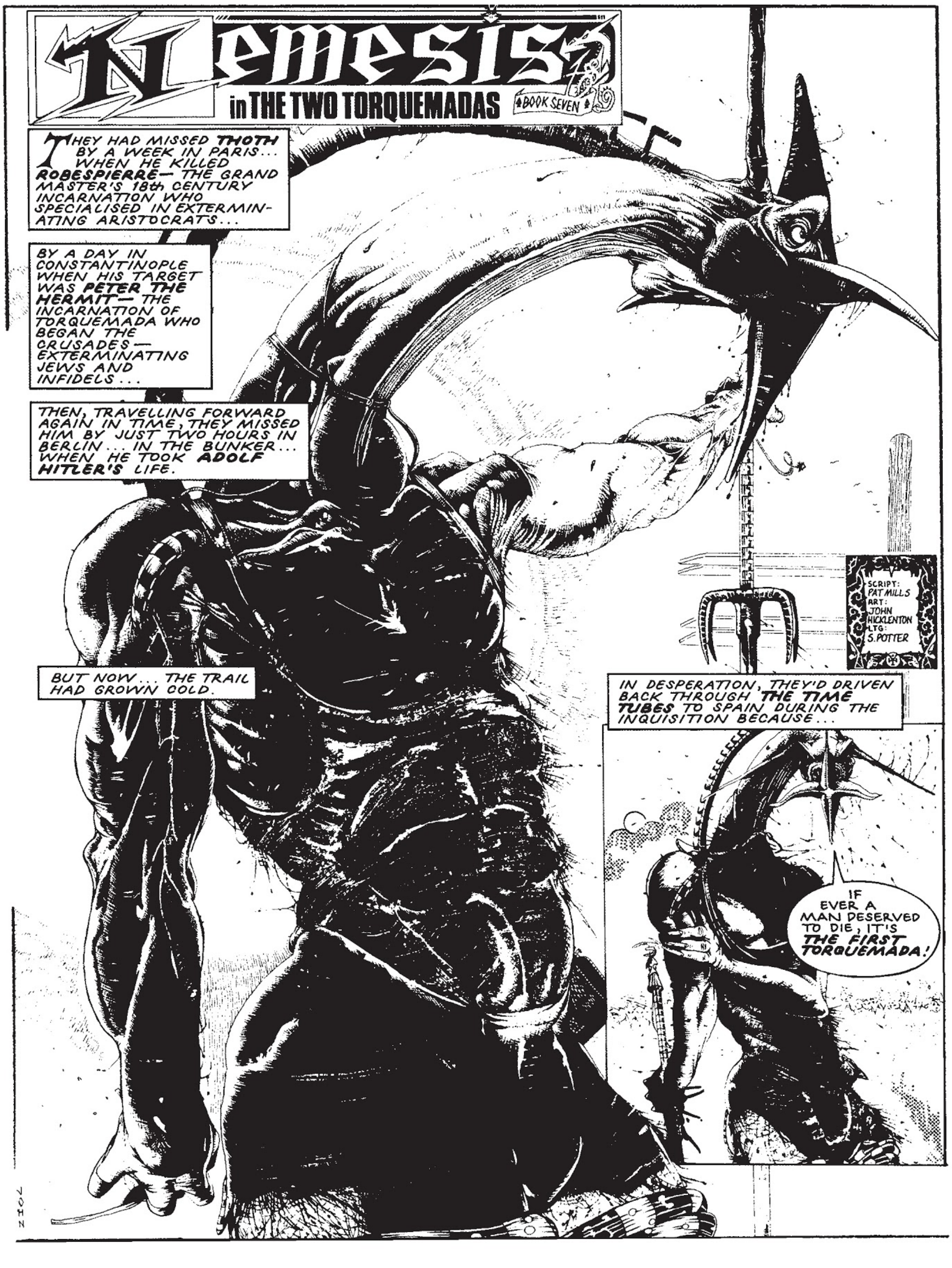
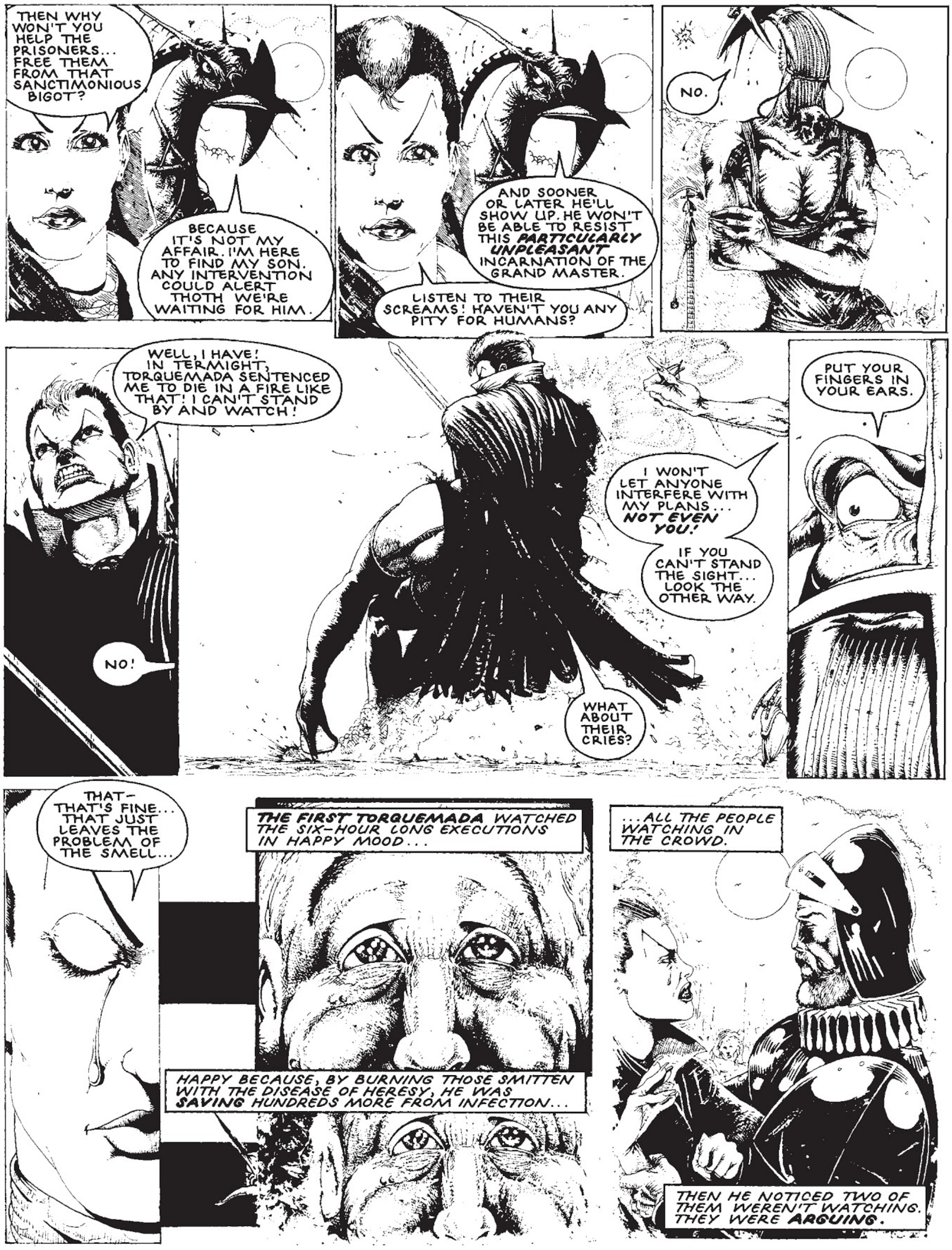
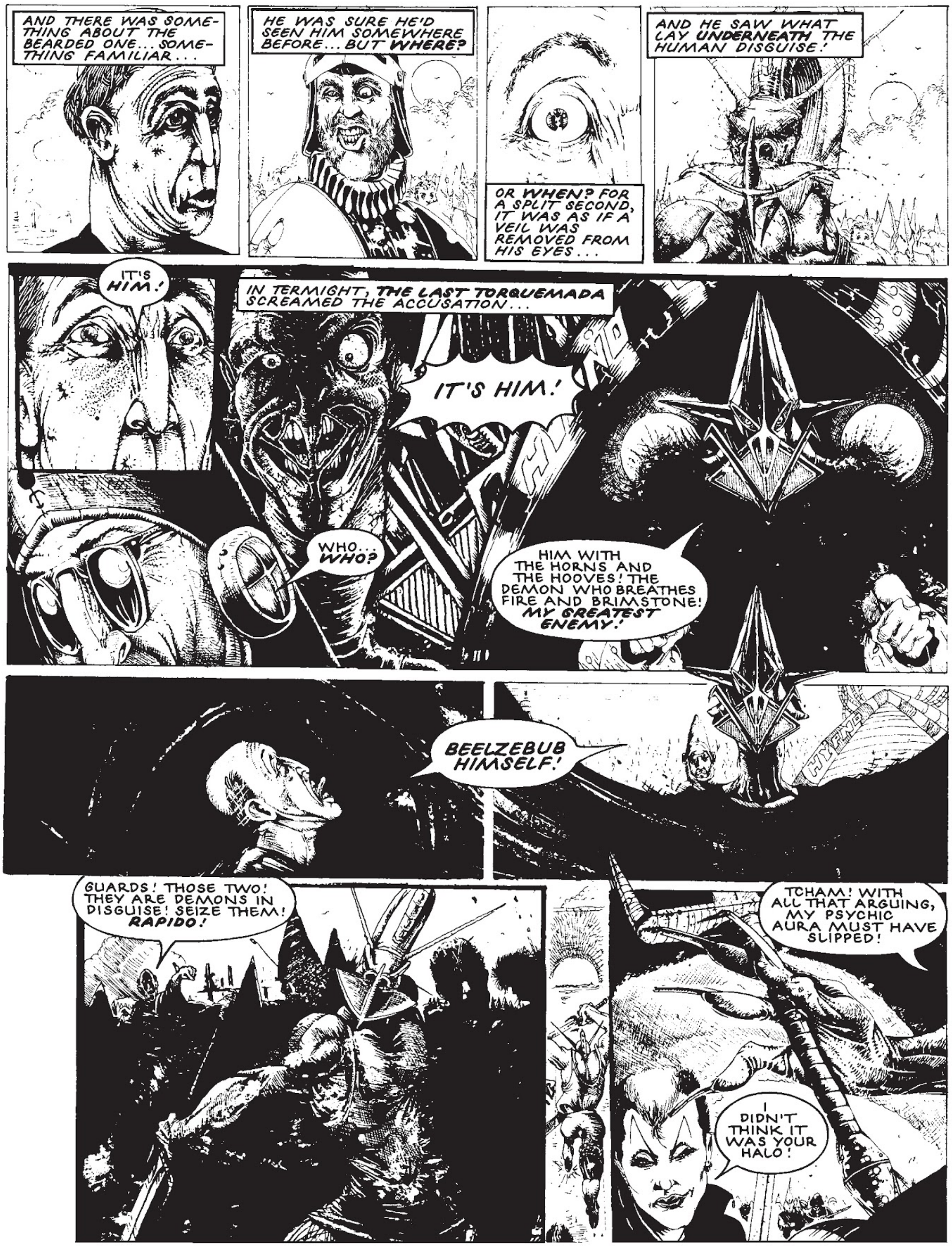
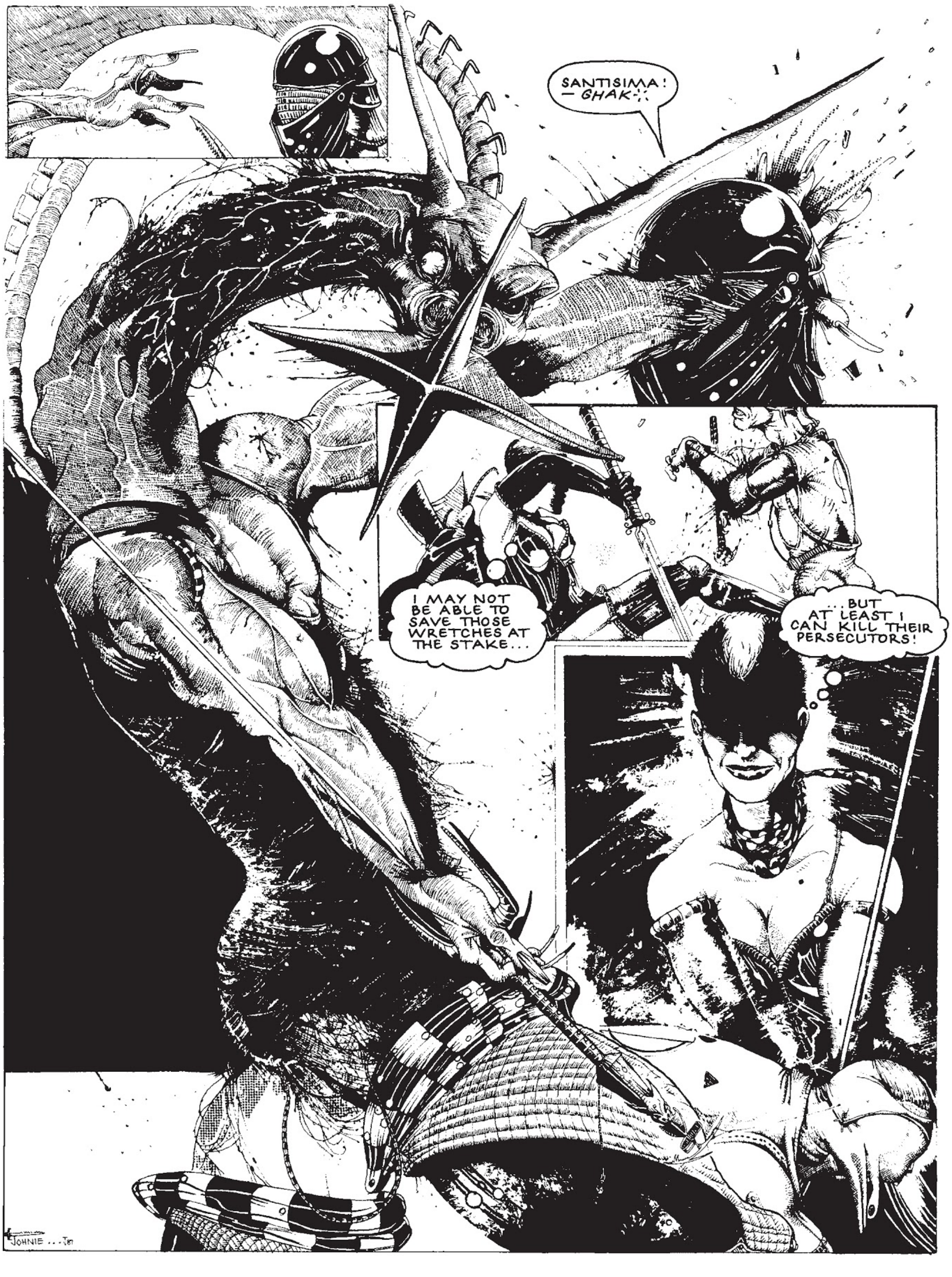
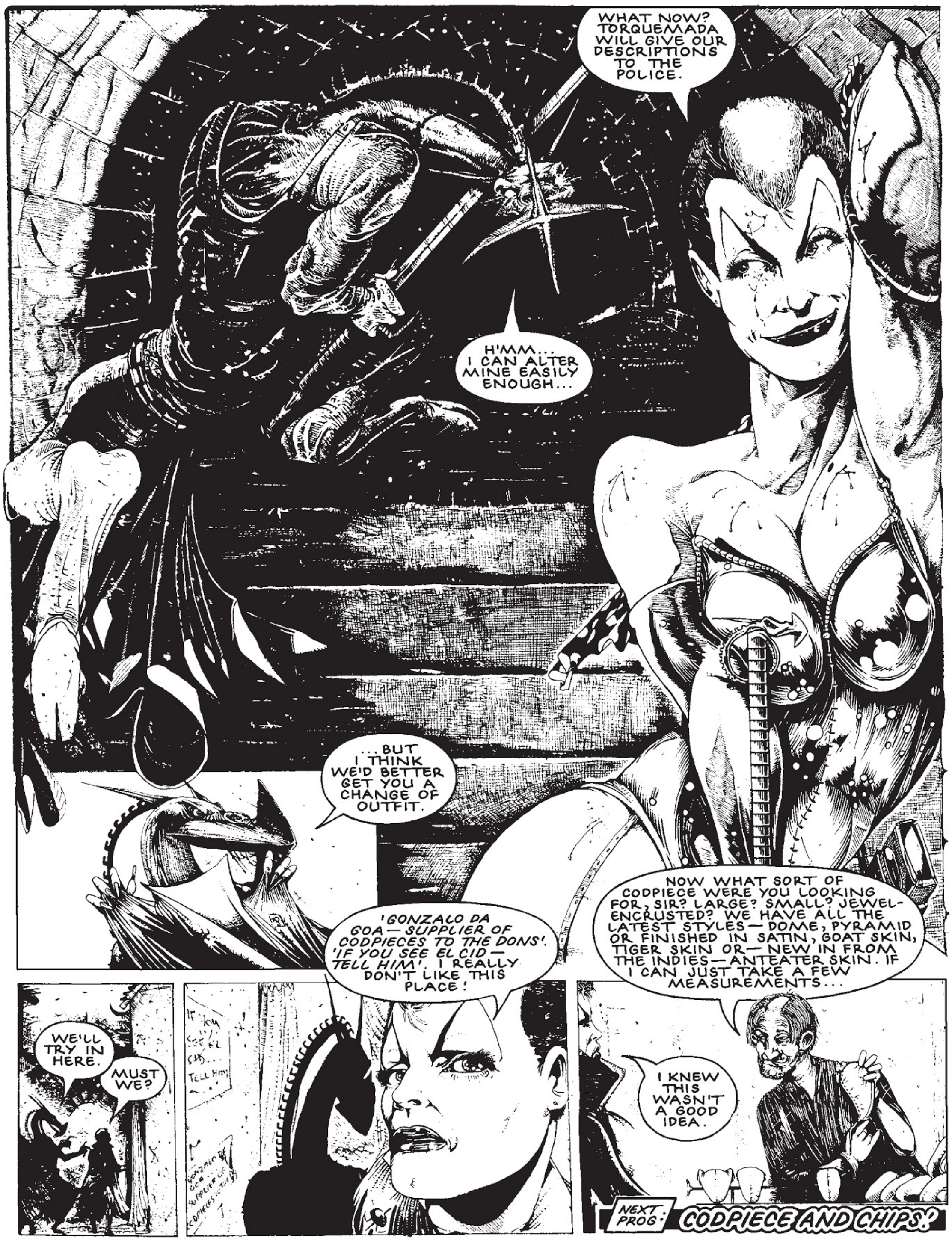
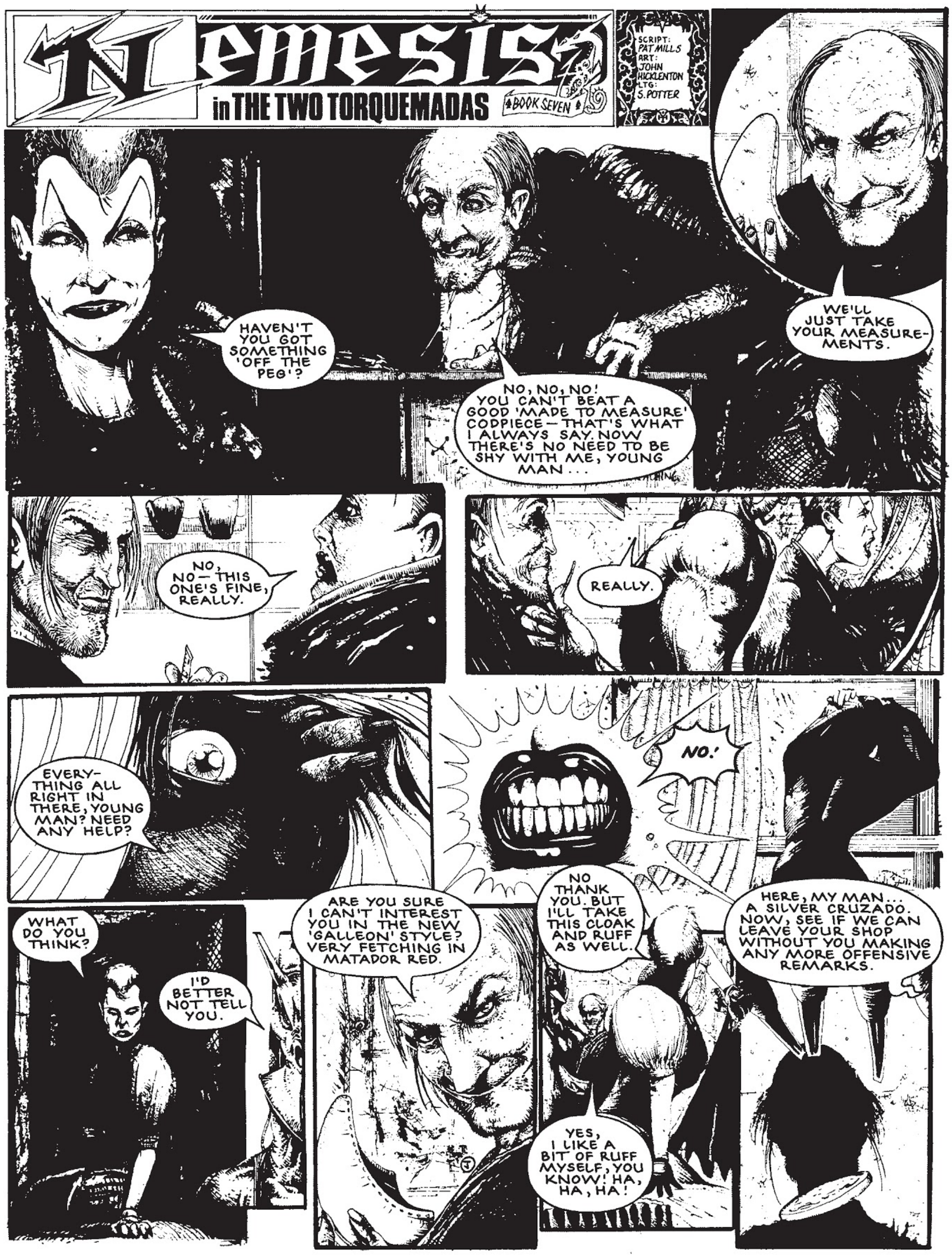

Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
THEY HAD MISSED THOTH BY A WEEK IN PARIS... WHEN HE KILLED ROBESPIERRE— THE GRAND MASTER'S 18th CENTURY INCARNATION WHO SPECIALISED IN EXTERMINATING ARISTOCRATS...
BY A DAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE WHEN HIS TARGET WAS PETER THE HERMIT— THE INCARNATION OF TORQUEMADA WHO BEGAN THE CRUSADES— EXTERMINATING JEWS AND INFIDELS...
THEN, TRAVELLING FORWARD AGAIN IN TIME, THEY MISSED HIM BY JUST TWO HOURS IN BERLIN... IN THE BUNKER... WHEN HE TOOK ADOLF HITLER'S LIFE.
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS ART: JOHN HICKLENTON LTG: S. POTTER
BUT NOW... THE TRAIL HAD GROWN COLD.
IN DESPERATION, THEY'D DRIVEN BACK THROUGH THE TIME TUBES TO SPAIN DURING THE INQUISITION BECAUSE...
IF EVER A MAN DESERVED TO DIE, IT'S THE FIRST TORQUEMADA!
JOHN

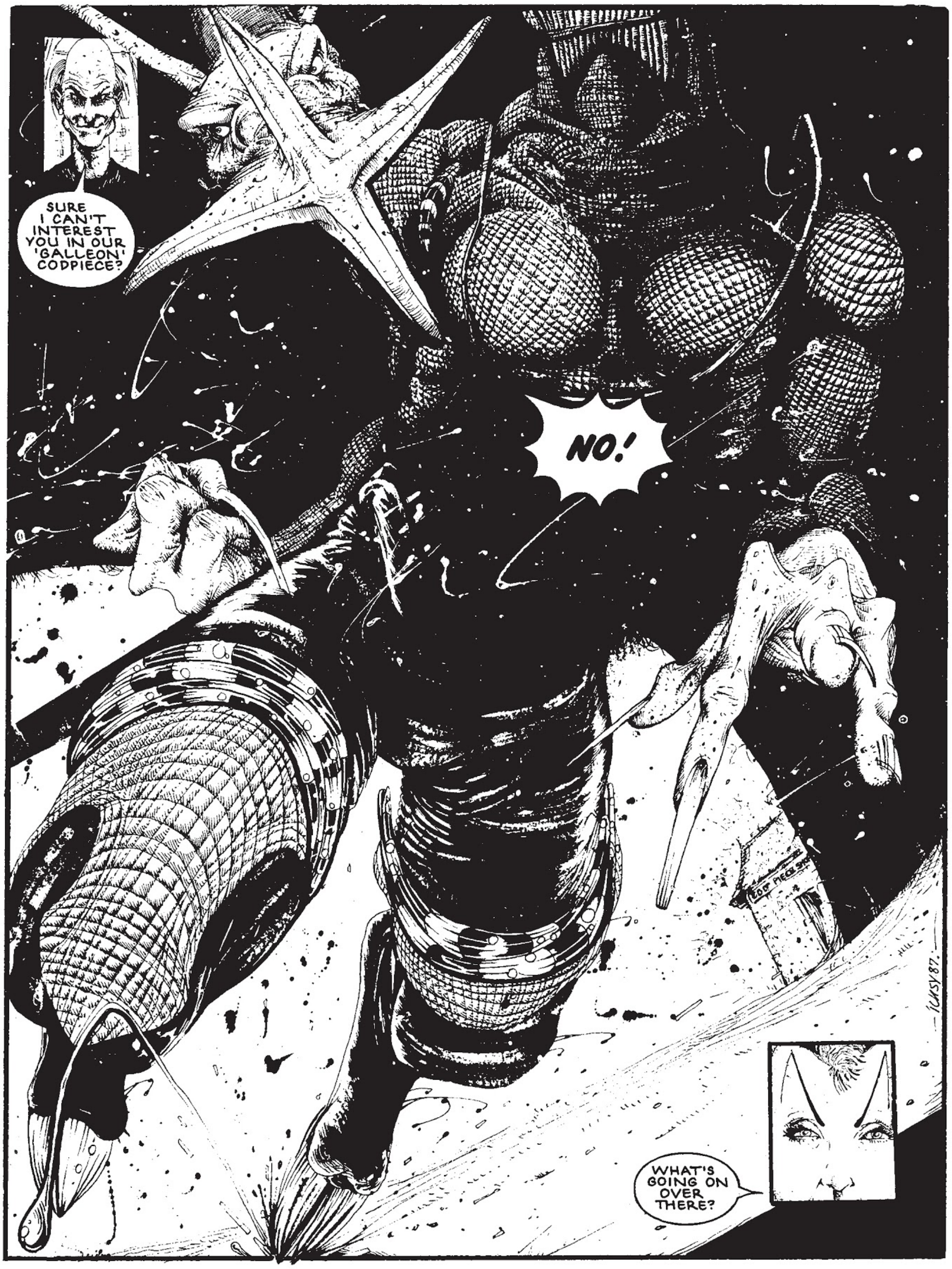

THEN WHY WON'T YOU HELP THE PRISONERS... FREE THEM FROM THAT SANCTIMONIOUS BIGOT?
BECAUSE IT'S NOT MY AFFAIR. I'M HERE TO FIND MY SON. ANY INTERVENTION COULD ALERT THOTH WE'RE WAITING FOR HIM.
AND SOONER OR LATER HE'LL SHOW UP. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST THIS **PARTICULARLY UNPLEASANT** INCARNATION OF THE GRAND MASTER.
LISTEN TO THEIR SCREAMS! HAVEN'T YOU ANY PITY FOR HUMANS?
NO.
WELL, I HAVE! IN TERMIGHT, TORQUEMADA SENTENCED ME TO DIE IN A FIRE LIKE THAT! I CAN'T STAND BY AND WATCH!
NO!
I WON'T LET ANYONE INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS... **NOT EVEN YOU!**
IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT... LOOK THE OTHER WAY.
WHAT ABOUT THEIR CRIES?
PUT YOUR FINGERS IN YOUR EARS.
THAT-THAT'S FINE... THAT JUST LEAVES THE PROBLEM OF THE SMELL...
THE FIRST TORQUEMADA WATCHED THE SIX-HOUR LONG EXECUTIONS IN HAPPY MOOD...
HAPPY BECAUSE, BY BURNING THOSE SMITTEN WITH THE DISEASE OF HERESY, HE WAS **SAVING** HUNDREDS MORE FROM INFECTION...
...ALL THE PEOPLE WATCHING IN THE CROWD.
THEN HE NOTICED TWO OF THEM WEREN'T WATCHING. THEY WERE **ARGUING**.

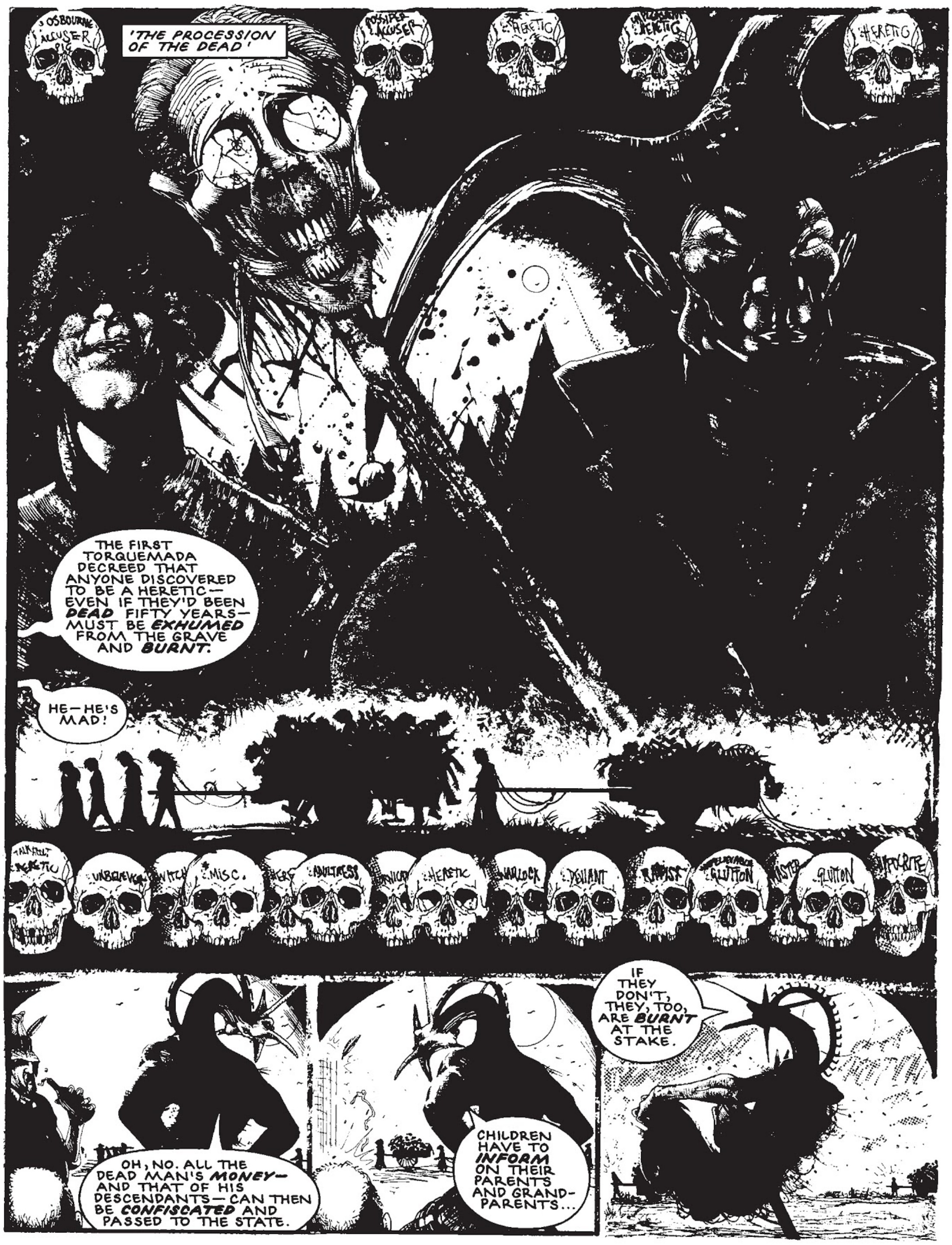

AND THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BEARDED ONE... SOMETHING FAMILIAR...
HE WAS SURE HE'D SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE BEFORE... BUT WHERE?
OR WHEN? FOR A SPLIT SECOND, IT WAS AS IF A VEIL WAS REMOVED FROM HIS EYES...
AND HE SAW WHAT LAY UNDERNEATH THE HUMAN DISGUISE!
IT'S HIM!
IN TERMIGHT, THE LAST TORQUEMADA SCREAMED THE ACCUSATION...
IT'S HIM!
WHO... WHO?
HIM WITH THE HORNS AND THE HOOVES! THE DEMON WHO BREATHES FIRE AND BRIMSTONE! MY GREATEST ENEMY!
BEELZEBUB HIMSELF!
GUARDS! THOSE TWO! THEY ARE DEMONS IN DISGUISE! SEIZE THEM! RAPIDO!
TCHAM! WITH ALL THAT ARGUING, MY PSYCHIC AURA MUST HAVE SLIPPED!
I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS YOUR HALO!

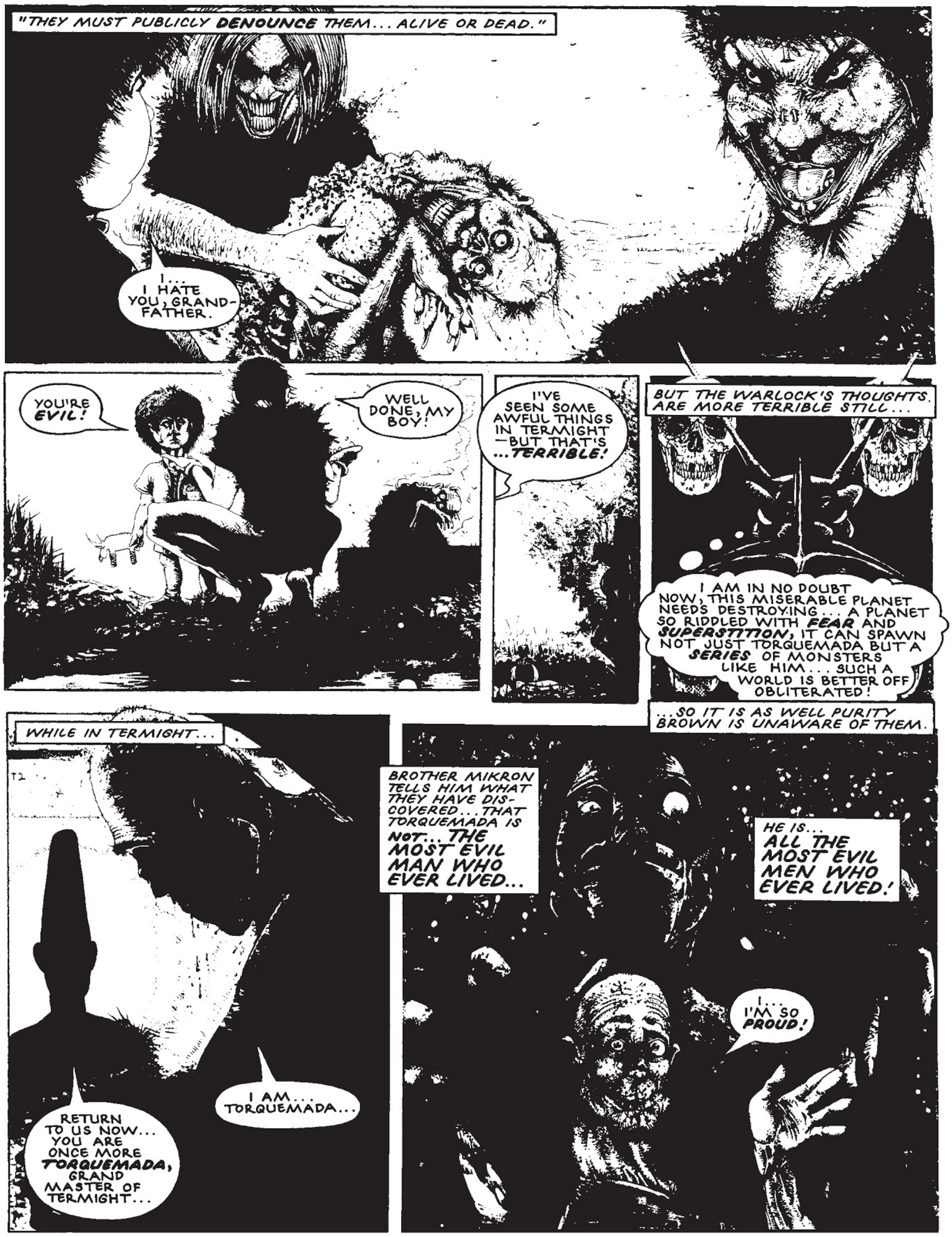

SANTISIMA! — GHAK·:·
I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SAVE THOSE WRETCHES AT THE STAKE...
...BUT AT LEAST I CAN KILL THEIR PERSECUTORS!
JOHNIE ... '87

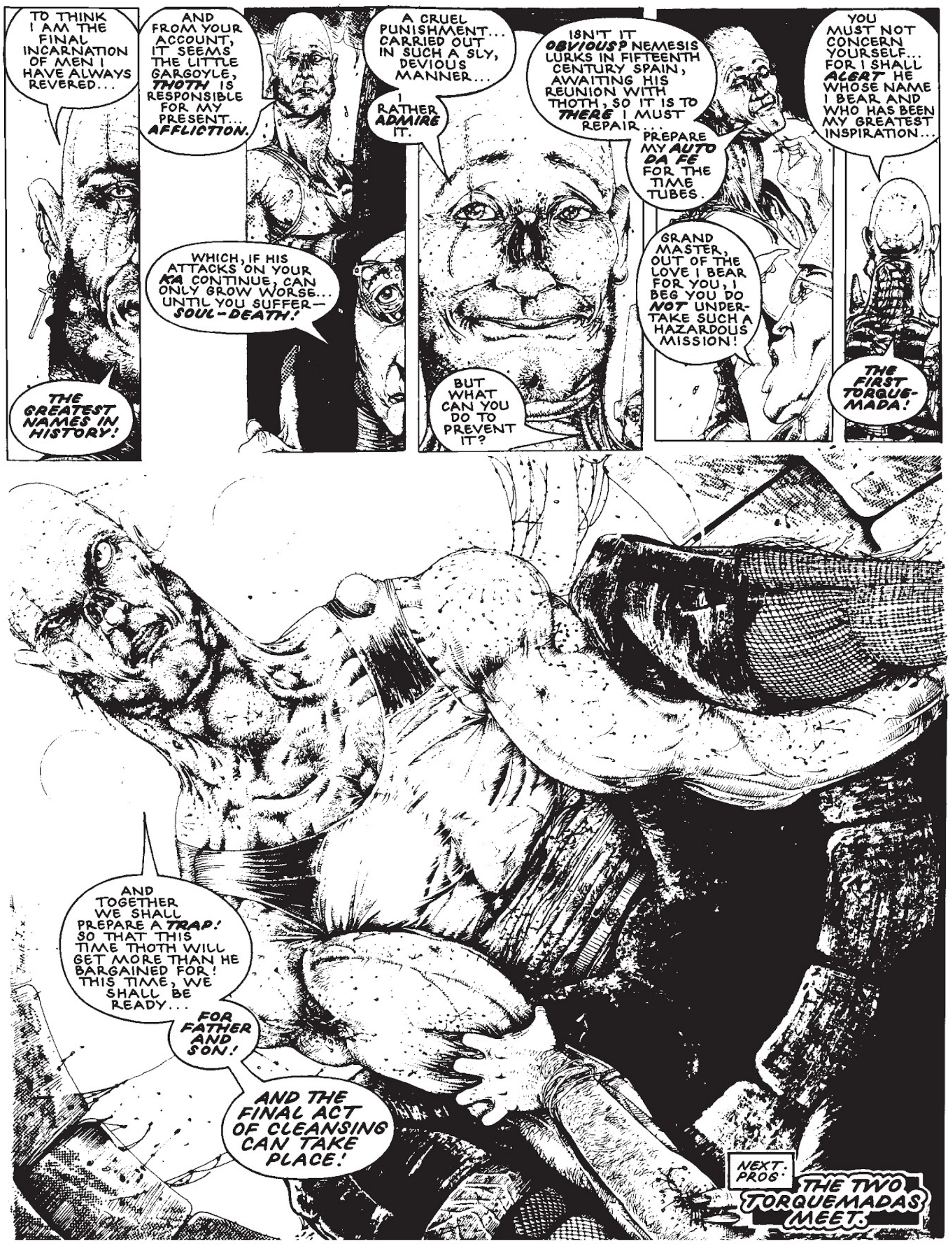

WHAT NOW? TORQUEMADA WILL GIVE OUR DESCRIPTIONS TO THE POLICE.
H'MM... I CAN ALTER MINE EASILY ENOUGH...
...BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER GET YOU A CHANGE OF OUTFIT.
WE'LL TRY IN HERE.
MUST WE?
'GONZALO DA GOA — SUPPLIER OF CODPIECES TO THE DONS'. 'IF YOU SEE EL CID — TELL HIM'. I REALLY DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!
NOW WHAT SORT OF CODPIECE WERE YOU LOOKING FOR, SIR? LARGE? SMALL? JEWEL-ENCRUSTED? WE HAVE ALL THE LATEST STYLES — DOME, PYRAMID OR FINISHED IN SATIN, GOAT SKIN, TIGER SKIN OR — NEW IN FROM THE INDIES — ANTEATER SKIN. IF I CAN JUST TAKE A FEW MEASUREMENTS...
I KNEW THIS WASN'T A GOOD IDEA.
NEXT PROG: CODPIECE AND CHIPS!

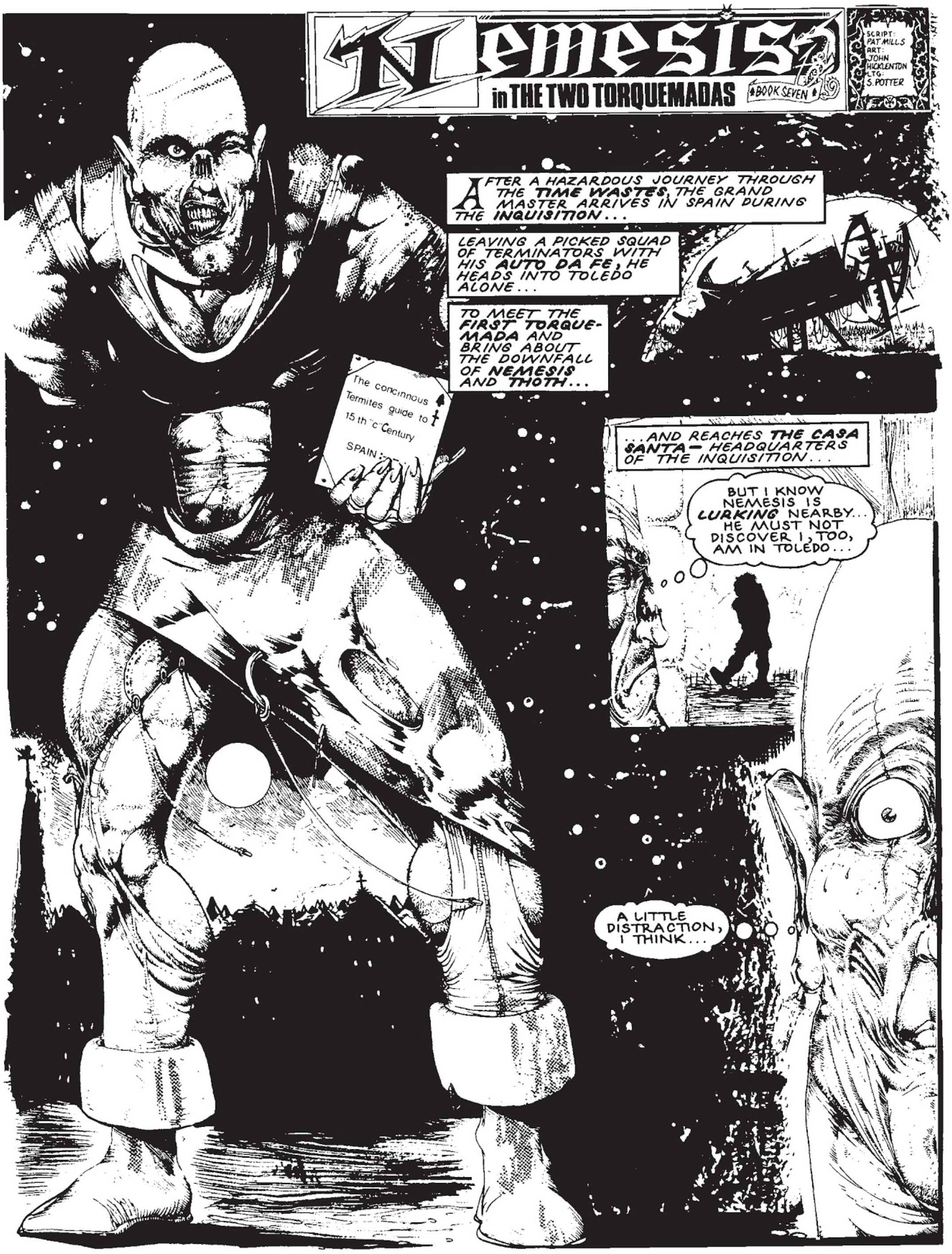

Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: S. POTTER
HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOMETHING 'OFF THE PEG'?
NO, NO, NO! YOU CAN'T BEAT A GOOD 'MADE TO MEASURE' CODPIECE — THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY. NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SHY WITH ME, YOUNG MAN...
WE'LL JUST TAKE YOUR MEASUREMENTS.
NO, NO — THIS ONE'S FINE, REALLY.
REALLY.
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN THERE, YOUNG MAN? NEED ANY HELP?
NO!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I'D BETTER NOT TELL YOU.
ARE YOU SURE I CAN'T INTEREST YOU IN THE NEW 'GALLEON' STYLE? VERY FETCHING IN MATADOR RED.
NO THANK YOU. BUT I'LL TAKE THIS CLOAK AND RUFF AS WELL.
YES, I LIKE A BIT OF RUFF MYSELF, YOU KNOW! HA, HA, HA!
HERE, MY MAN... A SILVER CRUZADO. NOW, SEE IF WE CAN LEAVE YOUR SHOP WITHOUT YOU MAKING ANY MORE OFFENSIVE REMARKS.

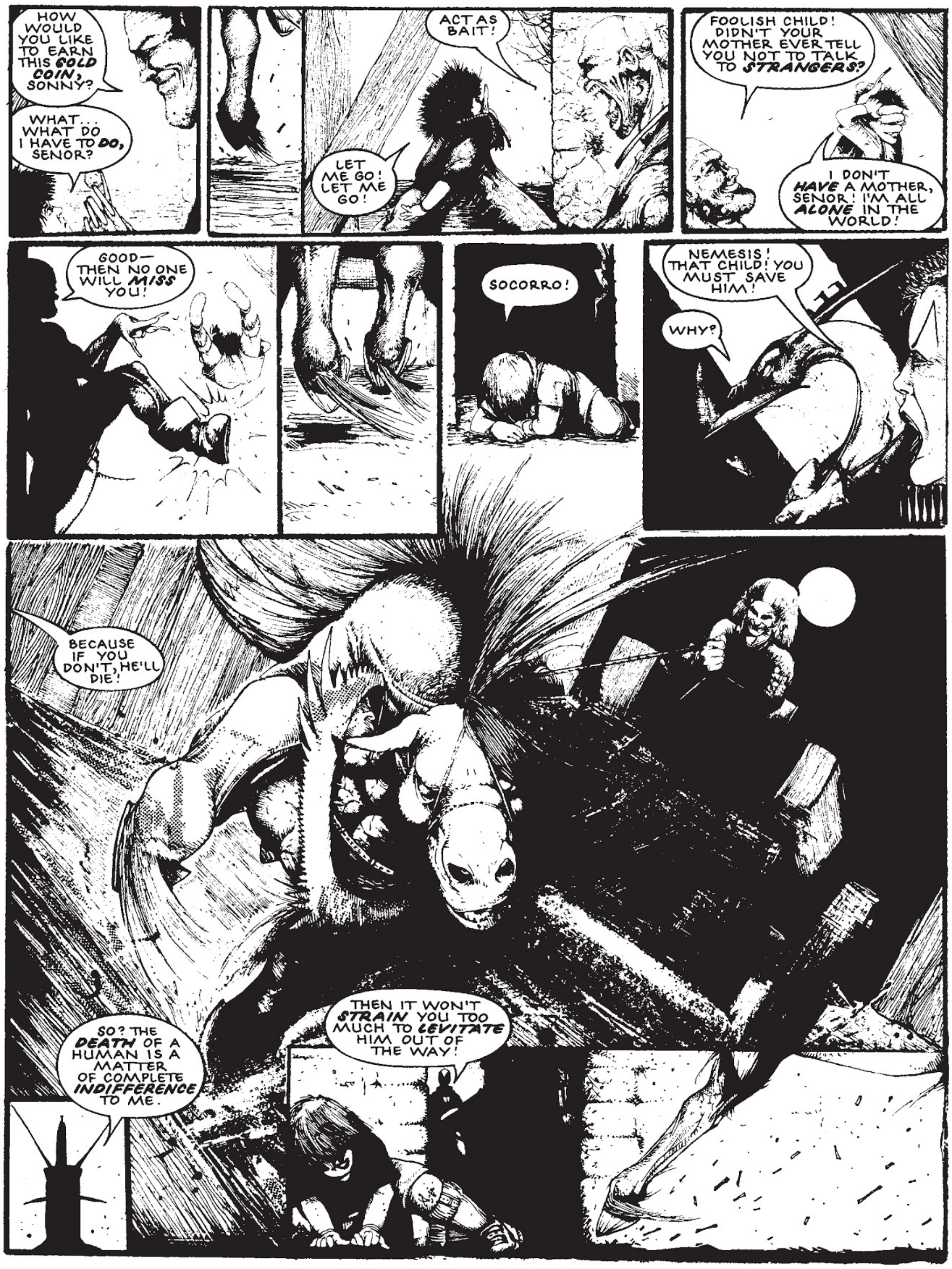

SURE I CAN'T INTEREST YOU IN OUR 'GALLEON' CODPIECE?
NO!
WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

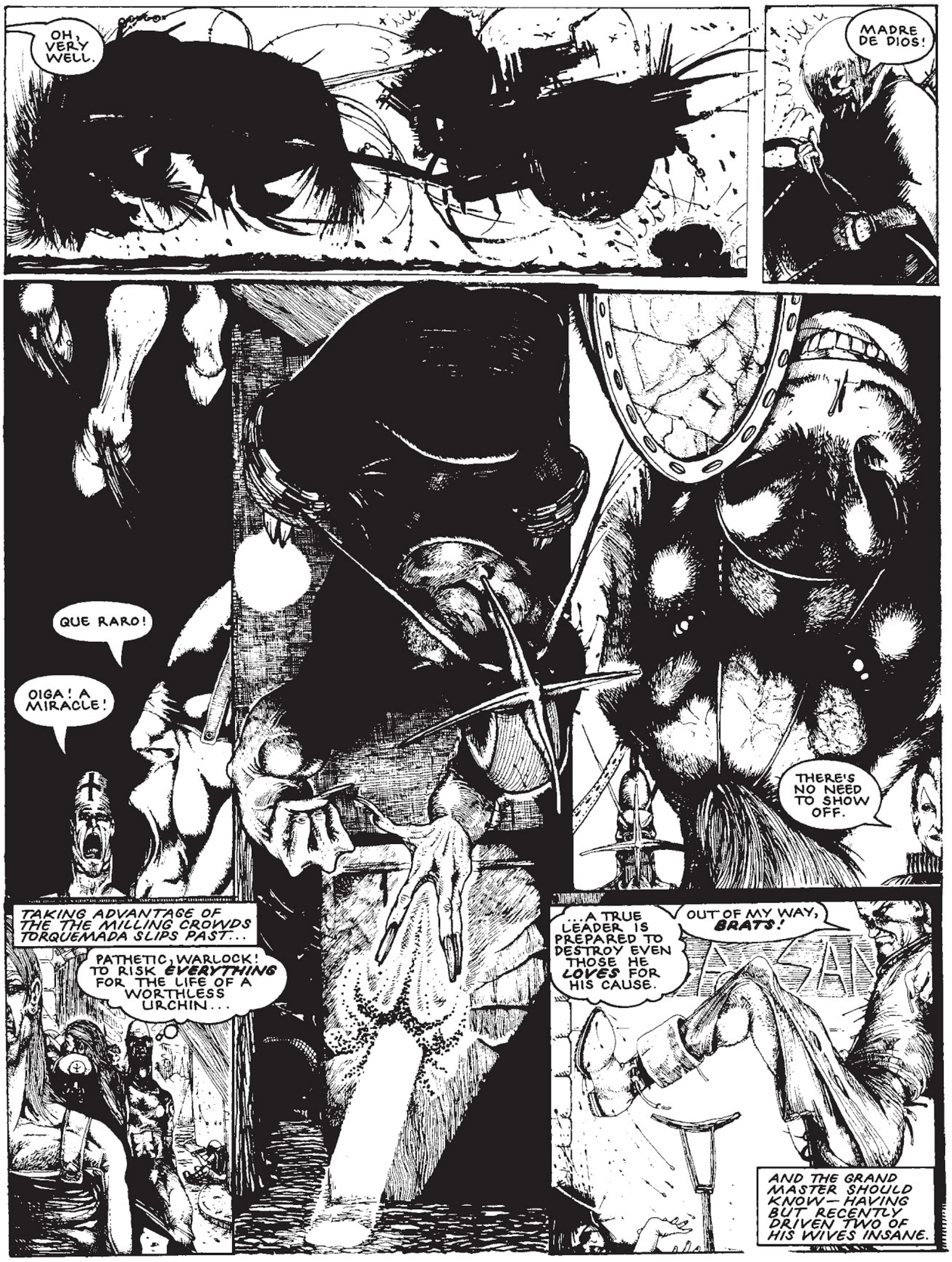

'THE PROCESSION OF THE DEAD'
OSBOURNE ACCUSER PIG
ACCUSER
HERETIC
HERETIC
HERETIC
THE FIRST TORQUEMADA DECREED THAT ANYONE DISCOVERED TO BE A HERETIC— EVEN IF THEY'D BEEN DEAD FIFTY YEARS— MUST BE EXHUMED FROM THE GRAVE AND BURNT.
HE—HE'S MAD!
HERETIC
UNBELIEVER
WITCH
MISC.
ADULTRESS
HERETIC
WARLOCK
DEVIANT
RAPIST
GLUTTON
GLUTTON
HYPOCRITE
OH, NO. ALL THE DEAD MAN'S MONEY— AND THAT OF HIS DESCENDANTS— CAN THEN BE CONFISCATED AND PASSED TO THE STATE.
CHILDREN HAVE TO INFORM ON THEIR PARENTS AND GRAND-PARENTS...
IF THEY DON'T, THEY, TOO, ARE BURNT AT THE STAKE.

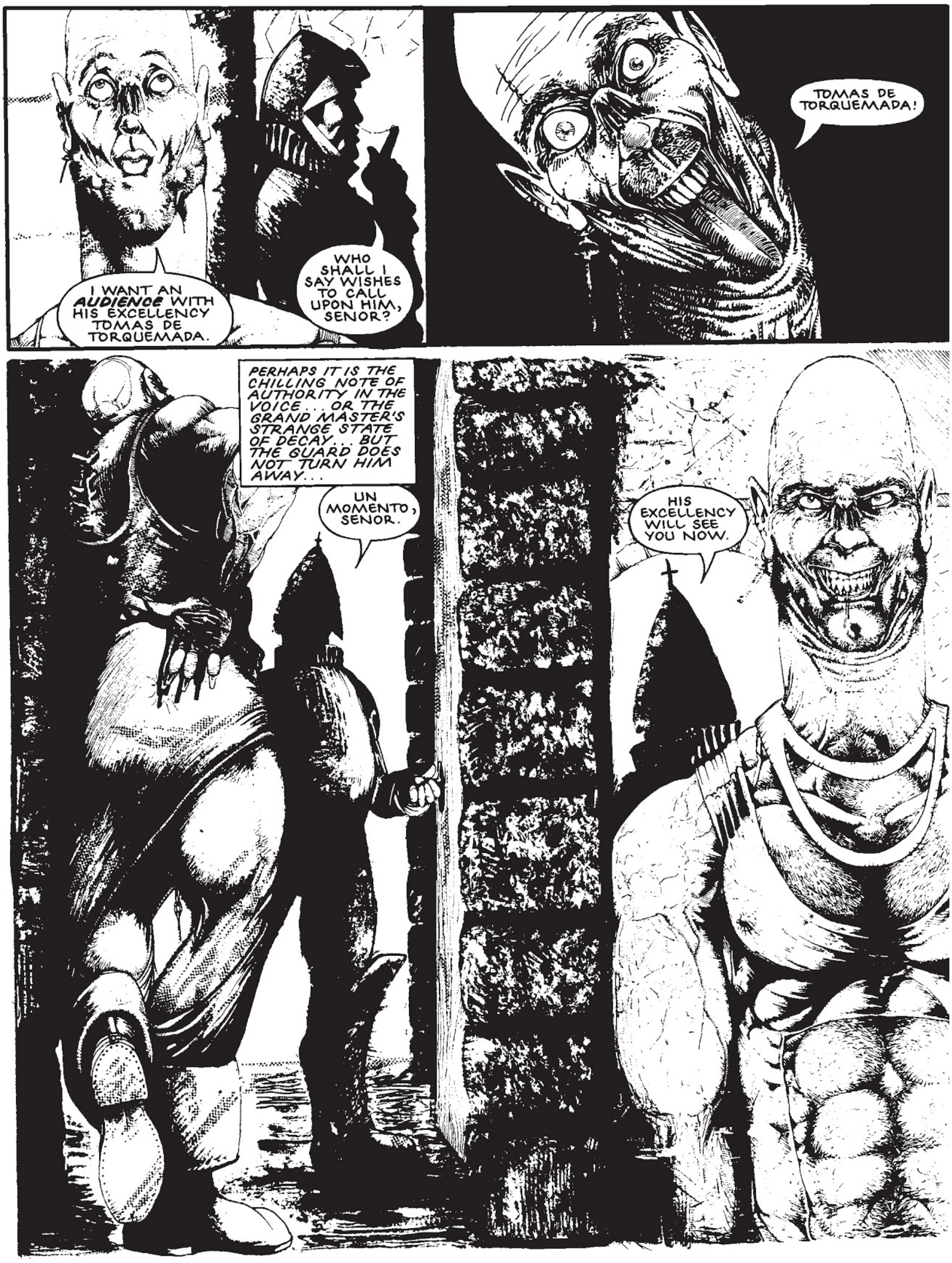

"THEY MUST PUBLICLY DENOUNCE THEM... ALIVE OR DEAD."
I... I HATE YOU, GRANDFATHER.
YOU'RE EVIL!
WELL DONE, MY BOY!
I'VE SEEN SOME AWFUL THINGS IN TERMIGHT —BUT THAT'S ...TERRIBLE!
BUT THE WARLOCK'S THOUGHTS ARE MORE TERRIBLE STILL...
I AM IN NO DOUBT NOW, THIS MISERABLE PLANET NEEDS DESTROYING... A PLANET SO RIDDLED WITH FEAR AND SUPERSTITION, IT CAN SPAWN NOT JUST TORQUEMADA BUT A SERIES OF MONSTERS LIKE HIM... SUCH A WORLD IS BETTER OFF OBLITERATED!
...SO IT IS AS WELL PURITY BROWN IS UNAWARE OF THEM.
WHILE IN TERMIGHT...
RETURN TO US NOW... YOU ARE ONCE MORE TORQUEMADA, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT...
I AM... TORQUEMADA...
BROTHER MIKRON TELLS HIM WHAT THEY HAVE DISCOVERED... THAT TORQUEMADA IS NOT... THE MOST EVIL MAN WHO EVER LIVED...
HE IS... ALL THE MOST EVIL MEN WHO EVER LIVED!
I... I'M SO PROUD!

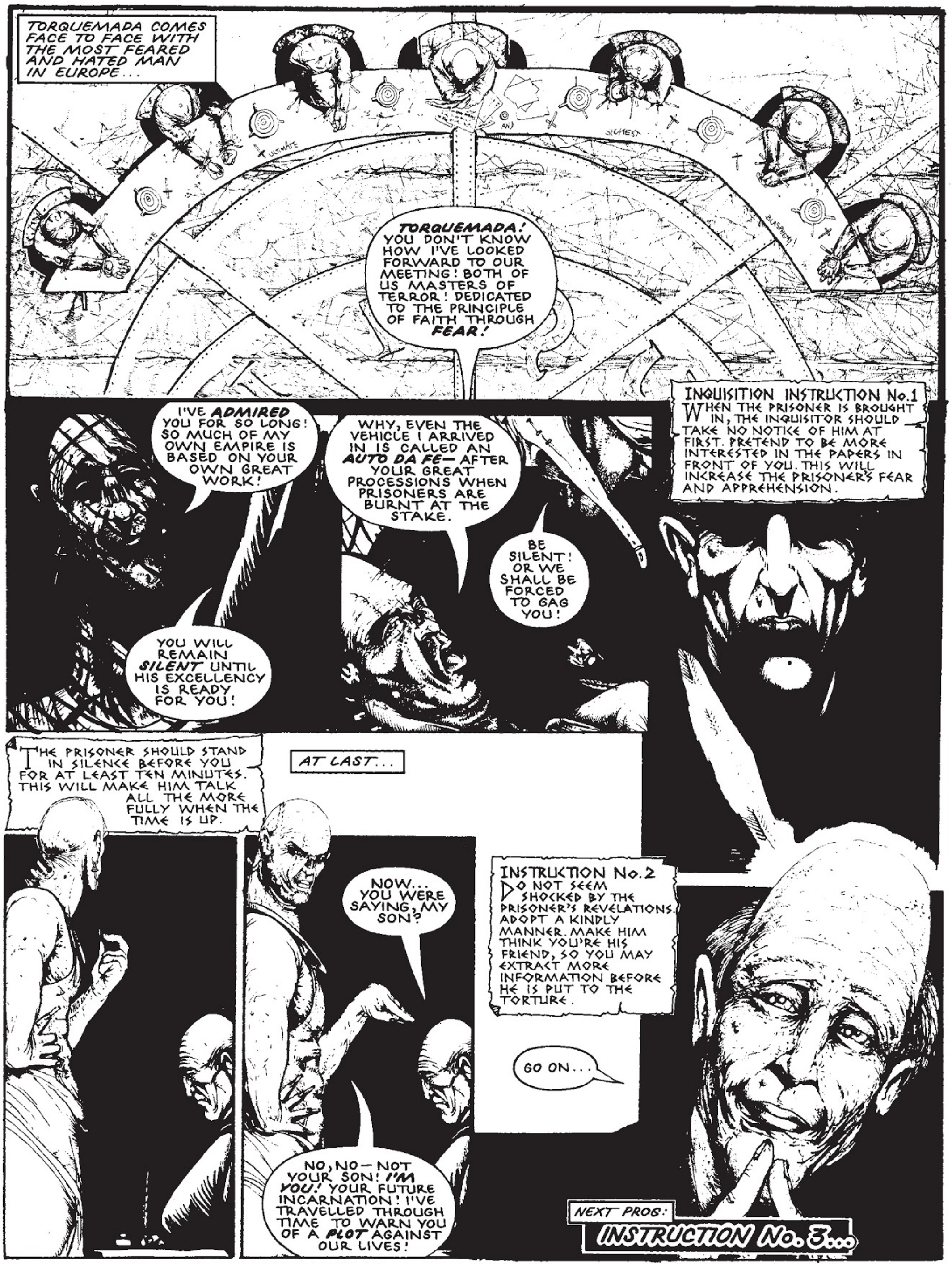

TO THINK I AM THE FINAL INCARNATION OF MEN I HAVE ALWAYS REVERED...
THE GREATEST NAMES IN HISTORY!
AND FROM YOUR ACCOUNT, IT SEEMS THE LITTLE GARGOYLE, THOTH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PRESENT... AFFLICTION.
WHICH, IF HIS ATTACKS ON YOUR KA CONTINUE, CAN ONLY GROW WORSE... UNTIL YOU SUFFER— SOUL-DEATH!
A CRUEL PUNISHMENT... CARRIED OUT IN SUCH A SLY, DEVIOUS MANNER...
I RATHER ADMIRE IT.
BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO TO PREVENT IT?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? NEMESIS LURKS IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY SPAIN, AWAITING HIS REUNION WITH THOTH, SO IT IS TO THERE I MUST REPAIR.
PREPARE MY AUTO DA FE FOR THE TIME TUBES.
GRAND MASTER, OUT OF THE LOVE I BEAR FOR YOU, I BEG YOU DO NOT UNDERTAKE SUCH A HAZARDOUS MISSION!
YOU MUST NOT CONCERN YOURSELF... FOR I SHALL ALERT HE WHOSE NAME I BEAR AND WHO HAS BEEN MY GREATEST INSPIRATION...
THE FIRST TORQUEMADA!
AND TOGETHER WE SHALL PREPARE A TRAP! SO THAT THIS TIME THOTH WILL GET MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR! THIS TIME, WE SHALL BE READY...
FOR FATHER AND SON!
AND THE FINAL ACT OF CLEANSING CAN TAKE PLACE!
NEXT PROG: THE TWO TORQUEMADAS MEET.

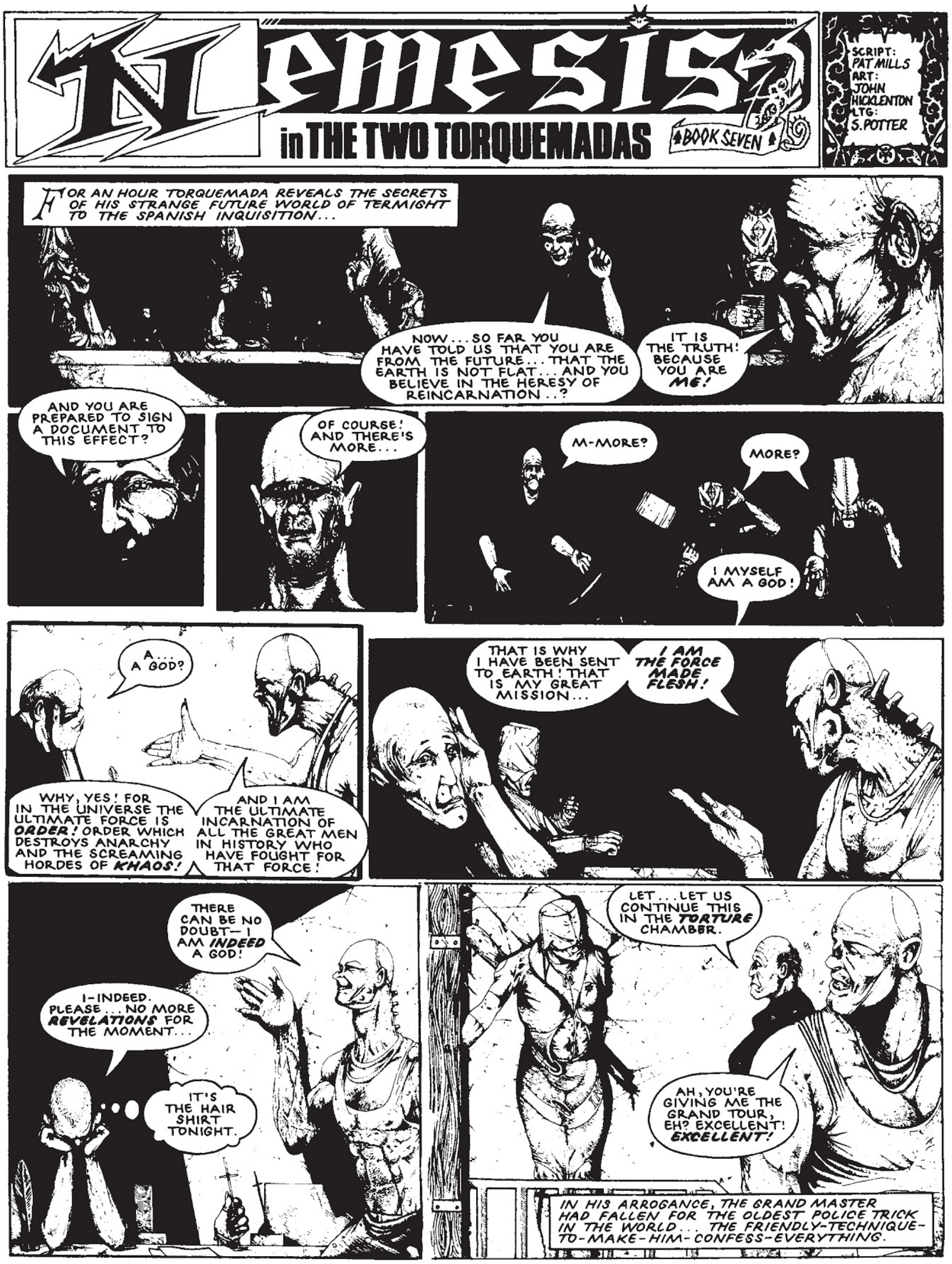

NEMESIS
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: S. POTTER
AFTER A HAZARDOUS JOURNEY THROUGH THE TIME WASTES, THE GRAND MASTER ARRIVES IN SPAIN DURING THE INQUISITION...
LEAVING A PICKED SQUAD OF TERMINATORS WITH HIS AUTO DA FE, HE HEADS INTO TOLEDO ALONE...
TO MEET THE FIRST TORQUEMADA AND BRING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF NEMESIS AND THOTH...
The concinnous Termites guide to 15 th "c" Century SPAIN
...AND REACHES THE CASA SANTA– HEADQUARTERS OF THE INQUISITION...
BUT I KNOW NEMESIS IS LURKING NEARBY... HE MUST NOT DISCOVER I, TOO, AM IN TOLEDO...
A LITTLE DISTRACTION, I THINK...

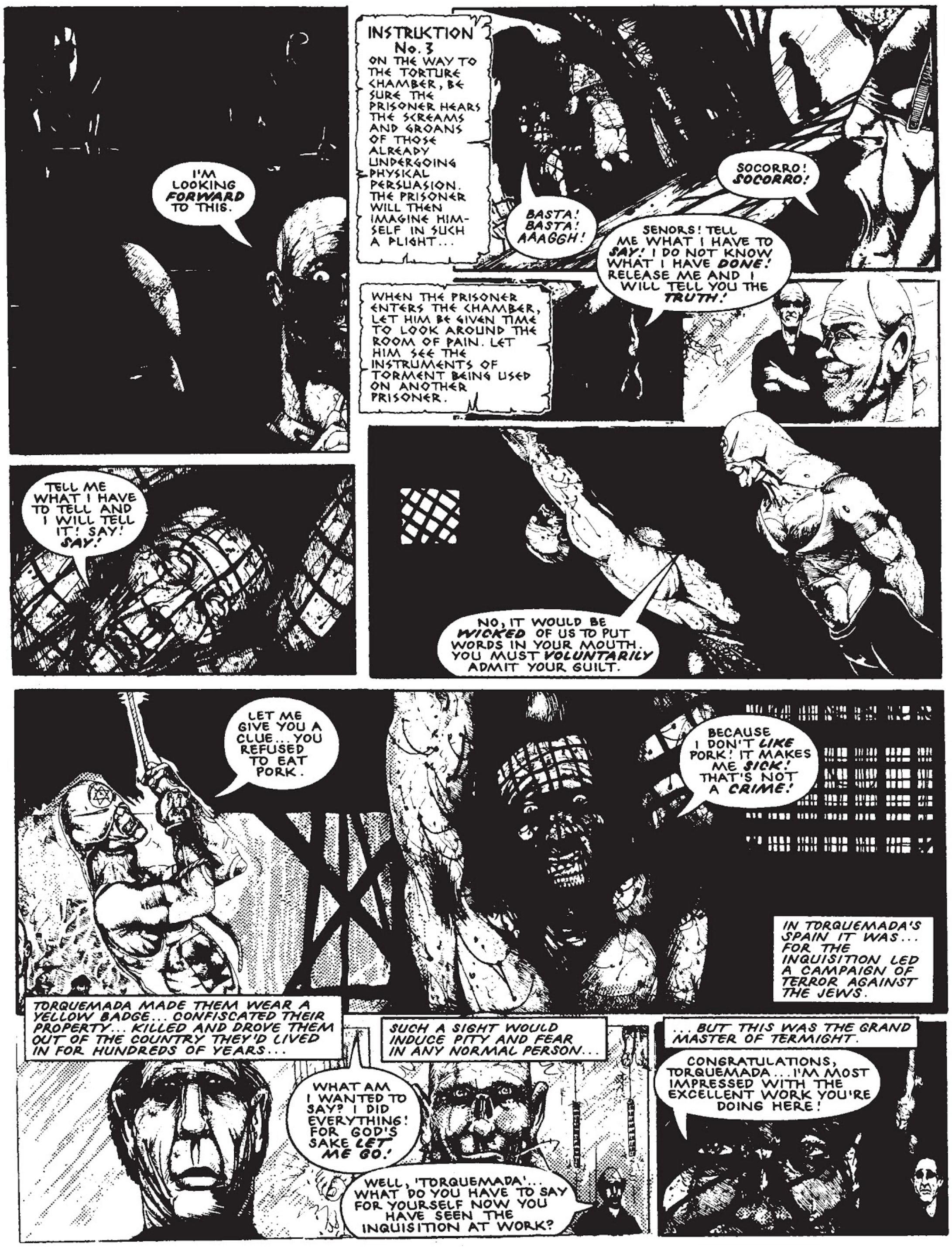

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN THIS **GOLD COIN**, SONNY?
WHAT... WHAT DO I HAVE TO **DO**, SENOR?
ACT AS BAIT!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
FOOLISH CHILD! DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER EVER TELL YOU NOT TO TALK TO **STRANGERS?**
I DON'T **HAVE** A MOTHER, SENOR! I'M ALL **ALONE** IN THE WORLD!
GOOD— THEN NO ONE WILL **MISS** YOU!
SOCORRO!
NEMESIS! THAT CHILD! YOU MUST SAVE HIM!
WHY?
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, HE'LL DIE!
SO? THE **DEATH** OF A HUMAN IS A MATTER OF COMPLETE **INDIFFERENCE** TO ME.
THEN IT WON'T **STRAIN** YOU TOO MUCH TO **LEVITATE** HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

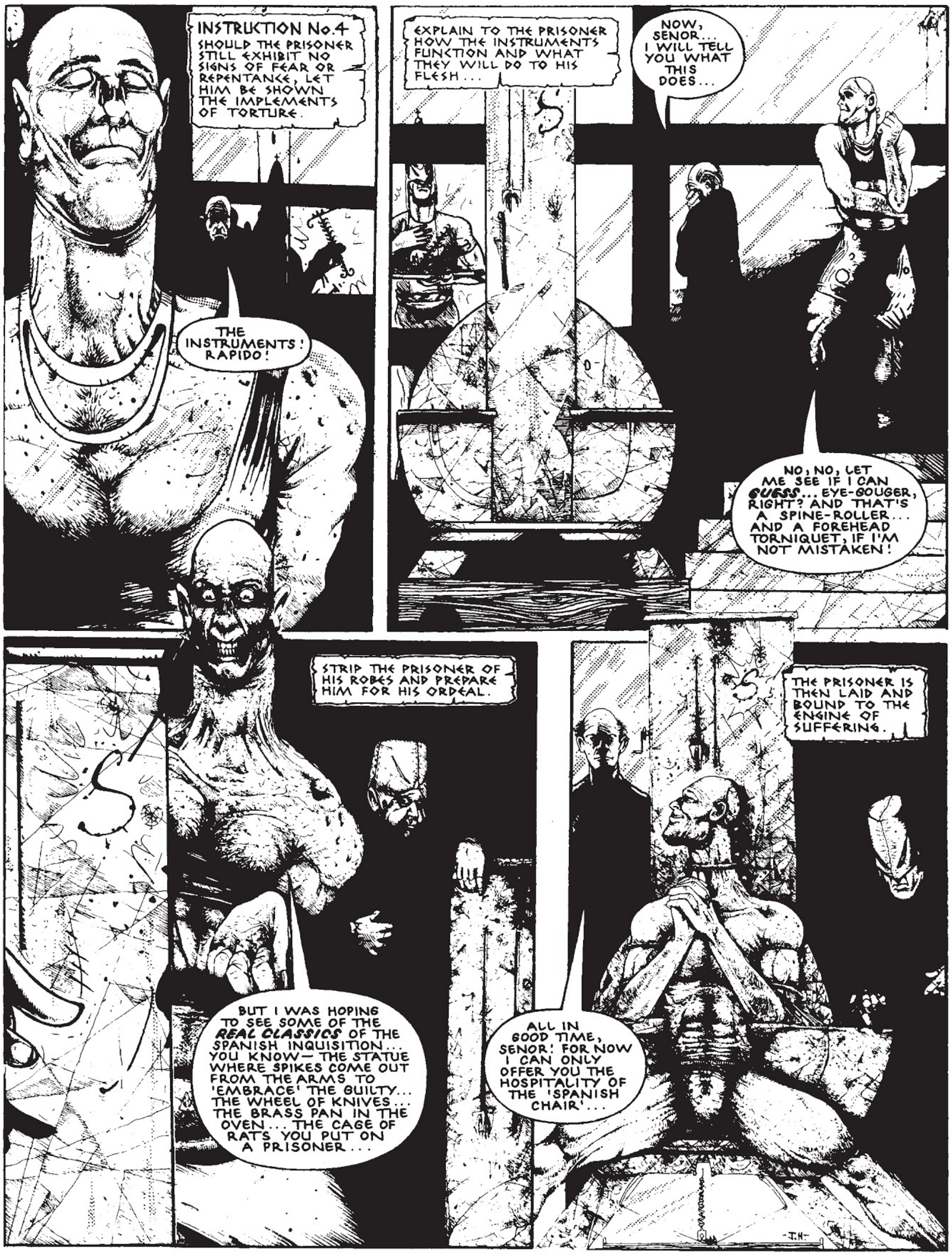

OH, VERY WELL.
MADRE DE DIOS!
QUE RARO!
OIGA! A MIRACLE!
THERE'S NO NEED TO SHOW OFF.
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE THE MILLING CROWDS TORQUEMADA SLIPS PAST...
PATHETIC, WARLOCK! TO RISK EVERYTHING FOR THE LIFE OF A WORTHLESS URCHIN...
...A TRUE LEADER IS PREPARED TO DESTROY EVEN THOSE HE LOVES FOR HIS CAUSE.
OUT OF MY WAY, BRATS!
AND THE GRAND MASTER SHOULD KNOW—HAVING BUT RECENTLY DRIVEN TWO OF HIS WIVES INSANE.

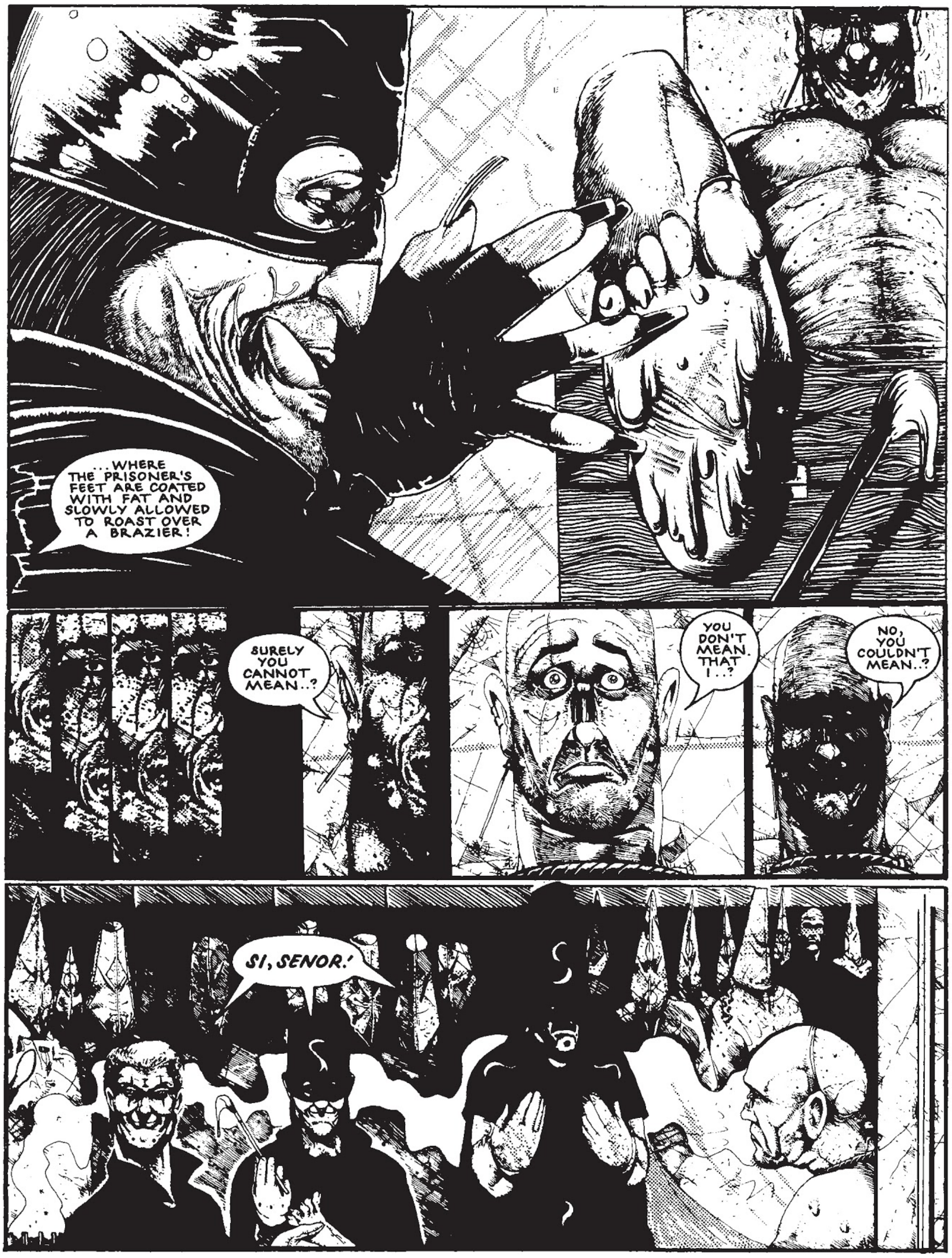

I WANT AN AUDIENCE WITH HIS EXCELLENCY TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA.
WHO SHALL I SAY WISHES TO CALL UPON HIM, SENOR?
TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA!
PERHAPS IT IS THE CHILLING NOTE OF AUTHORITY IN THE VOICE... OR THE GRAND MASTER'S STRANGE STATE OF DECAY... BUT THE GUARD DOES NOT TURN HIM AWAY...
UN MOMENTO, SENOR.
HIS EXCELLENCY WILL SEE YOU NOW.

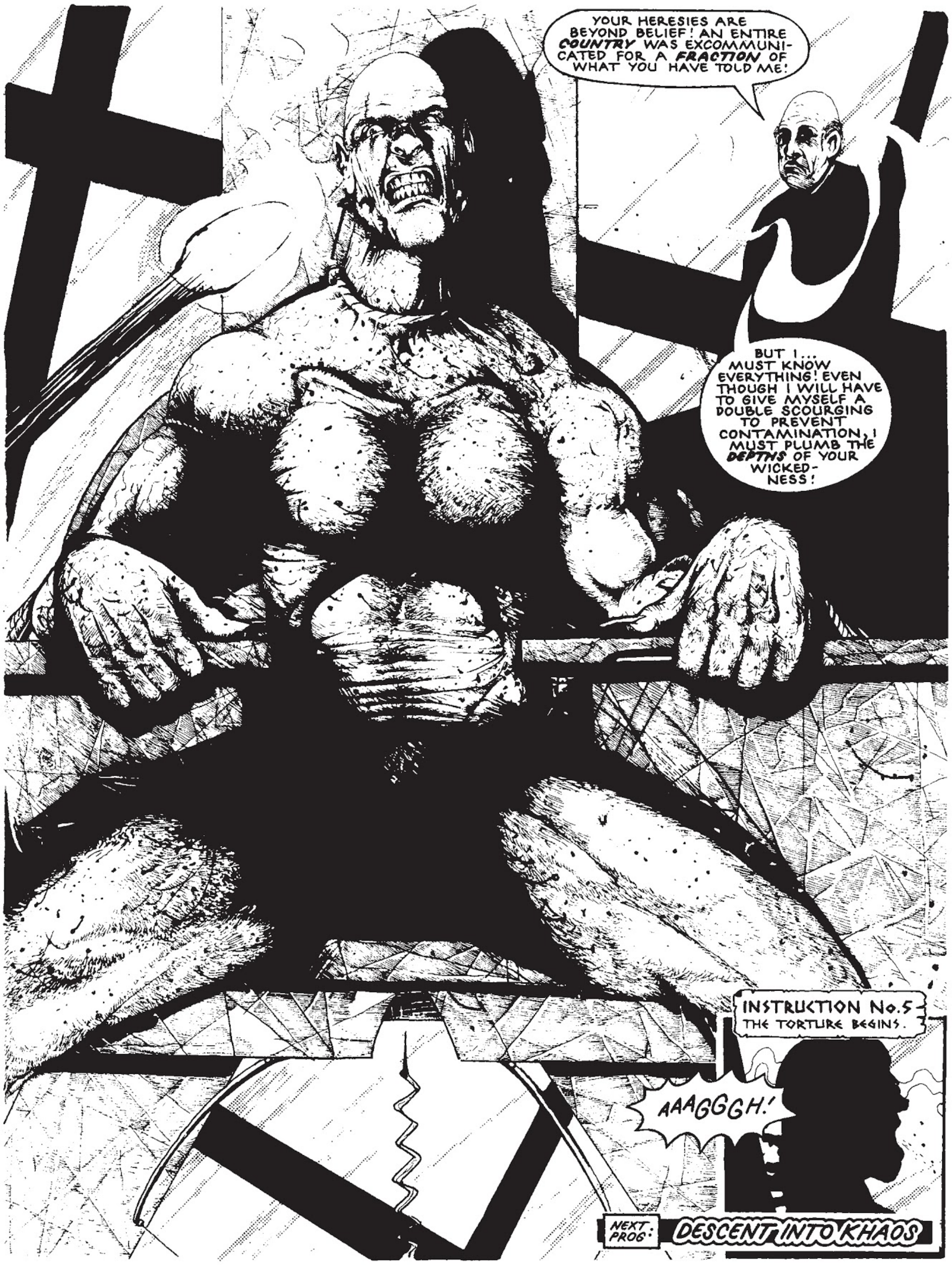

TORQUEMADA COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE MOST FEARED AND HATED MAN IN EUROPE...
TORQUEMADA! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO OUR MEETING! BOTH OF US MASTERS OF TERROR! DEDICATED TO THE PRINCIPLE OF FAITH THROUGH FEAR!
I'VE ADMIRED YOU FOR SO LONG! SO MUCH OF MY OWN EMPIRE IS BASED ON YOUR OWN GREAT WORK!
YOU WILL REMAIN SILENT UNTIL HIS EXCELLENCY IS READY FOR YOU!
WHY, EVEN THE VEHICLE I ARRIVED IN IS CALLED AN AUTO DA FE— AFTER YOUR GREAT PROCESSIONS WHEN PRISONERS ARE BURNT AT THE STAKE.
BE SILENT! OR WE SHALL BE FORCED TO GAG YOU!
INQUISITION INSTRUCTION No.1
WHEN THE PRISONER IS BROUGHT IN, THE INQUISITOR SHOULD TAKE NO NOTICE OF HIM AT FIRST. PRETEND TO BE MORE INTERESTED IN THE PAPERS IN FRONT OF YOU. THIS WILL INCREASE THE PRISONER'S FEAR AND APPREHENSION.
THE PRISONER SHOULD STAND IN SILENCE BEFORE YOU FOR AT LEAST TEN MINUTES. THIS WILL MAKE HIM TALK ALL THE MORE FULLY WHEN THE TIME IS UP.
AT LAST...
NOW... YOU WERE SAYING, MY SON?
NO, NO— NOT YOUR SON! I'M YOU! YOUR FUTURE INCARNATION! I'VE TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME TO WARN YOU OF A PLOT AGAINST OUR LIVES!
INSTRUCTION No.2
DO NOT SEEM SHOCKED BY THE PRISONER'S REVELATIONS. ADOPT A KINDLY MANNER. MAKE HIM THINK YOU'RE HIS FRIEND, SO YOU MAY EXTRACT MORE INFORMATION BEFORE HE IS PUT TO THE TORTURE.
GO ON...
NEXT PROG:
INSTRUCTION No. 3...


Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: S. POTTER
FOR AN HOUR TORQUEMADA REVEALS THE SECRETS OF HIS STRANGE FUTURE WORLD OF TERMIGHT TO THE SPANISH INQUISITION...
NOW... SO FAR YOU HAVE TOLD US THAT YOU ARE FROM THE FUTURE... THAT THE EARTH IS NOT FLAT... AND YOU BELIEVE IN THE HERESY OF REINCARNATION..?
IT IS THE TRUTH! BECAUSE YOU ARE ME!
AND YOU ARE PREPARED TO SIGN A DOCUMENT TO THIS EFFECT?
OF COURSE! AND THERE'S MORE...
M-MORE?
MORE?
I MYSELF AM A GOD!
A... A GOD?
WHY, YES! FOR IN THE UNIVERSE THE ULTIMATE FORCE IS ORDER! ORDER WHICH DESTROYS ANARCHY AND THE SCREAMING HORDES OF KHAOS!
AND I AM THE ULTIMATE INCARNATION OF ALL THE GREAT MEN IN HISTORY WHO HAVE FOUGHT FOR THAT FORCE!
THAT IS WHY I HAVE BEEN SENT TO EARTH! THAT IS MY GREAT MISSION...
I AM THE FORCE MADE FLESH!
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT— I AM INDEED A GOD!
I-INDEED. PLEASE... NO MORE REVELATIONS FOR THE MOMENT...
IT'S THE HAIR SHIRT TONIGHT.
LET... LET US CONTINUE THIS IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER.
AH, YOU'RE GIVING ME THE GRAND TOUR, EH? EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!
IN HIS ARROGANCE, THE GRAND MASTER HAD FALLEN FOR THE OLDEST POLICE TRICK IN THE WORLD... THE FRIENDLY-TECHNIQUE-TO-MAKE-HIM-CONFESS-EVERYTHING.


I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS.
INSTRUCTION No. 3 ON THE WAY TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER, BE SURE THE PRISONER HEARS THE SCREAMS AND GROANS OF THOSE ALREADY UNDERGOING PHYSICAL PERSUASION. THE PRISONER WILL THEN IMAGINE HIMSELF IN SUCH A PLIGHT...
SOCORRO! SOCORRO!
BASTA! BASTA! AAAGGH!
SENORS! TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO SAY! I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I HAVE DONE! RELEASE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH!
WHEN THE PRISONER ENTERS THE CHAMBER, LET HIM BE GIVEN TIME TO LOOK AROUND THE ROOM OF PAIN. LET HIM SEE THE INSTRUMENTS OF TORMENT BEING USED ON ANOTHER PRISONER.
TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO TELL AND I WILL TELL IT! SAY! SAY!
NO, IT WOULD BE WICKED OF US TO PUT WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH. YOU MUST VOLUNTARILY ADMIT YOUR GUILT.
LET ME GIVE YOU A CLUE... YOU REFUSED TO EAT PORK.
BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE PORK! IT MAKES ME SICK! THAT'S NOT A CRIME!
IN TORQUEMADA'S SPAIN IT WAS... FOR THE INQUISITION LED A CAMPAIGN OF TERROR AGAINST THE JEWS.
TORQUEMADA MADE THEM WEAR A YELLOW BADGE... CONFISCATED THEIR PROPERTY... KILLED AND DROVE THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY THEY'D LIVED IN FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS...
SUCH A SIGHT WOULD INDUCE PITY AND FEAR IN ANY NORMAL PERSON...
WHAT AM I WANTED TO SAY? I DID EVERYTHING! FOR GOD'S SAKE LET ME GO!
WELL, 'TORQUEMADA'... WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF NOW YOU HAVE SEEN THE INQUISITION AT WORK?
... BUT THIS WAS THE GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT.
CONGRATULATIONS, TORQUEMADA... I'M MOST IMPRESSED WITH THE EXCELLENT WORK YOU'RE DOING HERE!


INSTRUCTION No.4 SHOULD THE PRISONER STILL EXHIBIT NO SIGNS OF FEAR OR REPENTANCE, LET HIM BE SHOWN THE IMPLEMENTS OF TORTURE.
THE INSTRUMENTS! RAPIDO!
EXPLAIN TO THE PRISONER HOW THE INSTRUMENTS FUNCTION AND WHAT THEY WILL DO TO HIS FLESH...
NOW, SENOR... I WILL TELL YOU WHAT THIS DOES...
NO, NO, LET ME SEE IF I CAN **GUESS**... EYE-GOUGER, RIGHT? AND THAT'S A SPINE-ROLLER... AND A FOREHEAD TORNIQUET, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN!
STRIP THE PRISONER OF HIS ROBES AND PREPARE HIM FOR HIS ORDEAL.
BUT I WAS HOPING TO SEE SOME OF THE **REAL CLASSICS** OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION... YOU KNOW— THE STATUE WHERE SPIKES COME OUT FROM THE ARMS TO 'EMBRACE' THE GUILTY... THE WHEEL OF KNIVES... THE BRASS PAN IN THE OVEN... THE CAGE OF RATS YOU PUT ON A PRISONER...
THE PRISONER IS THEN LAID AND BOUND TO THE ENGINE OF SUFFERING.
ALL IN GOOD TIME, SENOR: FOR NOW I CAN ONLY OFFER YOU THE HOSPITALITY OF THE 'SPANISH CHAIR'...
J.H.


...WHERE THE PRISONER'S FEET ARE COATED WITH FAT AND SLOWLY ALLOWED TO ROAST OVER A BRAZIER!
SURELY YOU CANNOT MEAN..?
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT I..?
NO, YOU COULDN'T MEAN..?
SI, SENOR!

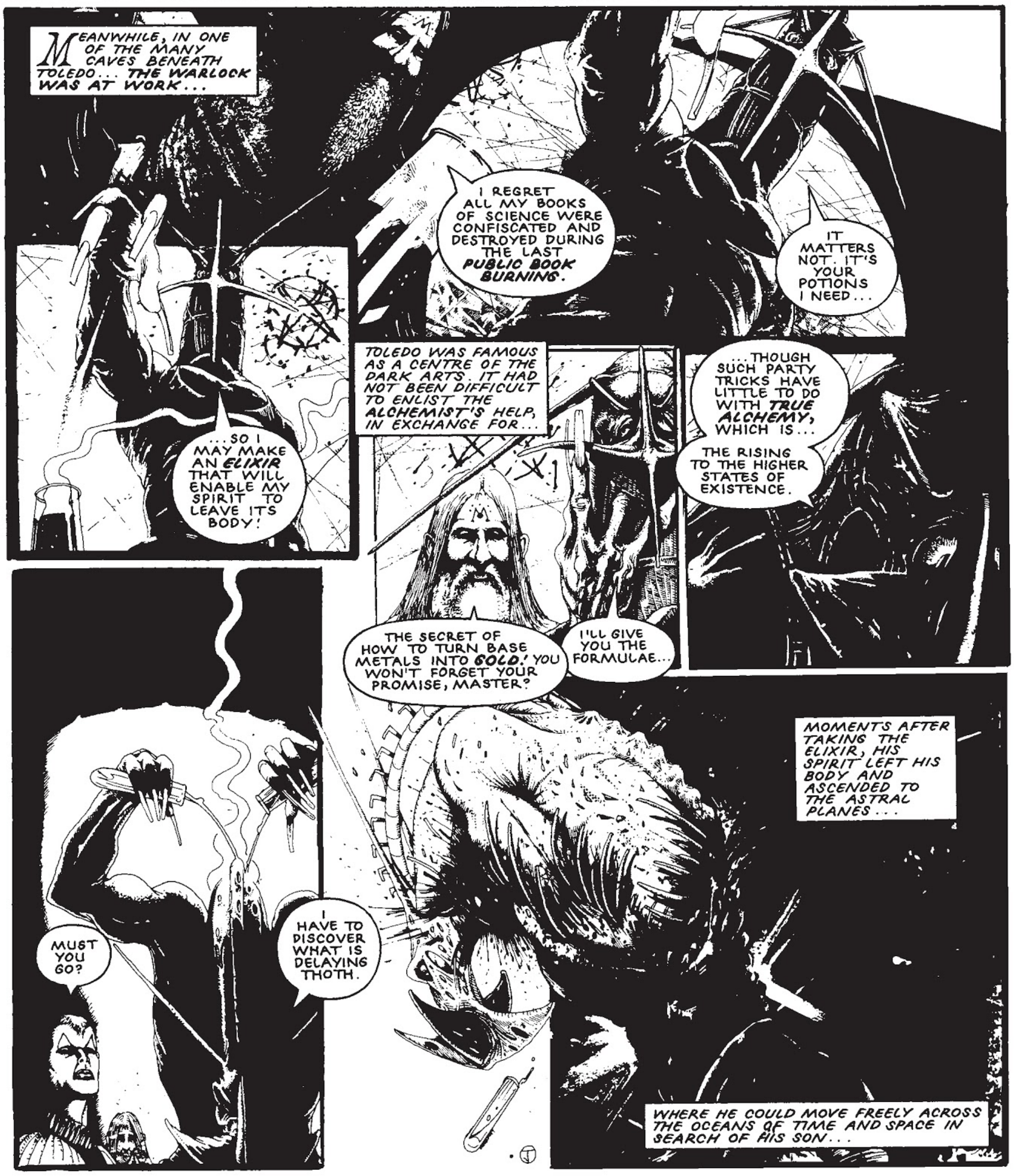

YOUR HERESIES ARE BEYOND BELIEF! AN ENTIRE COUNTRY WAS EXCOMMUNICATED FOR A FRACTION OF WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME!
BUT I... MUST KNOW EVERYTHING! EVEN THOUGH I WILL HAVE TO GIVE MYSELF A DOUBLE SCOURGING TO PREVENT CONTAMINATION, I MUST PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF YOUR WICKEDNESS!
INSTRUCTION No.5 THE TORTURE BEGINS.
AAAGGGH!
NEXT PROG: DESCENT INTO KHAOS

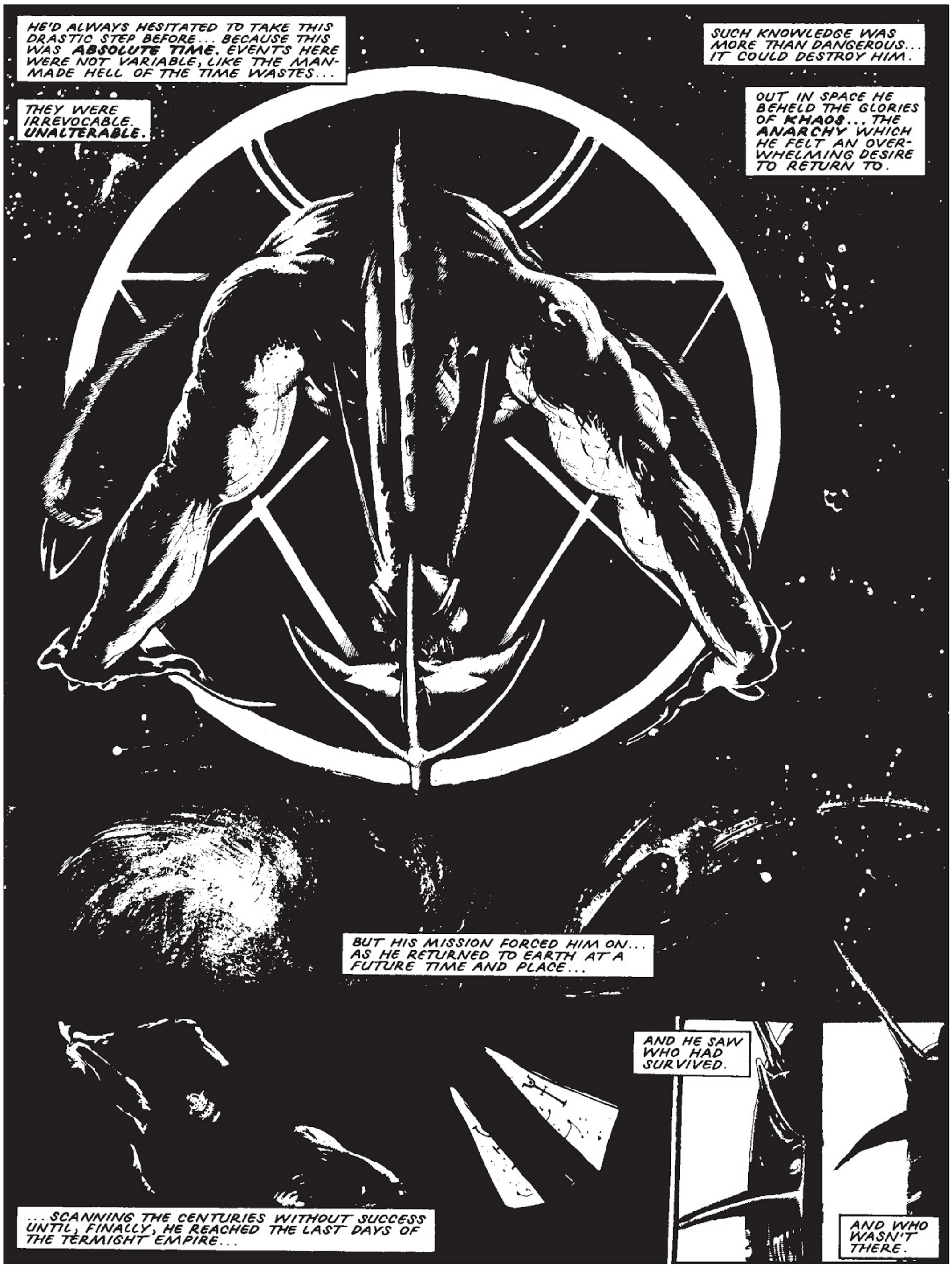
NEMESIS

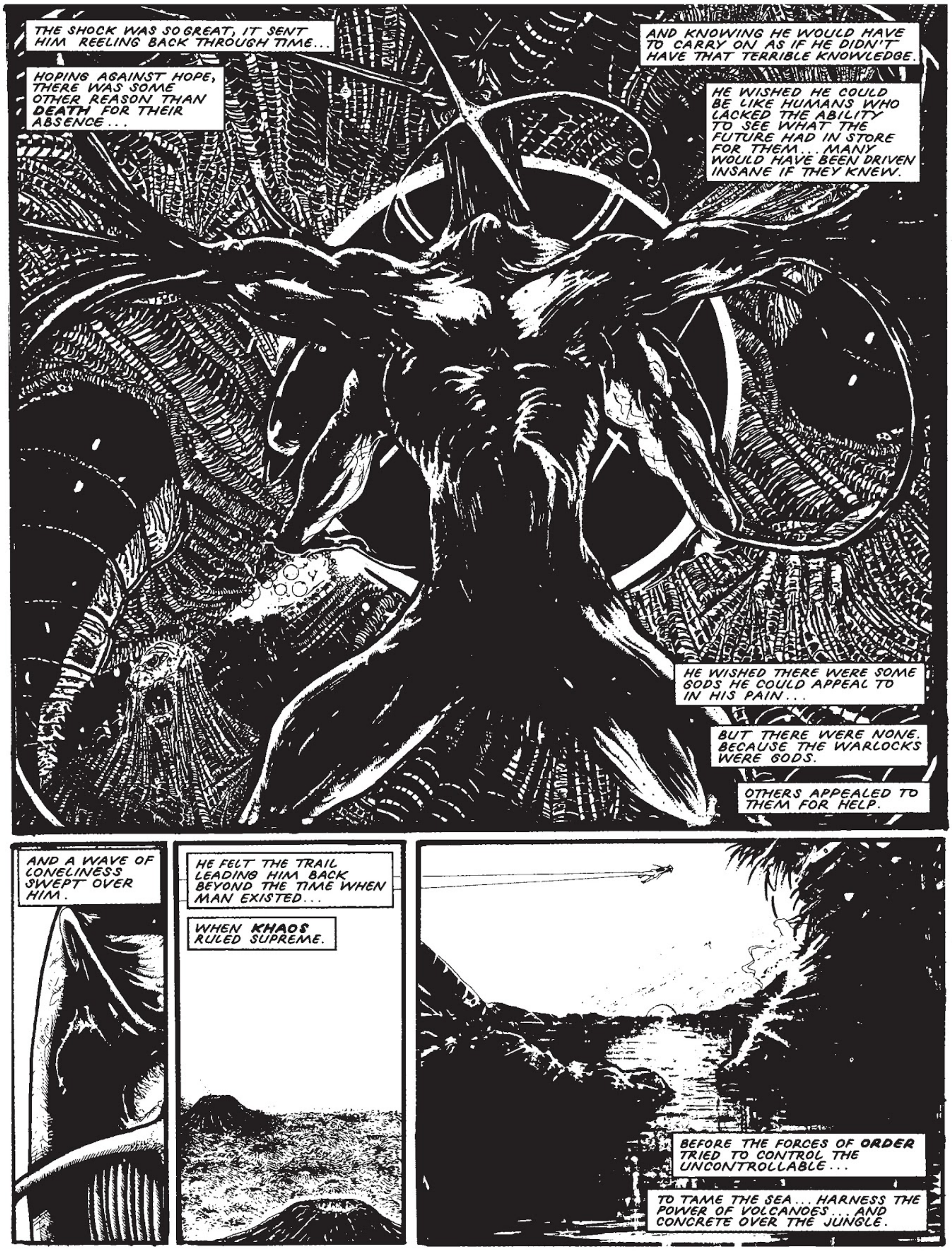
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS

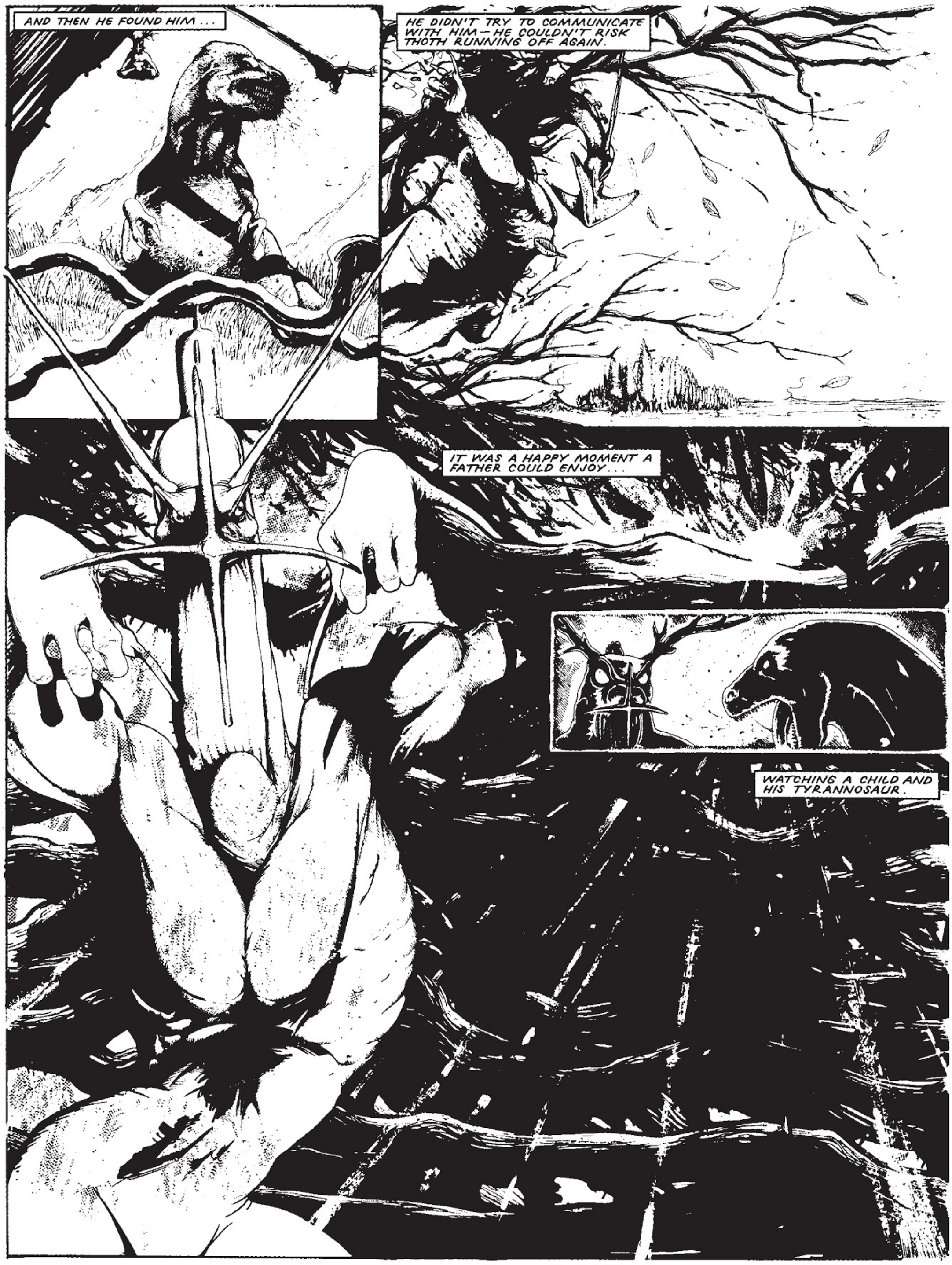
BOOK SEVEN

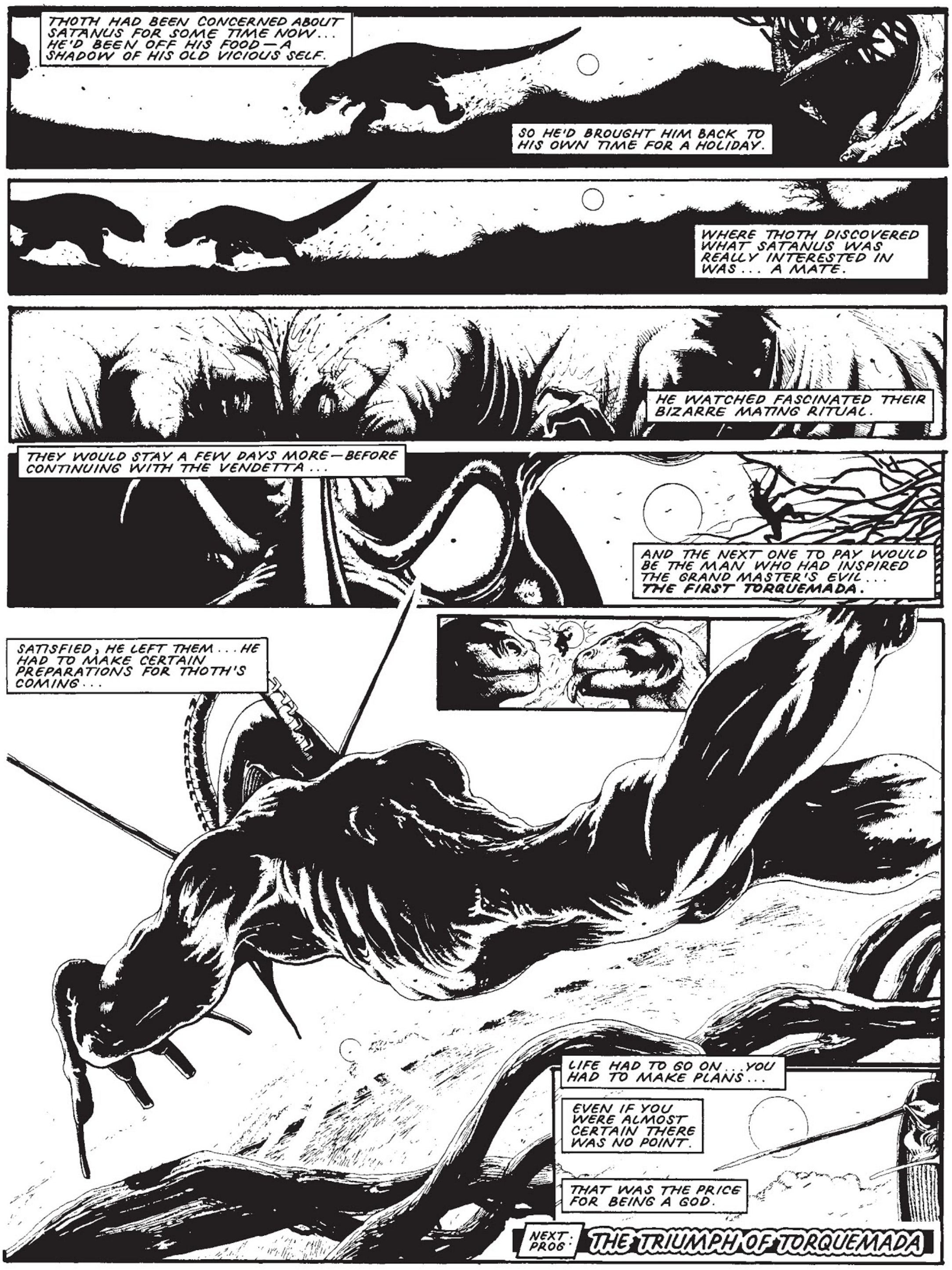
SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG:
S. POTTER

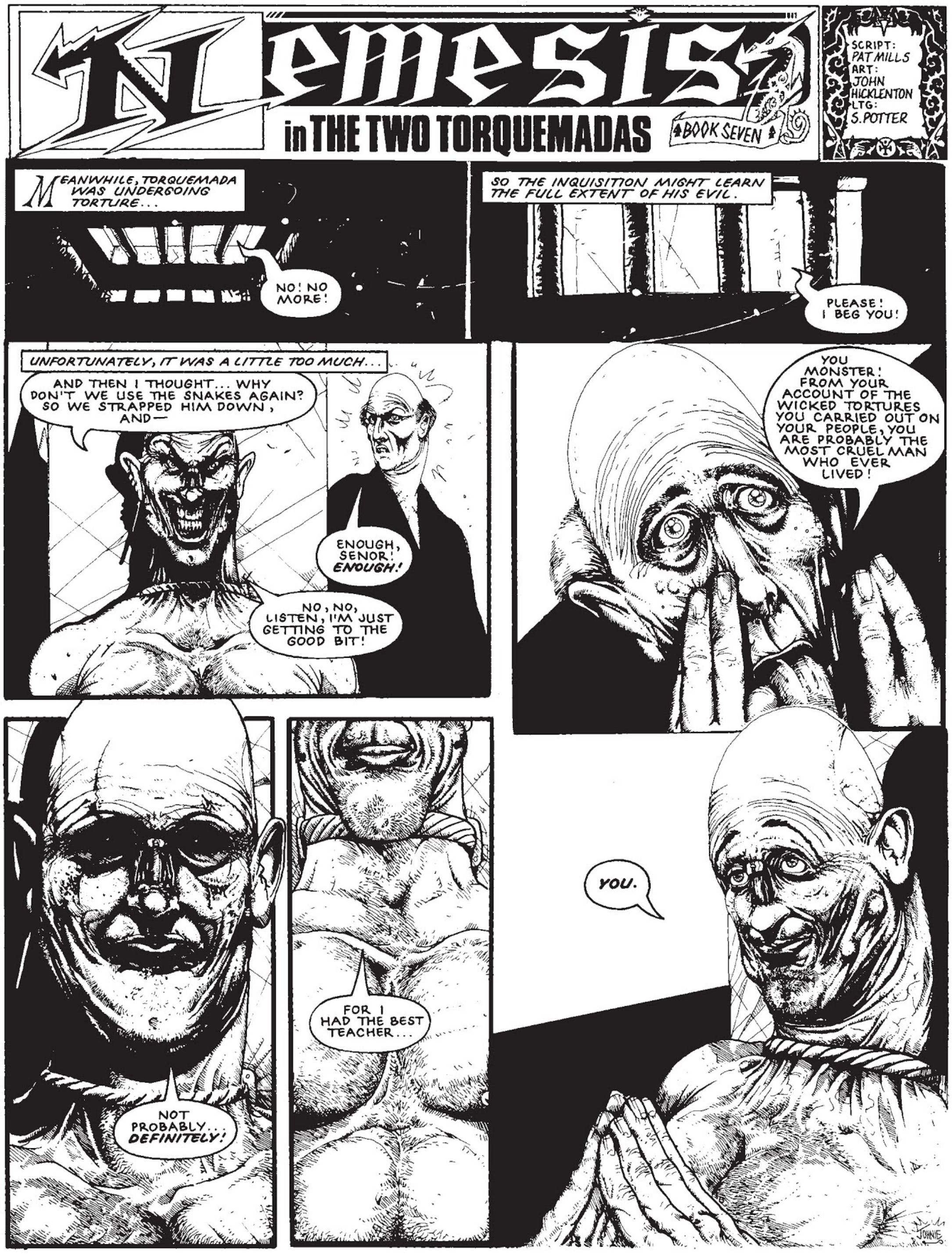

MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THE MANY CAVES BENEATH TOLEDO... THE WARLOCK WAS AT WORK...
I REGRET ALL MY BOOKS OF SCIENCE WERE CONFISCATED AND DESTROYED DURING THE LAST PUBLIC BOOK BURNING.
IT MATTERS NOT. IT'S YOUR POTIONS I NEED...
...SO I MAY MAKE AN ELIXIR THAT WILL ENABLE MY SPIRIT TO LEAVE ITS BODY!
TOLEDO WAS FAMOUS AS A CENTRE OF THE DARK ARTS. IT HAD NOT BEEN DIFFICULT TO ENLIST THE ALCHEMIST'S HELP, IN EXCHANGE FOR...
...THOUGH SUCH PARTY TRICKS HAVE LITTLE TO DO WITH TRUE ALCHEMY, WHICH IS...
THE RISING TO THE HIGHER STATES OF EXISTENCE.
THE SECRET OF HOW TO TURN BASE METALS INTO GOLD! YOU WON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE, MASTER?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE FORMULAE...
MUST YOU GO?
I HAVE TO DISCOVER WHAT IS DELAYING THOTH.
MOMENTS AFTER TAKING THE ELIXIR, HIS SPIRIT LEFT HIS BODY AND ASCENDED TO THE ASTRAL PLANES...
WHERE HE COULD MOVE FREELY ACROSS THE OCEANS OF TIME AND SPACE IN SEARCH OF HIS SON...

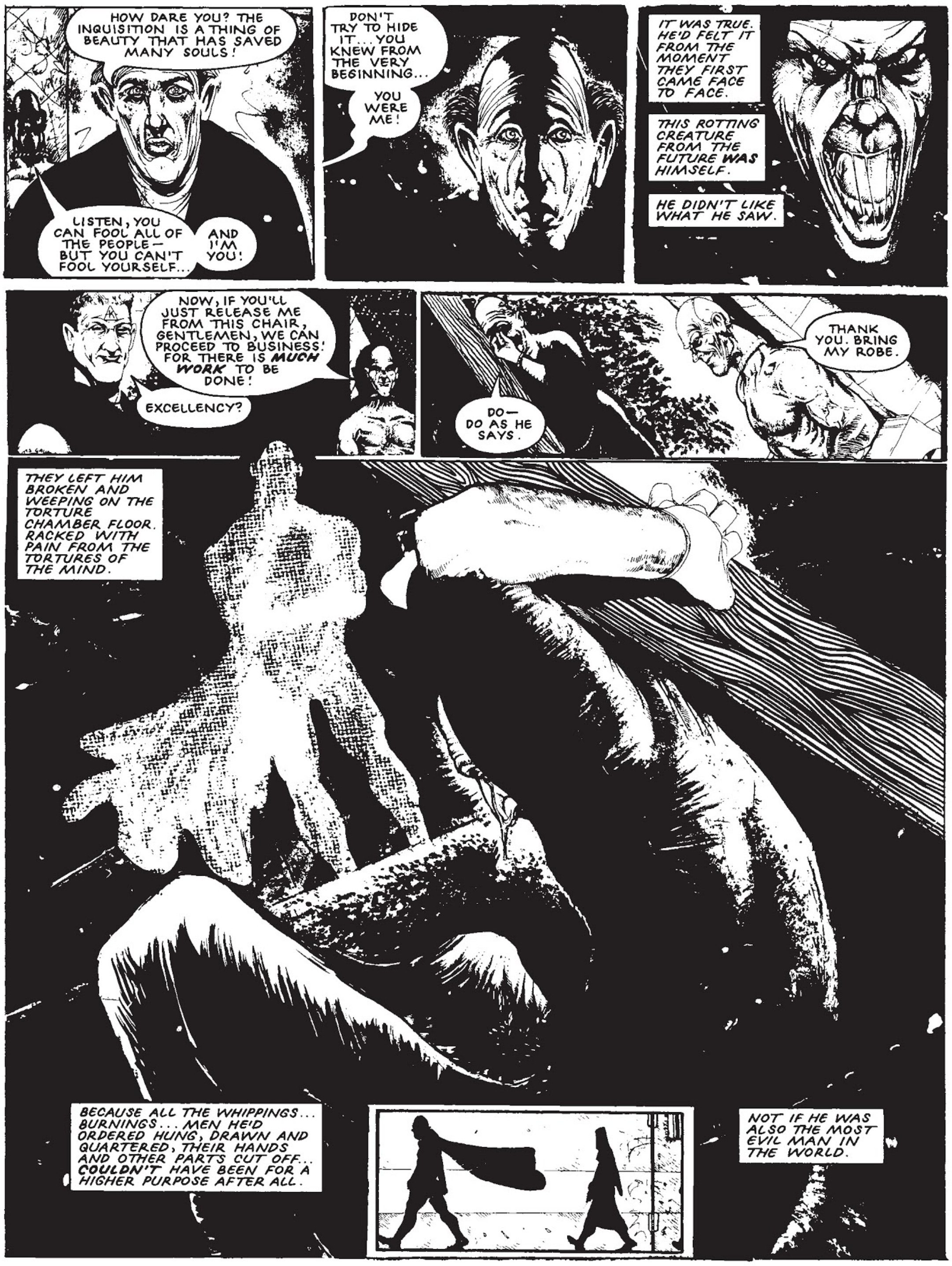

HE'D ALWAYS HESITATED TO TAKE THIS DRASTIC STEP BEFORE... BECAUSE THIS WAS **ABSOLUTE TIME**. EVENTS HERE WERE NOT VARIABLE, LIKE THE MAN-MADE HELL OF THE TIME WASTES...
THEY WERE IRREVOCABLE. **UNALTERABLE**.
SUCH KNOWLEDGE WAS MORE THAN DANGEROUS... IT COULD DESTROY HIM.
OUT IN SPACE HE BEHELD THE GLORIES OF **KHAOS**... THE **ANARCHY** WHICH HE FELT AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO RETURN TO.
BUT HIS MISSION FORCED HIM ON... AS HE RETURNED TO EARTH AT A FUTURE TIME AND PLACE...
...SCANNING THE CENTURIES WITHOUT SUCCESS UNTIL, FINALLY, HE REACHED THE LAST DAYS OF THE TERMIGHT EMPIRE...
AND HE SAW WHO HAD SURVIVED.
AND WHO WASN'T THERE.

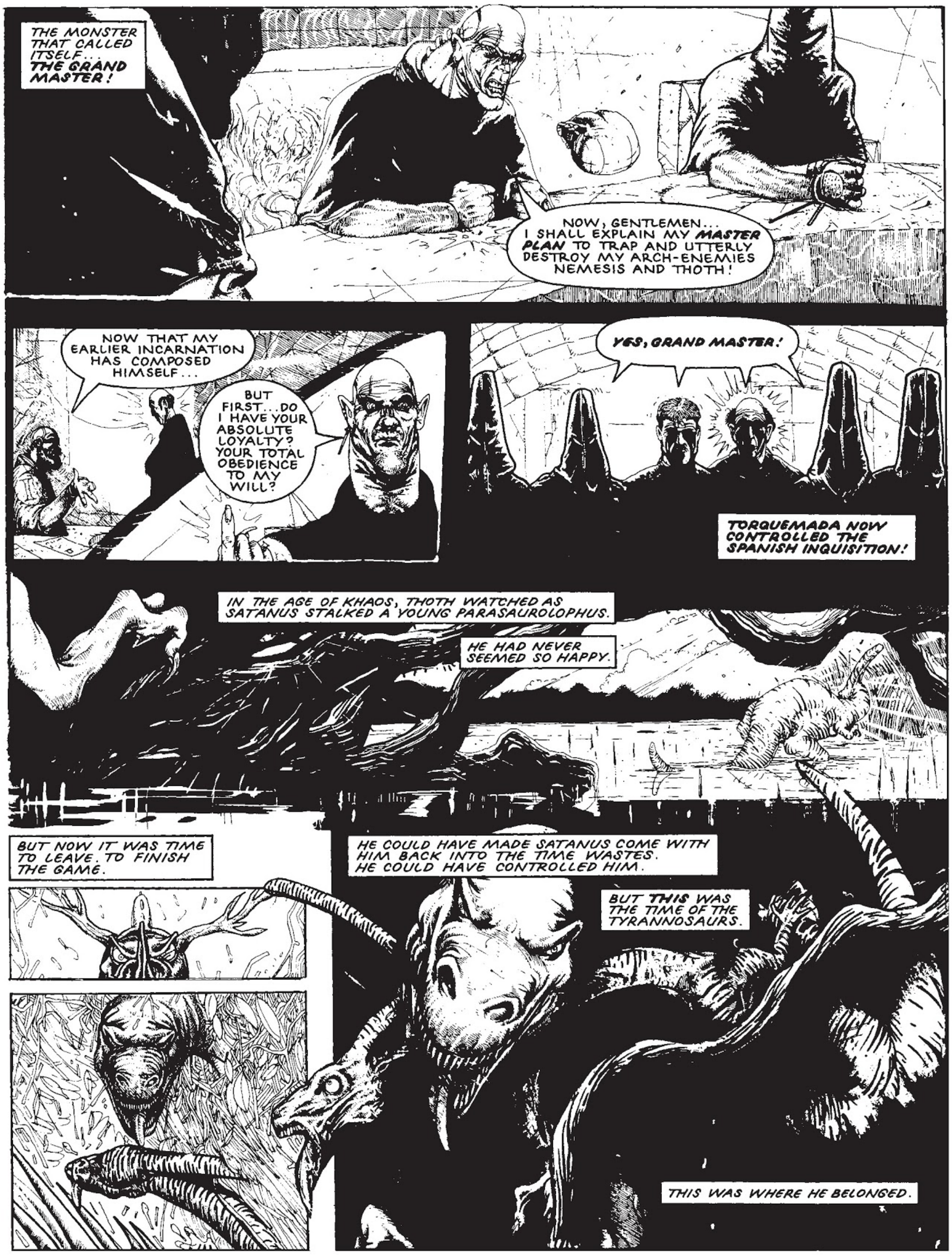

THE SHOCK WAS SO GREAT, IT SENT HIM REELING BACK THROUGH TIME...
HOPING AGAINST HOPE, THERE WAS SOME OTHER REASON THAN **DEATH** FOR THEIR ABSENCE...
AND KNOWING HE WOULD HAVE TO CARRY ON AS IF HE DIDN'T HAVE THAT TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE.
HE WISHED HE COULD BE LIKE HUMANS WHO LACKED THE ABILITY TO SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HAD IN STORE FOR THEM... MANY WOULD HAVE BEEN DRIVEN INSANE IF THEY KNEW.
HE WISHED THERE WERE SOME GODS HE COULD APPEAL TO IN HIS PAIN...
BUT THERE WERE NONE. BECAUSE THE WARLOCKS WERE GODS.
OTHERS APPEALED TO THEM FOR HELP.
AND A WAVE OF LONELINESS SWEPT OVER HIM.
HE FELT THE TRAIL LEADING HIM BACK BEYOND THE TIME WHEN MAN EXISTED...
WHEN **KHAOS** RULED SUPREME.
BEFORE THE FORCES OF **ORDER** TRIED TO CONTROL THE UNCONTROLLABLE...
TO TAME THE SEA... HARNESS THE POWER OF VOLCANOES... AND CONCRETE OVER THE JUNGLE.


AND THEN HE FOUND HIM . . .
HE DIDN'T TRY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIM—HE COULDN'T RISK THOTH RUNNING OFF AGAIN.
IT WAS A HAPPY MOMENT A FATHER COULD ENJOY . . .
WATCHING A CHILD AND HIS TYRANNOSAUR.


THOTH HAD BEEN CONCERNED ABOUT SATANUS FOR SOME TIME NOW... HE'D BEEN OFF HIS FOOD—A SHADOW OF HIS OLD VICIOUS SELF.
SO HE'D BROUGHT HIM BACK TO HIS OWN TIME FOR A HOLIDAY.
WHERE THOTH DISCOVERED WHAT SATANUS WAS REALLY INTERESTED IN WAS... A MATE.
HE WATCHED FASCINATED THEIR BIZARRE MATING RITUAL.
THEY WOULD STAY A FEW DAYS MORE—BEFORE CONTINUING WITH THE VENDETTA...
AND THE NEXT ONE TO PAY WOULD BE THE MAN WHO HAD INSPIRED THE GRAND MASTER'S EVIL... THE FIRST TORQUEMADA.
SATISFIED, HE LEFT THEM... HE HAD TO MAKE CERTAIN PREPARATIONS FOR THOTH'S COMING...
LIFE HAD TO GO ON... YOU HAD TO MAKE PLANS...
EVEN IF YOU WERE ALMOST CERTAIN THERE WAS NO POINT.
THAT WAS THE PRICE FOR BEING A GOD.
NEXT PROG: THE TRIUMPH OF TORQUEMADA


Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: S. POTTER
MEANWHILE, TORQUEMADA WAS UNDERGOING TORTURE...
NO! NO MORE!
SO THE INQUISITION MIGHT LEARN THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS EVIL.
PLEASE! I BEG YOU!
UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS A LITTLE TOO MUCH...
AND THEN I THOUGHT... WHY DON'T WE USE THE SNAKES AGAIN? SO WE STRAPPED HIM DOWN, AND—
ENOUGH, SENOR! ENOUGH!
NO, NO, LISTEN, I'M JUST GETTING TO THE GOOD BIT!
YOU MONSTER! FROM YOUR ACCOUNT OF THE WICKED TORTURES YOU CARRIED OUT ON YOUR PEOPLE, YOU ARE PROBABLY THE MOST CRUEL MAN WHO EVER LIVED!
NOT PROBABLY... DEFINITELY!
FOR I HAD THE BEST TEACHER...
YOU.
JOHNIE


HOW DARE YOU? THE INQUISITION IS A THING OF BEAUTY THAT HAS SAVED MANY SOULS!
LISTEN, YOU CAN FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE— BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL YOURSELF...
AND I'M YOU!
DON'T TRY TO HIDE IT... YOU KNEW FROM THE VERY BEGINNING...
YOU WERE ME!
IT WAS TRUE. HE'D FELT IT FROM THE MOMENT THEY FIRST CAME FACE TO FACE.
THIS ROTTING CREATURE FROM THE FUTURE WAS HIMSELF.
HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE SAW.
NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST RELEASE ME FROM THIS CHAIR, GENTLEMEN, WE CAN PROCEED TO BUSINESS! FOR THERE IS MUCH WORK TO BE DONE!
EXCELLENCY?
DO— DO AS HE SAYS.
THANK YOU. BRING MY ROBE.
THEY LEFT HIM BROKEN AND WEEPING ON THE TORTURE CHAMBER FLOOR. RACKED WITH PAIN FROM THE TORTURES OF THE MIND.
BECAUSE ALL THE WHIPPINGS... BURNINGS... MEN HE'D ORDERED HUNG, DRAWN AND QUARTERED, THEIR HANDS AND OTHER PARTS CUT OFF... COULDN'T HAVE BEEN FOR A HIGHER PURPOSE AFTER ALL.
NOT IF HE WAS ALSO THE MOST EVIL MAN IN THE WORLD.


THE MONSTER THAT CALLED ITSELF... **THE GRAND MASTER!**
NOW, GENTLEMEN... I SHALL EXPLAIN MY **MASTER PLAN** TO TRAP AND UTTERLY DESTROY MY ARCH-ENEMIES NEMESIS AND THOTH!
NOW THAT MY EARLIER INCARNATION HAS COMPOSED HIMSELF...
BUT FIRST...DO I HAVE YOUR ABSOLUTE LOYALTY? YOUR TOTAL OBEDIENCE TO MY WILL?
YES, GRAND MASTER!
TORQUEMADA NOW CONTROLLED THE SPANISH INQUISITION!
IN THE AGE OF KHAOS, THOTH WATCHED AS SATANUS STALKED A YOUNG PARASAUROLOPHUS.
HE HAD NEVER SEEMED SO HAPPY.
BUT NOW IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE. TO FINISH THE GAME.
HE COULD HAVE MADE SATANUS COME WITH HIM BACK INTO THE TIME WASTES. HE COULD HAVE CONTROLLED HIM.
BUT **THIS** WAS THE TIME OF THE TYRANNOSAURS.
THIS WAS WHERE HE BELONGED.

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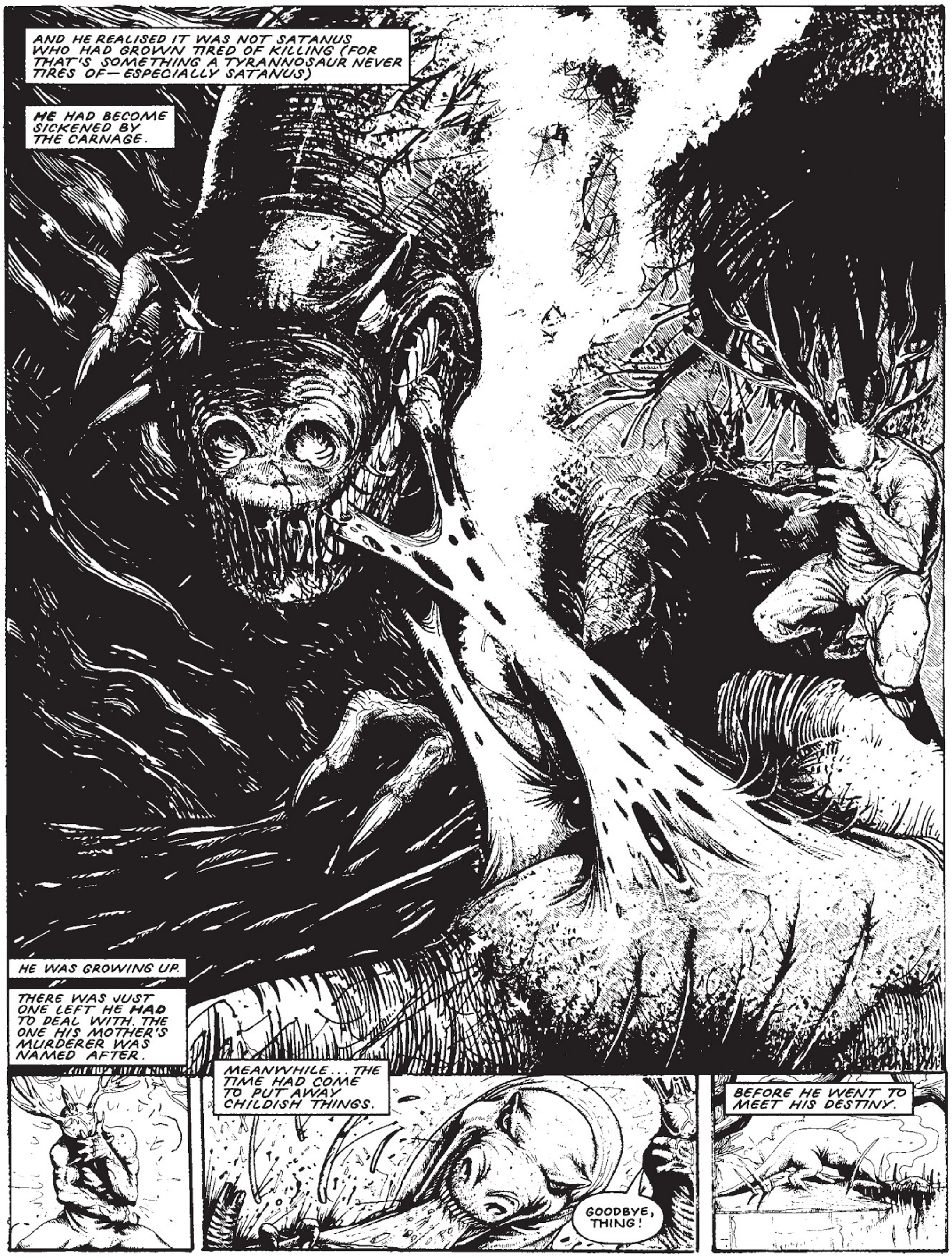
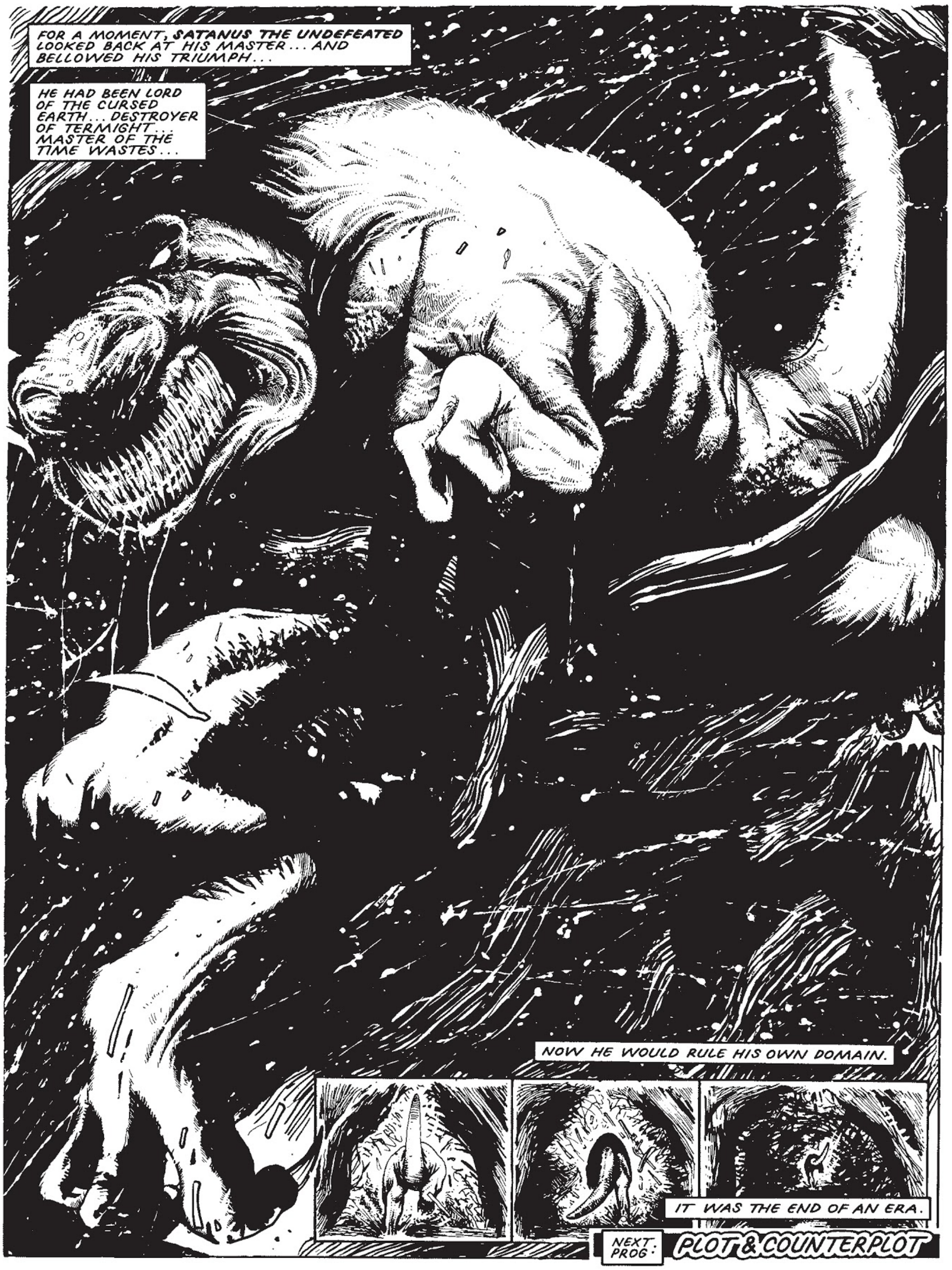
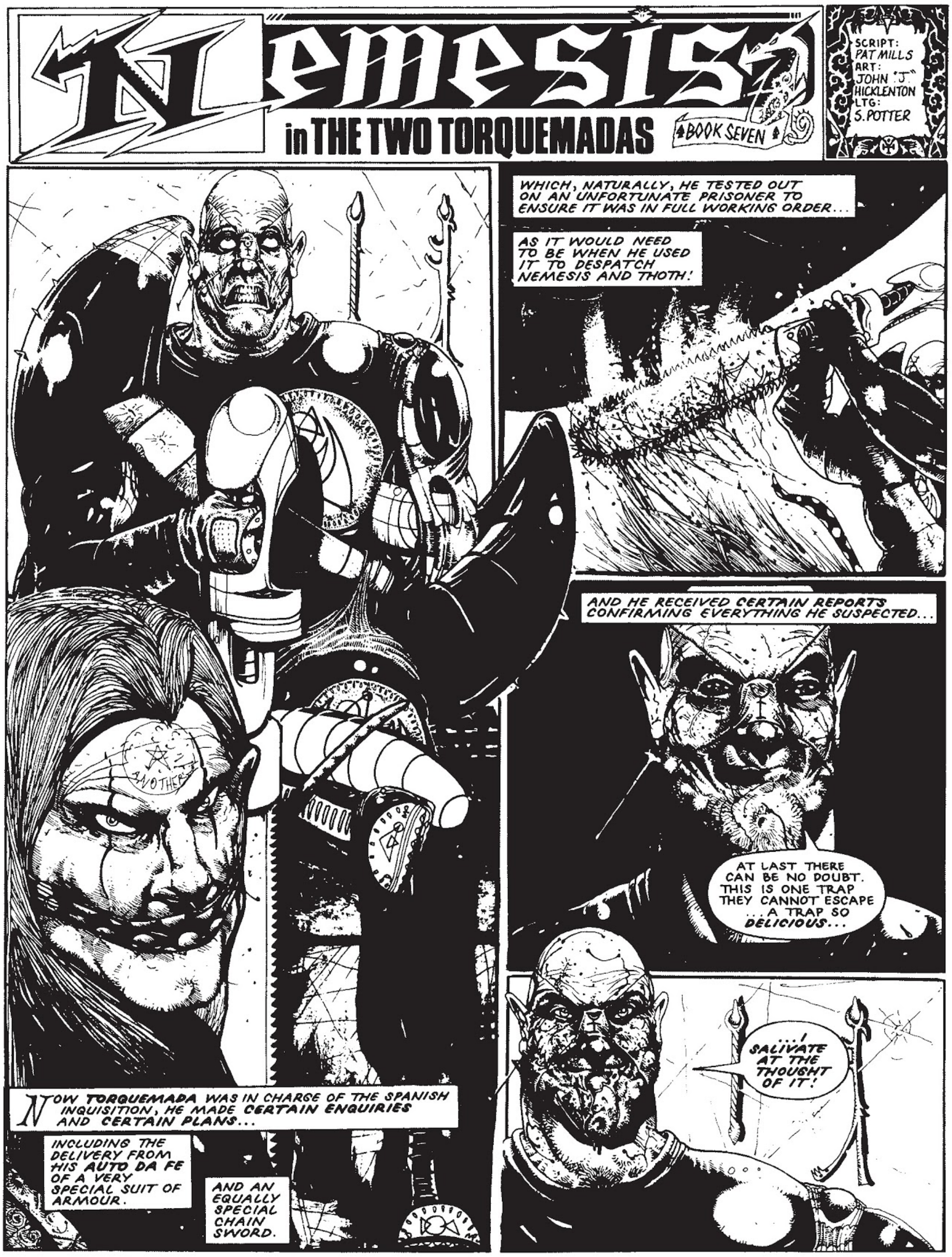

AND HE REALISED IT WAS NOT SATANUS WHO HAD GROWN TIRED OF KILLING (FOR THAT'S SOMETHING A TYRANNOSAUR NEVER TIRES OF—ESPECIALLY SATANUS)
HE HAD BECOME SICKENED BY THE CARNAGE.
HE WAS GROWING UP.
THERE WAS JUST ONE LEFT HE **HAD** TO DEAL WITH. THE ONE HIS MOTHER'S MURDERER WAS NAMED AFTER.
MEANWHILE... THE TIME HAD COME TO PUT AWAY CHILDISH THINGS.
GOODBYE, THING!
BEFORE HE WENT TO MEET HIS DESTINY.


FOR A MOMENT, SATANUS THE UNDEFEATED LOOKED BACK AT HIS MASTER... AND BELLOWED HIS TRIUMPH...
HE HAD BEEN LORD OF THE CURSED EARTH... DESTROYER OF TERMIGHT... MASTER OF THE TIME WASTES...
NOW HE WOULD RULE HIS OWN DOMAIN.
IT WAS THE END OF AN ERA.
NEXT PROG: PLOT & COUNTERPLOT


NEMESIS
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN "J" HICKLENTON
LTG: S. POTTER
ANOTHER
NOW TORQUEMADA WAS IN CHARGE OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION, HE MADE CERTAIN ENQUIRIES AND CERTAIN PLANS...
INCLUDING THE DELIVERY FROM HIS AUTO DA FE OF A VERY SPECIAL SUIT OF ARMOUR.
AND AN EQUALLY SPECIAL CHAIN SWORD.
WHICH, NATURALLY, HE TESTED OUT ON AN UNFORTUNATE PRISONER TO ENSURE IT WAS IN FULL WORKING ORDER...
AS IT WOULD NEED TO BE WHEN HE USED IT TO DESPATCH NEMESIS AND THOTH!
AND HE RECEIVED CERTAIN REPORTS CONFIRMING EVERYTHING HE SUSPECTED...
AT LAST THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT. THIS IS ONE TRAP THEY CANNOT ESCAPE ...A TRAP SO DELICIOUS...
...I SALIVATE AT THE THOUGHT OF IT!

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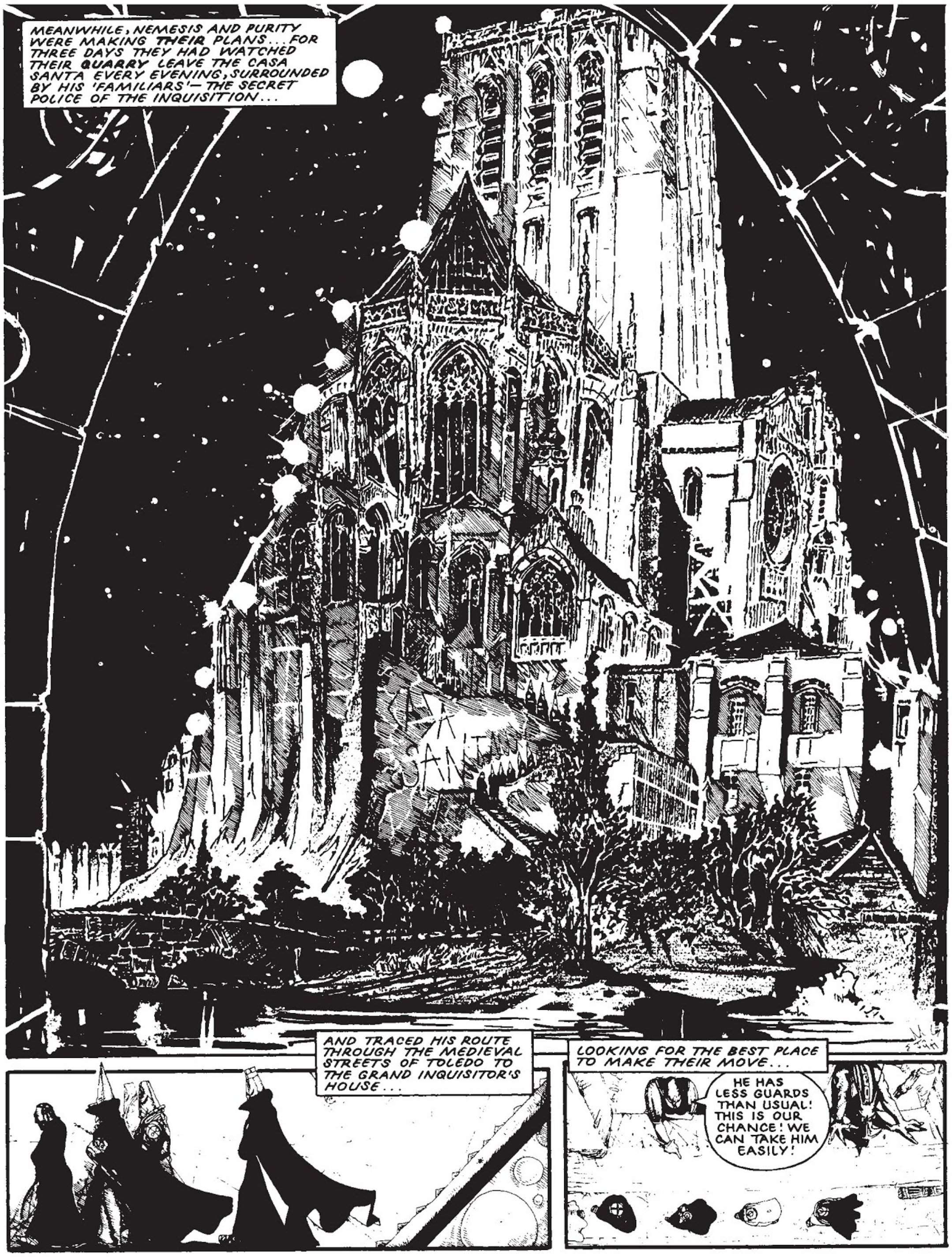
MEANWHILE, NEMESIS AND PURITY WERE MAKING THEIR PLANS... FOR THREE DAYS THEY HAD WATCHED THEIR QUARRY LEAVE THE CASA SANTA EVERY EVENING, SURROUNDED BY HIS 'FAMILIARS'— THE SECRET POLICE OF THE INQUISITION...
AND TRACED HIS ROUTE THROUGH THE MEDIEVAL STREETS OF TOLEDO TO THE GRAND INQUISITOR'S HOUSE...
LOOKING FOR THE BEST PLACE TO MAKE THEIR MOVE...
HE HAS LESS GUARDS THAN USUAL! THIS IS OUR CHANCE! WE CAN TAKE HIM EASILY!

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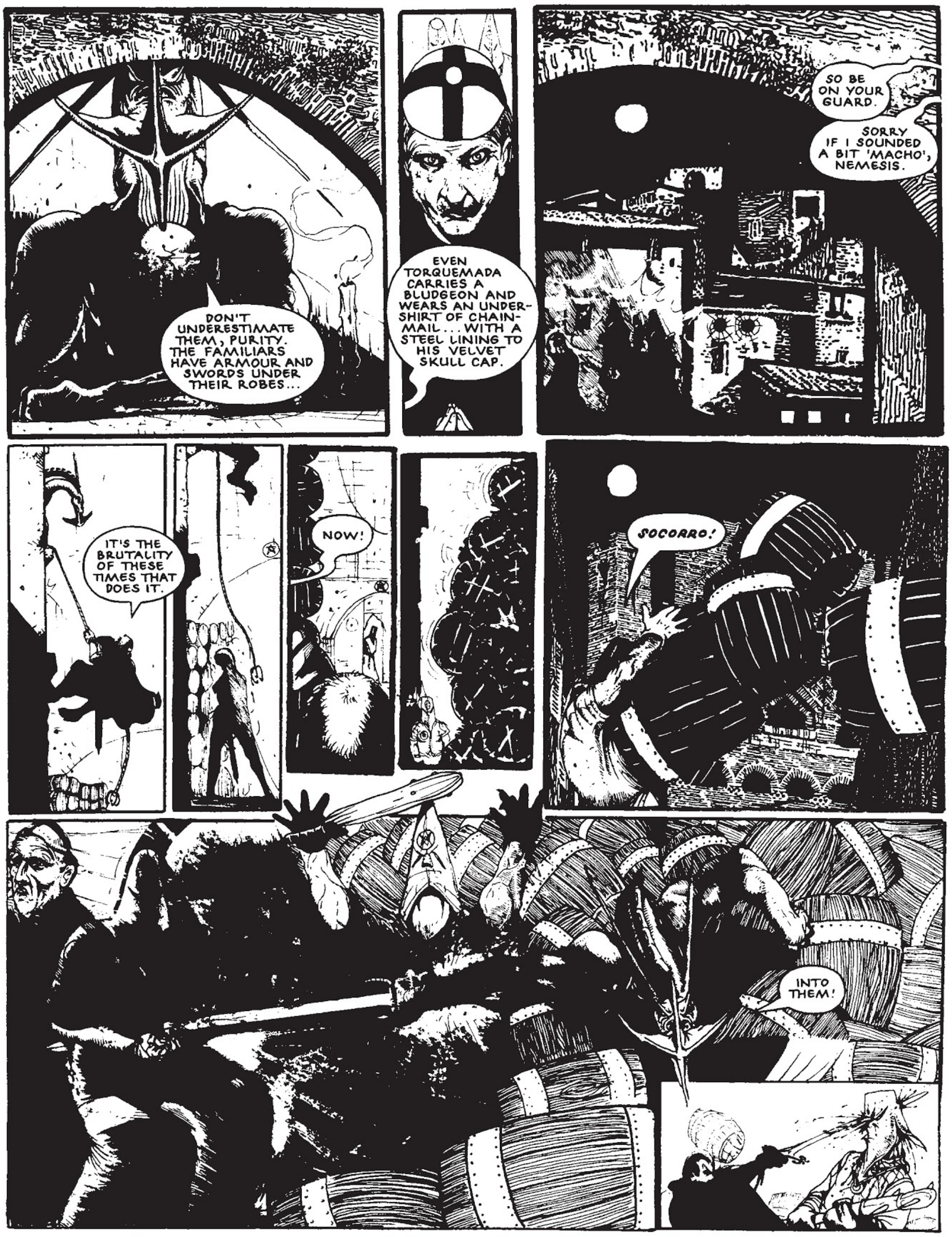
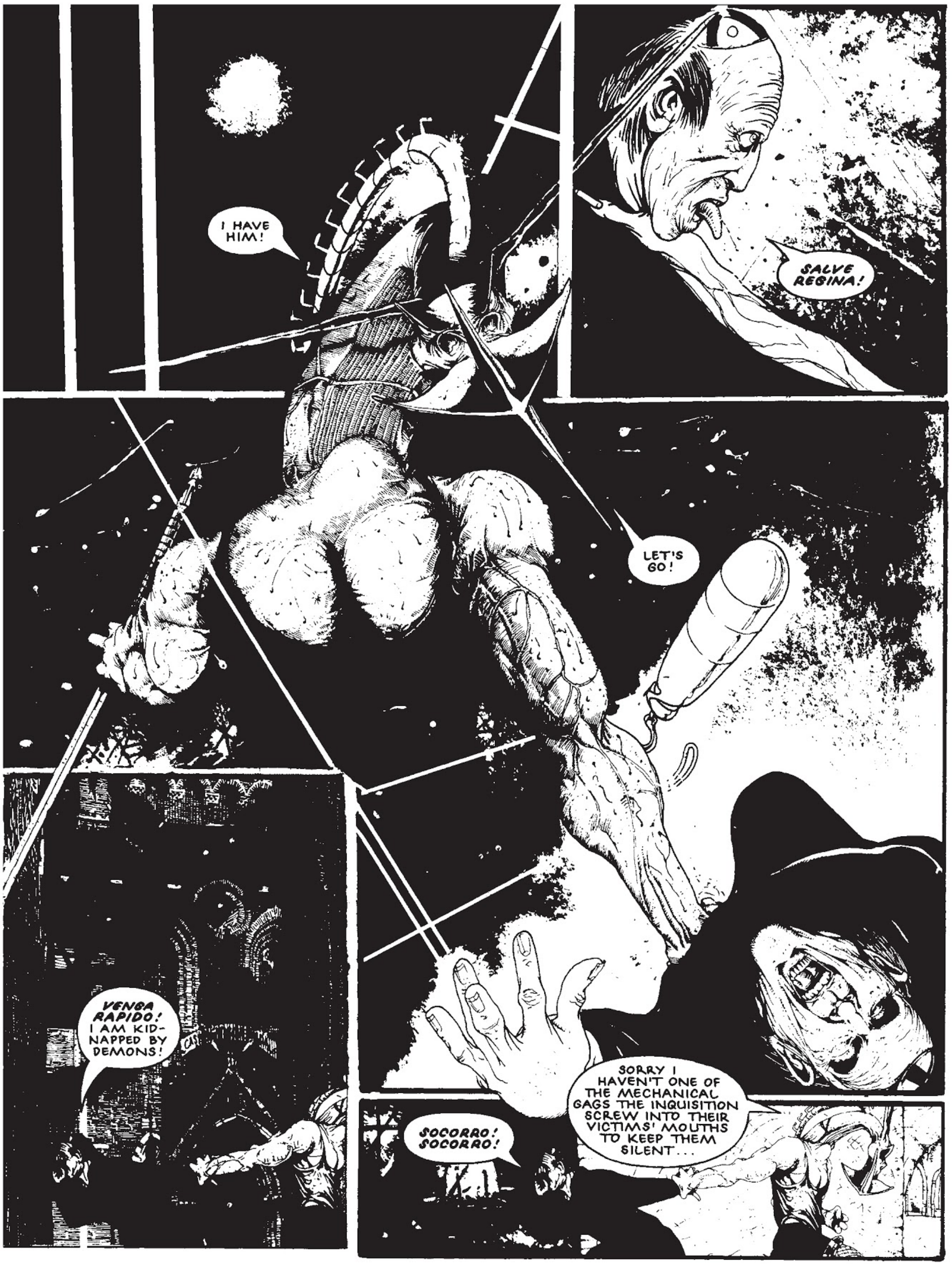
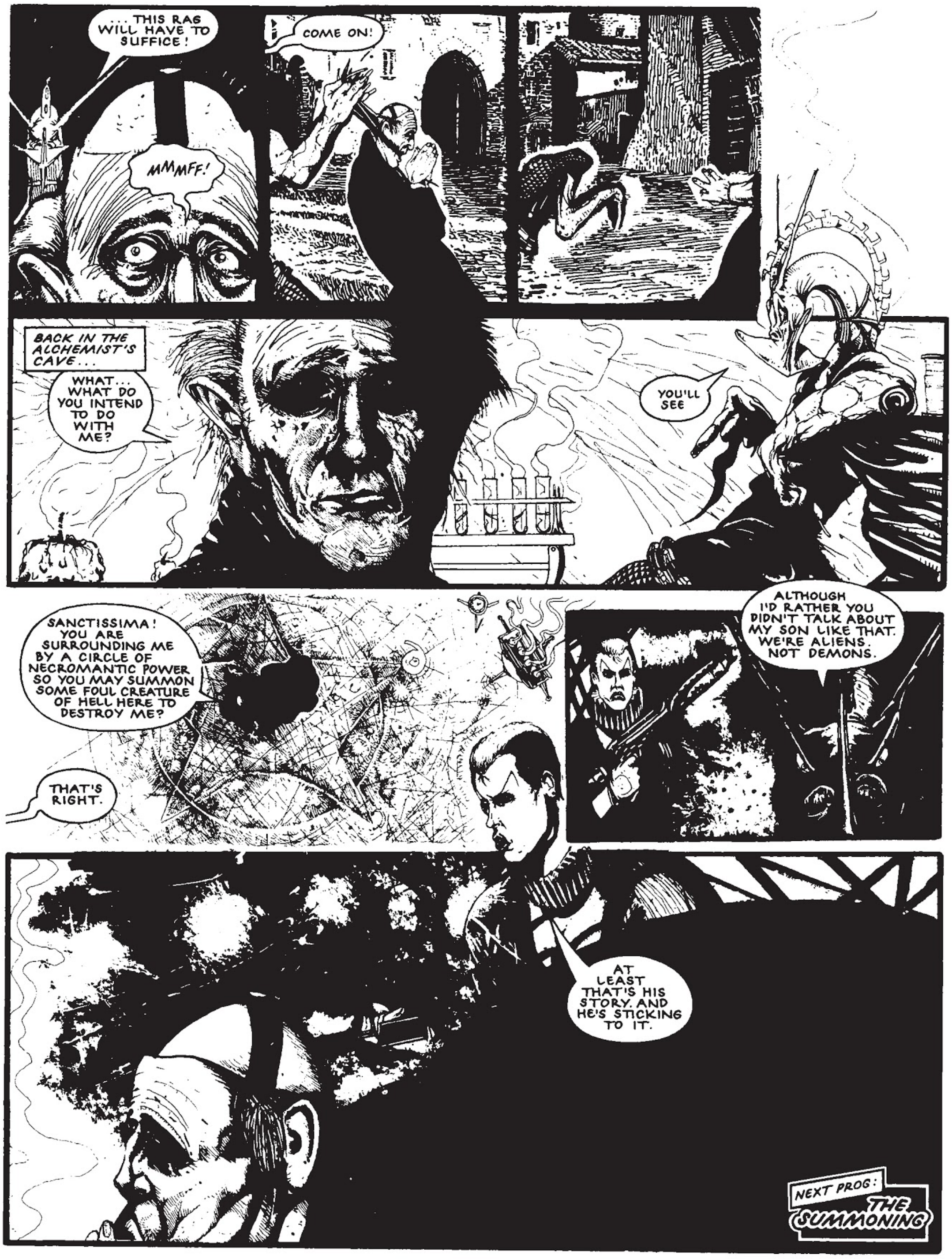

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM, PURITY. THE FAMILIARS HAVE ARMOUR AND SWORDS UNDER THEIR ROBES...
EVEN TORQUEMADA CARRIES A BLUDGEON AND WEARS AN UNDERSHIRT OF CHAINMAIL... WITH A STEEL LINING TO HIS VELVET SKULL CAP.
SO BE ON YOUR GUARD.
SORRY IF I SOUNDED A BIT 'MACHO', NEMESIS.
IT'S THE BRUTALITY OF THESE TIMES THAT DOES IT.
NOW!
SOCORRO!
INTO THEM!


I HAVE HIM!
SALVE REGINA!
LET'S GO!
VENGA RAPIDO! I AM KIDNAPPED BY DEMONS!
SOCORRO! SOCORRO!
SORRY I HAVEN'T ONE OF THE MECHANICAL GAGS THE INQUISITION SCREW INTO THEIR VICTIMS' MOUTHS TO KEEP THEM SILENT...

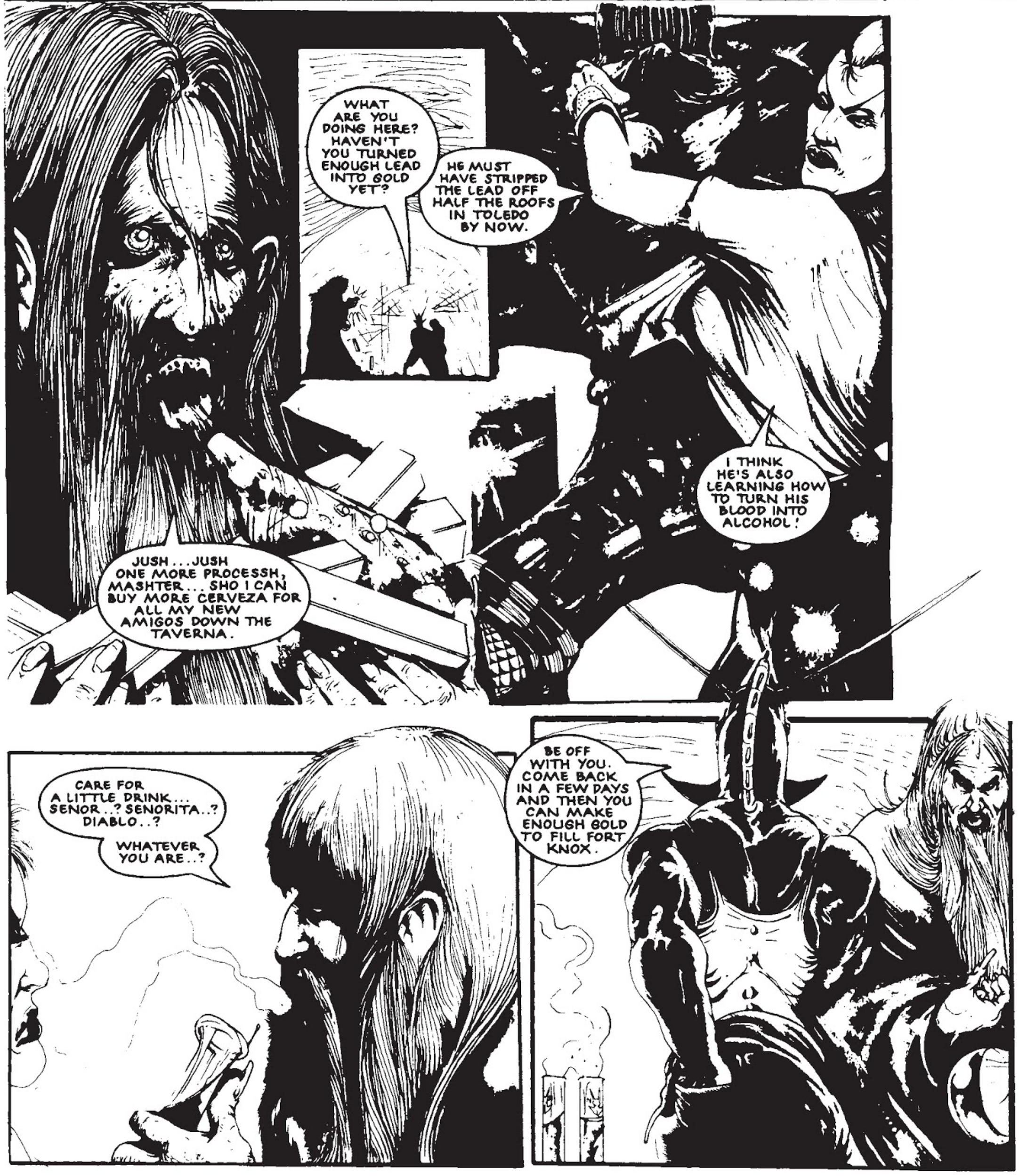

... THIS RAG WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE!
MMMFF!
COME ON!
BACK IN THE ALCHEMIST'S CAVE...
WHAT... WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME?
YOU'LL SEE
SANCTISSIMA! YOU ARE SURROUNDING ME BY A CIRCLE OF NECROMANTIC POWER SO YOU MAY SUMMON SOME FOUL CREATURE OF HELL HERE TO DESTROY ME?
THAT'S RIGHT.
ALTHOUGH I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T TALK ABOUT MY SON LIKE THAT. WE'RE ALIENS. NOT DEMONS.
AT LEAST THAT'S HIS STORY. AND HE'S STICKING TO IT.
NEXT PROG: THE SUMMONING

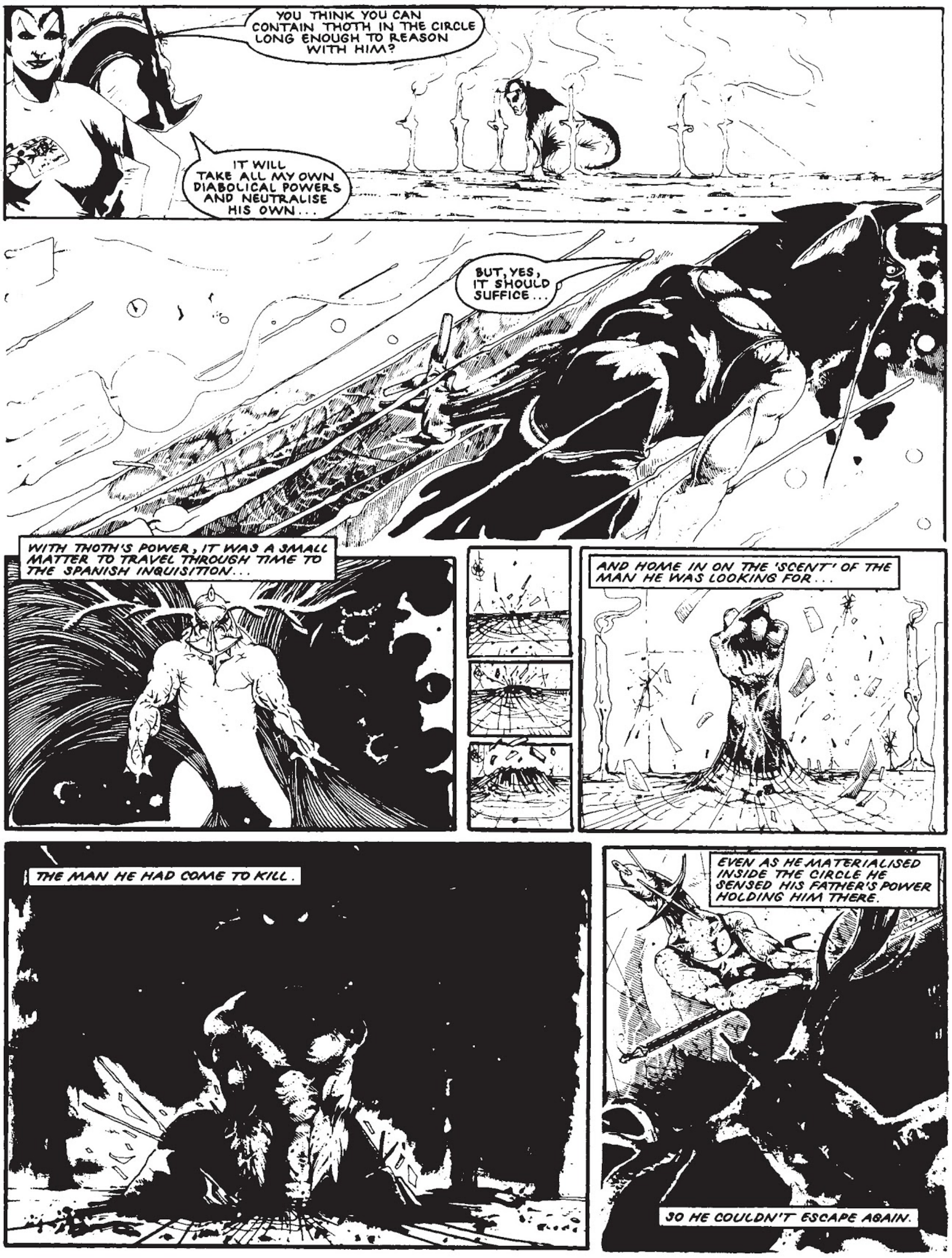
Nemesis

in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS

BOOK SEVEN

SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG:
S.POTTER


WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVEN'T YOU TURNED ENOUGH LEAD INTO GOLD YET?
HE MUST HAVE STRIPPED THE LEAD OFF HALF THE ROOFS IN TOLEDO BY NOW.
I THINK HE'S ALSO LEARNING HOW TO TURN HIS BLOOD INTO ALCOHOL!
JUSH ... JUSH ONE MORE PROCESSH, MASHTER ... SHO I CAN BUY MORE CERVEZA FOR ALL MY NEW AMIGOS DOWN THE TAVERNA.
CARE FOR A LITTLE DRINK... SENOR..? SENORITA..? DIABLO..?
WHATEVER YOU ARE..?
BE OFF WITH YOU. COME BACK IN A FEW DAYS AND THEN YOU CAN MAKE ENOUGH GOLD TO FILL FORT KNOX.


YOU THINK YOU CAN CONTAIN THOTH IN THE CIRCLE LONG ENOUGH TO REASON WITH HIM?
IT WILL TAKE ALL MY OWN DIABOLICAL POWERS AND NEUTRALISE HIS OWN...
BUT, YES, IT SHOULD SUFFICE...
WITH THOTH'S POWER, IT WAS A SMALL MATTER TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME TO THE SPANISH INQUISITION...
AND HOME IN ON THE 'SCENT' OF THE MAN HE WAS LOOKING FOR...
THE MAN HE HAD COME TO KILL.
EVEN AS HE MATERIALISED INSIDE THE CIRCLE HE SENSED HIS FATHER'S POWER HOLDING HIM THERE.
SO HE COULDN'T ESCAPE AGAIN.

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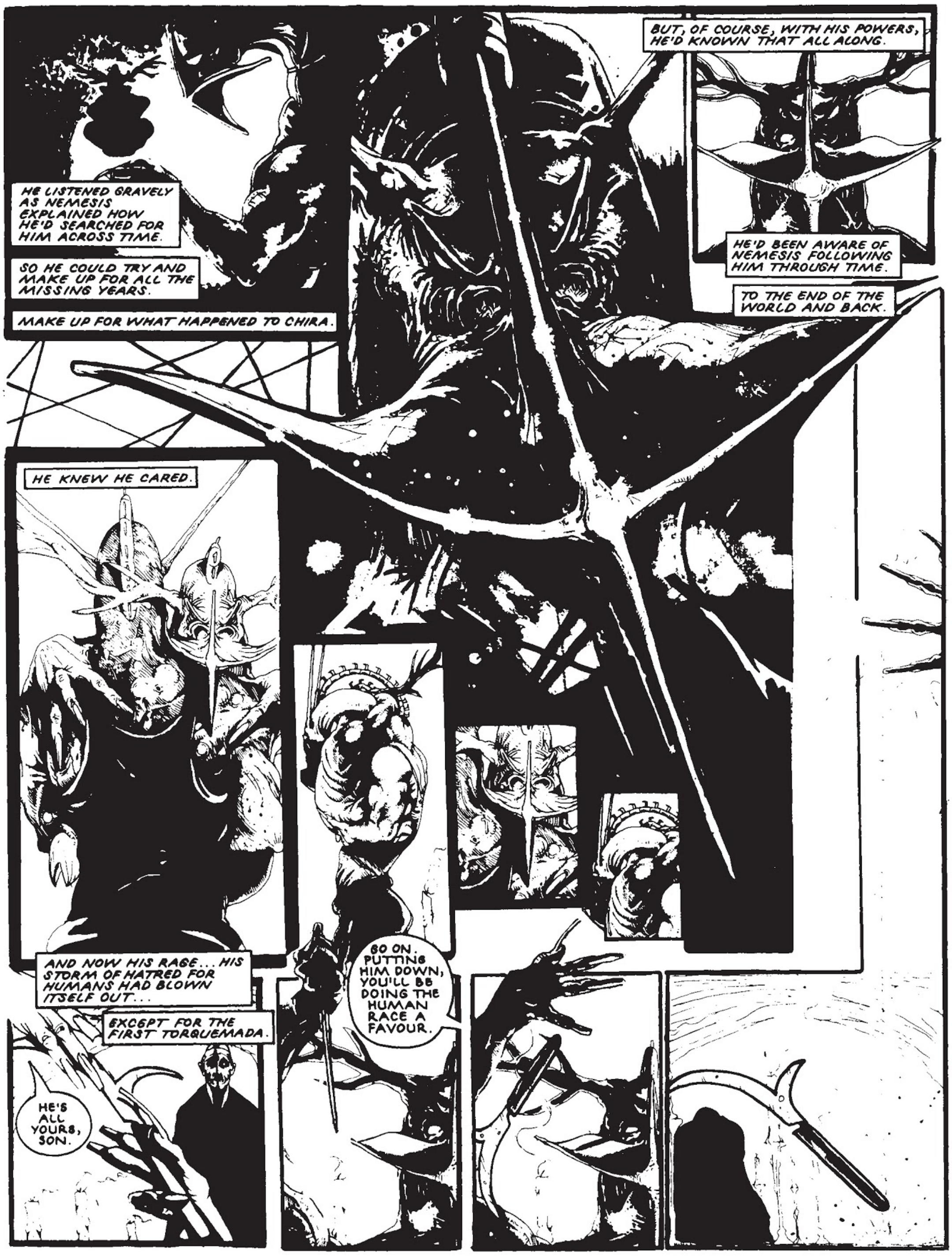
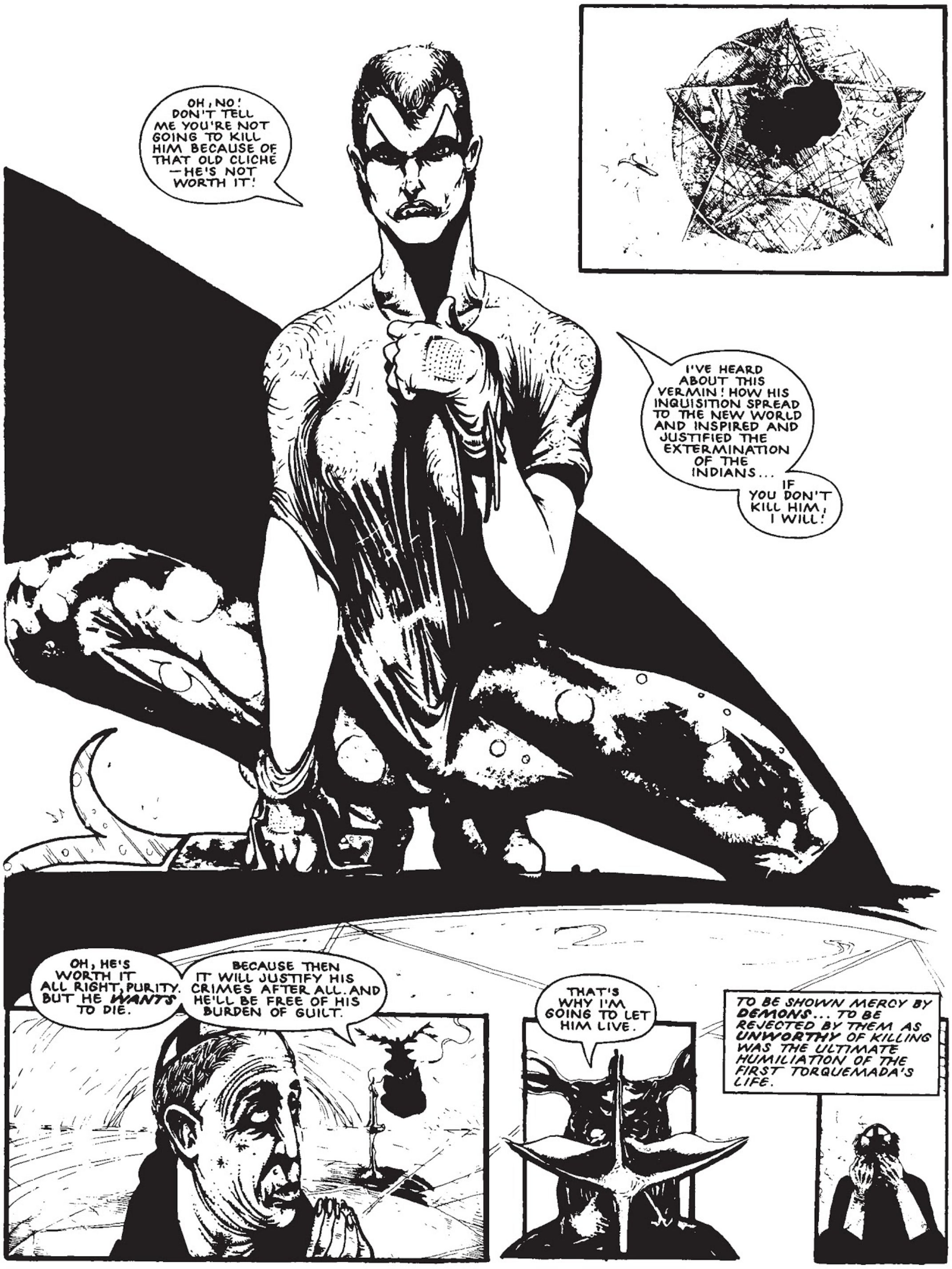
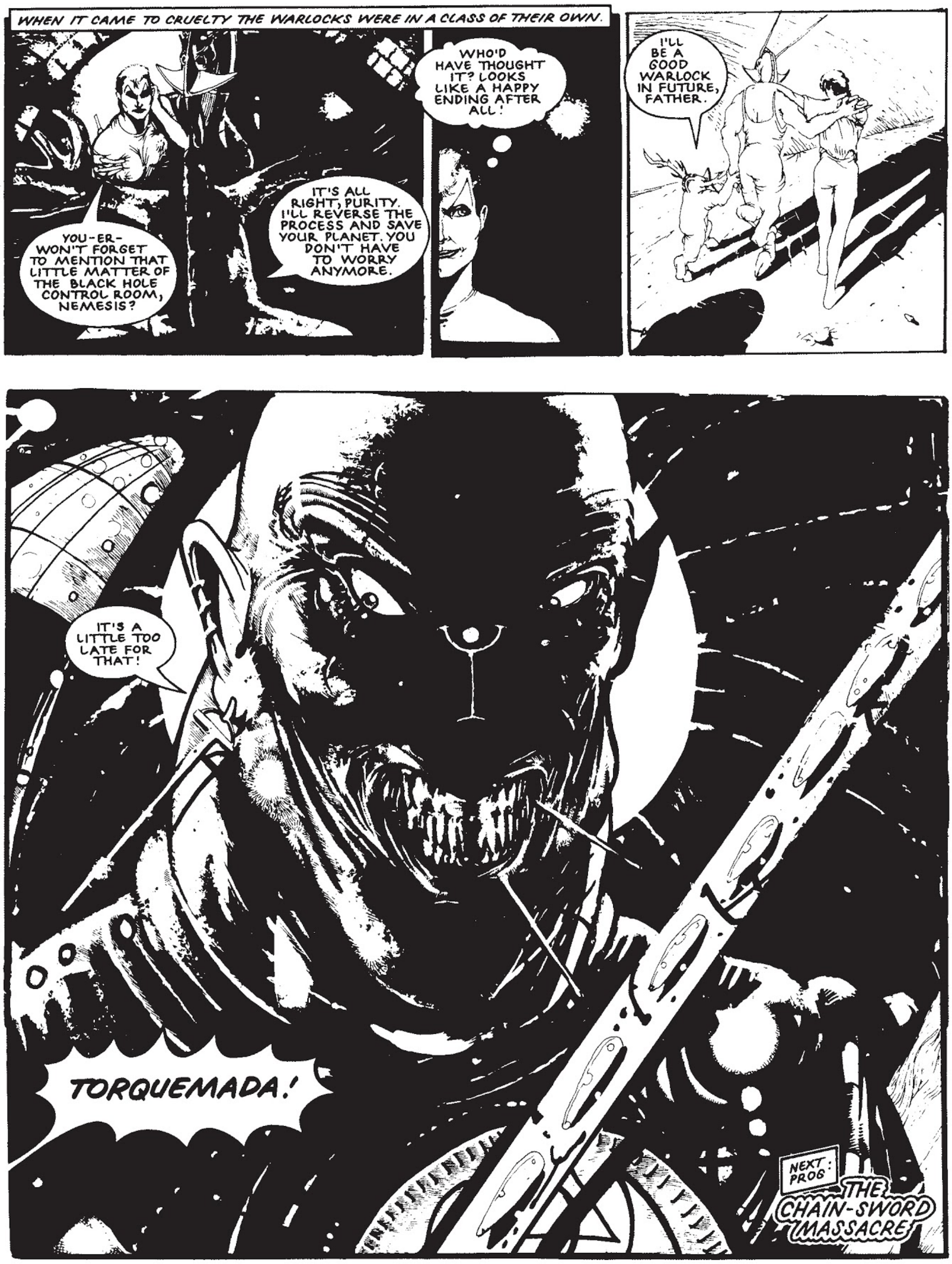
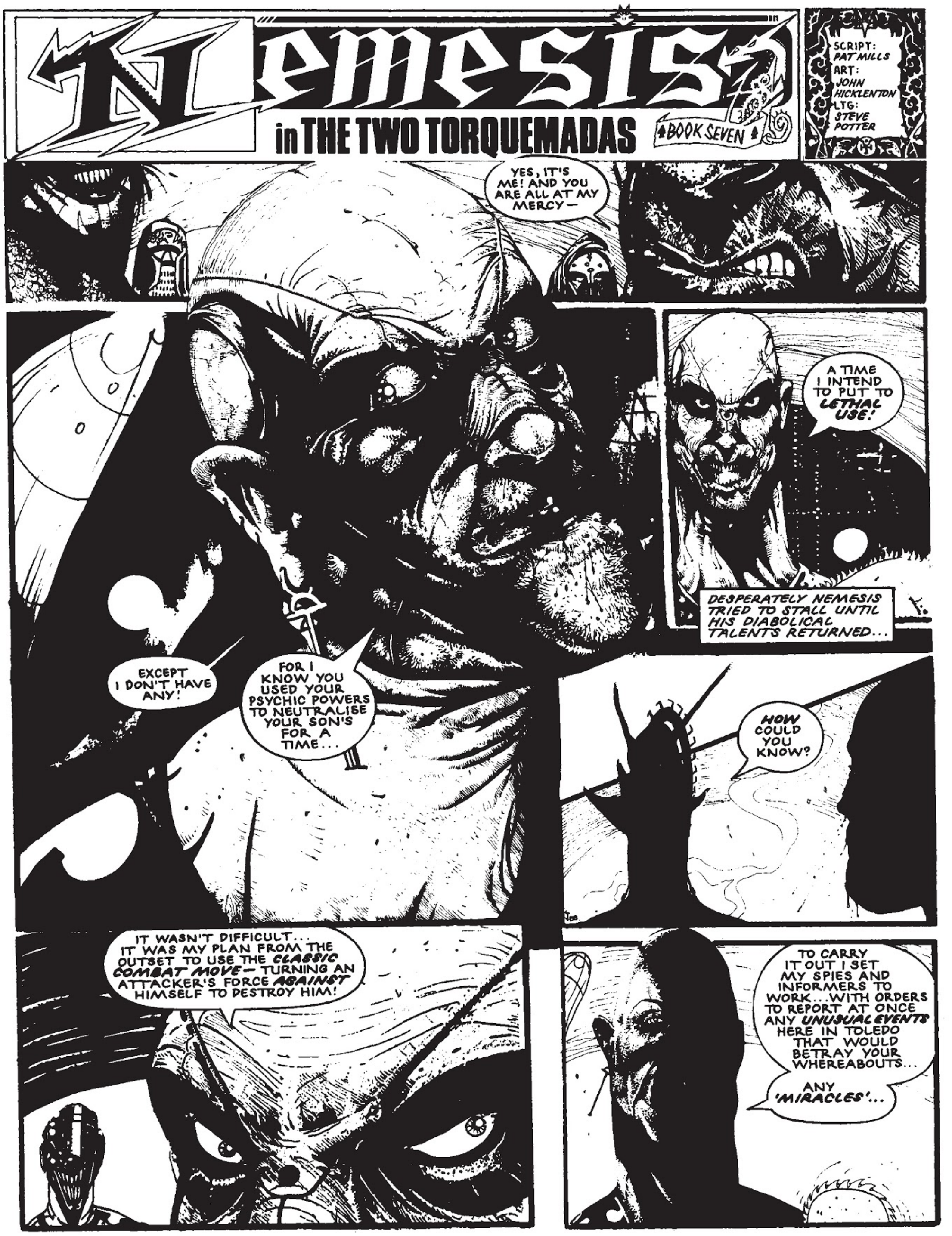
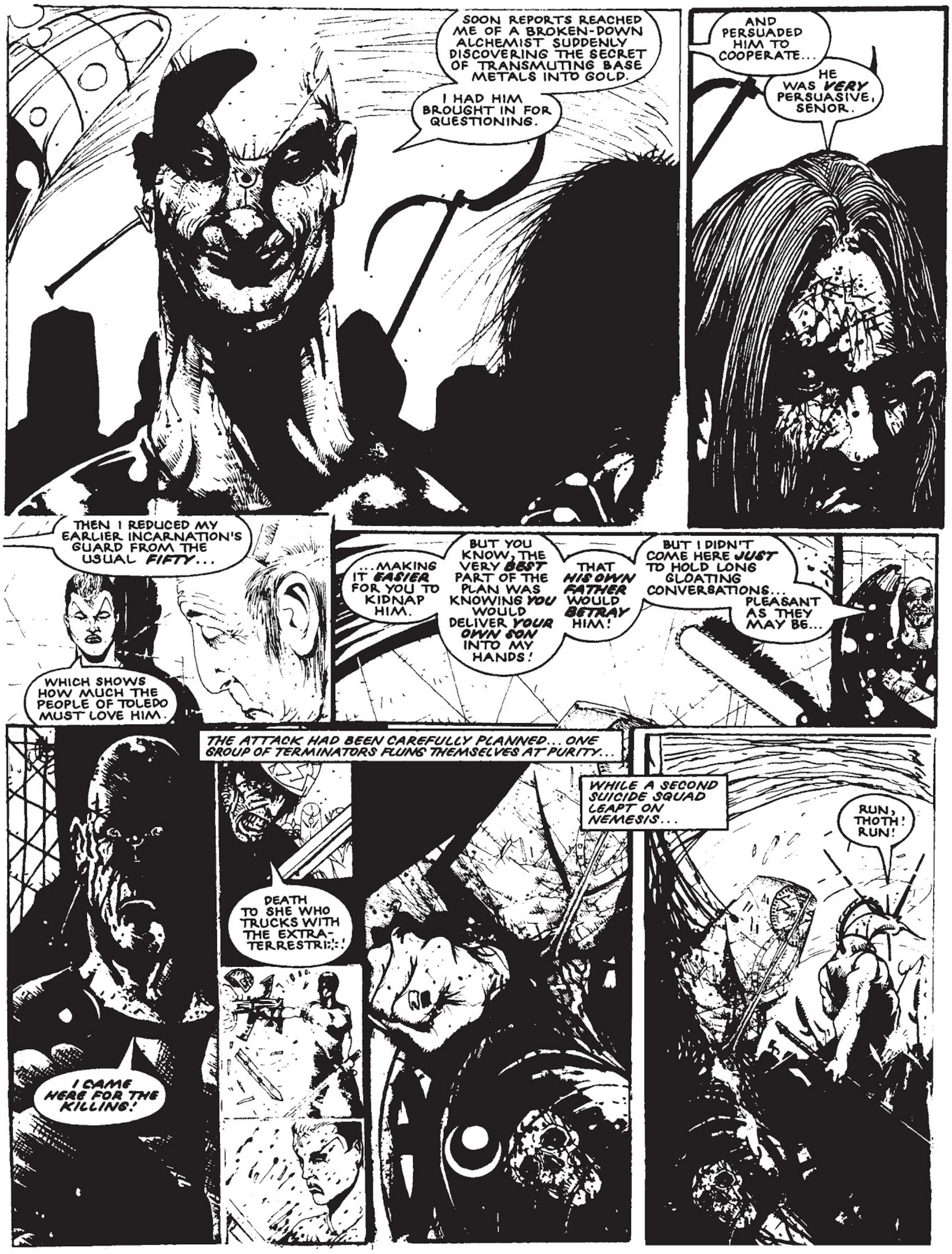
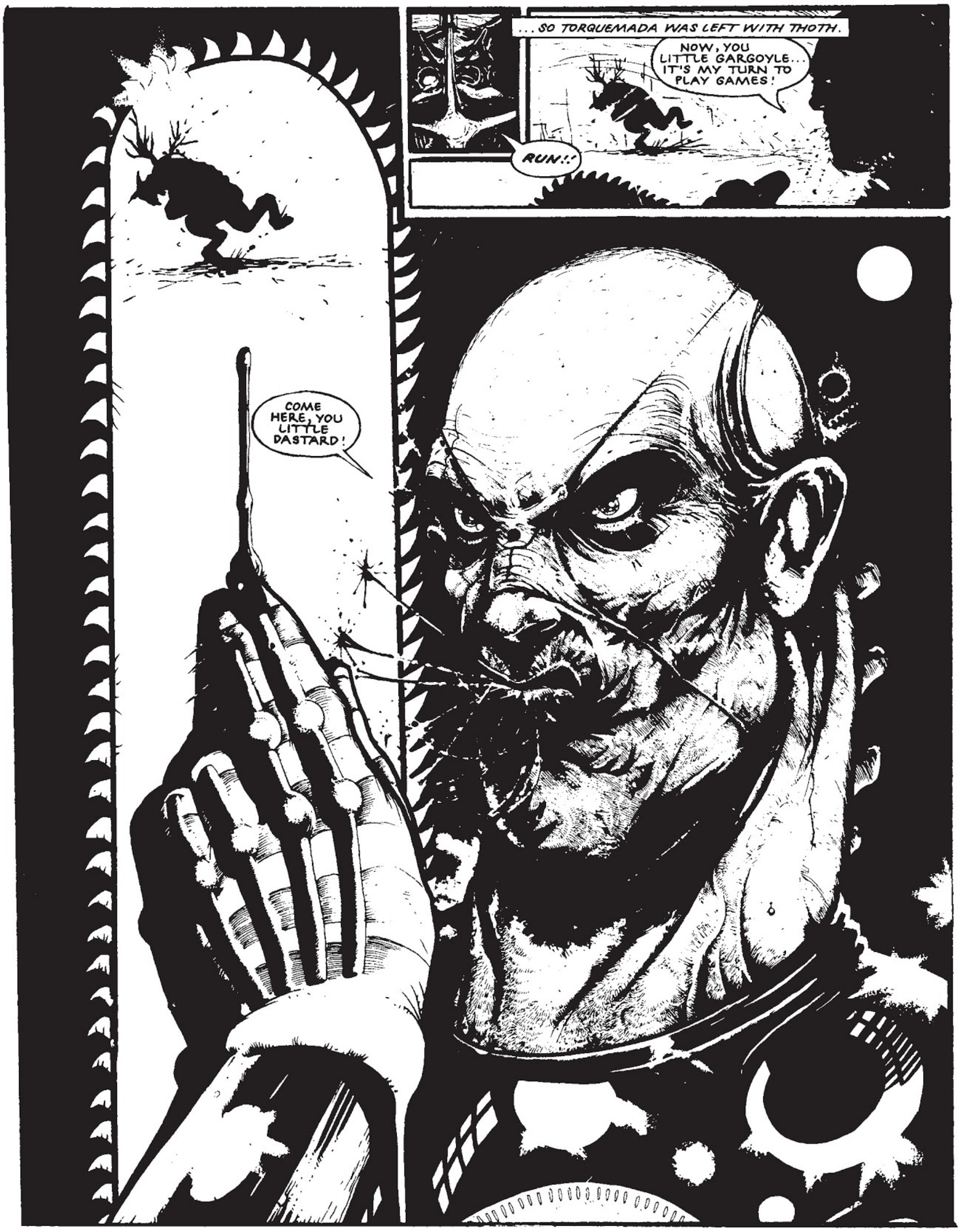

HE LISTENED GRAVELY AS NEMESIS EXPLAINED HOW HE'D SEARCHED FOR HIM ACROSS TIME.
SO HE COULD TRY AND MAKE UP FOR ALL THE MISSING YEARS.
MAKE UP FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO CHIRA.
BUT, OF COURSE, WITH HIS POWERS, HE'D KNOWN THAT ALL ALONG.
HE'D BEEN AWARE OF NEMESIS FOLLOWING HIM THROUGH TIME.
TO THE END OF THE WORLD AND BACK.
HE KNEW HE CARED.
AND NOW HIS RAGE... HIS STORM OF HATRED FOR HUMANS HAD BLOWN ITSELF OUT...
EXCEPT FOR THE FIRST TORQUEMADA.
HE'S ALL YOURS, SON.
GO ON. PUTTING HIM DOWN, YOU'LL BE DOING THE HUMAN RACE A FAVOUR.


OH, NO! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL HIM BECAUSE OF THAT OLD CLICHE — HE'S NOT WORTH IT!
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS VERMIN! HOW HIS INQUISITION SPREAD TO THE NEW WORLD AND INSPIRED AND JUSTIFIED THE EXTERMINATION OF THE INDIANS...
IF YOU DON'T KILL HIM, I WILL!
OH, HE'S WORTH IT ALL RIGHT, PURITY. BUT HE WANTS TO DIE.
BECAUSE THEN IT WILL JUSTIFY HIS CRIMES AFTER ALL. AND HE'LL BE FREE OF HIS BURDEN OF GUILT.
THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO LET HIM LIVE.
TO BE SHOWN MERCY BY DEMONS... TO BE REJECTED BY THEM AS UNWORTHY OF KILLING WAS THE ULTIMATE HUMILIATION OF THE FIRST TORQUEMADA'S LIFE.


WHEN IT CAME TO CRUELTY THE WARLOCKS WERE IN A CLASS OF THEIR OWN.
YOU-ER-WON'T FORGET TO MENTION THAT LITTLE MATTER OF THE BLACK HOLE CONTROL ROOM, NEMESIS?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PURITY. I'LL REVERSE THE PROCESS AND SAVE YOUR PLANET. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANYMORE.
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT? LOOKS LIKE A HAPPY ENDING AFTER ALL!
I'LL BE A GOOD WARLOCK IN FUTURE, FATHER.
IT'S A LITTLE TOO LATE FOR THAT!
TORQUEMADA!
NEXT PROG: THE CHAIN-SWORD MASSACRE


Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
YES, IT'S ME! AND YOU ARE ALL AT MY MERCY—
EXCEPT I DON'T HAVE ANY!
FOR I KNOW YOU USED YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS TO NEUTRALISE YOUR SON'S FOR A TIME...
A TIME I INTEND TO PUT TO LETHAL USE!
DESPERATELY NEMESIS TRIED TO STALL UNTIL HIS DIABOLICAL TALENTS RETURNED...
HOW COULD YOU KNOW?
IT WASN'T DIFFICULT... IT WAS MY PLAN FROM THE OUTSET TO USE THE CLASSIC COMBAT MOVE— TURNING AN ATTACKER'S FORCE AGAINST HIMSELF TO DESTROY HIM!
TO CARRY IT OUT I SET MY SPIES AND INFORMERS TO WORK... WITH ORDERS TO REPORT AT ONCE ANY UNUSUAL EVENTS HERE IN TOLEDO THAT WOULD BETRAY YOUR WHEREABOUTS...
ANY 'MIRACLES'...


SOON REPORTS REACHED ME OF A BROKEN-DOWN ALCHEMIST SUDDENLY DISCOVERING THE SECRET OF TRANSMUTING BASE METALS INTO GOLD.
I HAD HIM BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING.
AND PERSUADED HIM TO COOPERATE...
HE WAS *VERY* PERSUASIVE, SENOR.
THEN I REDUCED MY EARLIER INCARNATION'S GUARD FROM THE USUAL *FIFTY*...
WHICH SHOWS HOW MUCH THE PEOPLE OF TOLEDO MUST LOVE HIM.
...MAKING IT *EASIER* FOR YOU TO KIDNAP HIM.
BUT YOU KNOW, THE VERY *BEST* PART OF THE PLAN WAS KNOWING *YOU* WOULD DELIVER *YOUR OWN SON* INTO MY HANDS!
THAT *HIS OWN FATHER* WOULD *BETRAY* HIM!
BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE *JUST* TO HOLD LONG GLOATING CONVERSATIONS...
PLEASANT AS THEY MAY BE...
I CAME HERE FOR THE KILLING!
THE ATTACK HAD BEEN CAREFULLY PLANNED... ONE GROUP OF TERMINATORS FLUNG THEMSELVES AT PURITY...
DEATH TO SHE WHO TRUCKS WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRI:*:!
WHILE A SECOND SUICIDE SQUAD LEAPT ON NEMESIS...
RUN, THOTH! RUN!


...SO TORQUEMADA WAS LEFT WITH THOTH.
NOW, YOU LITTLE GARGOYLE... IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY GAMES!
RUN!!
COME HERE, YOU LITTLE DASTARD!

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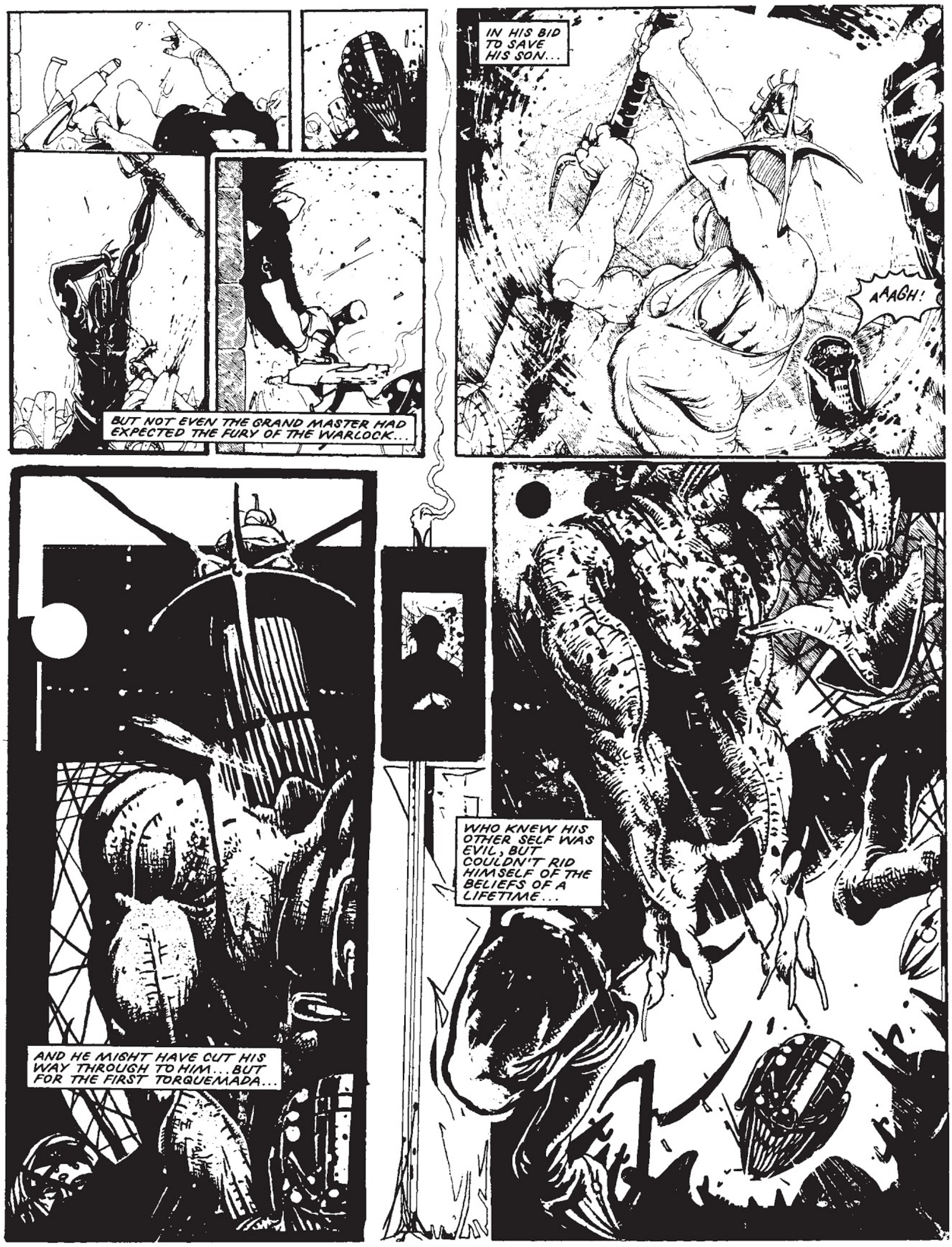
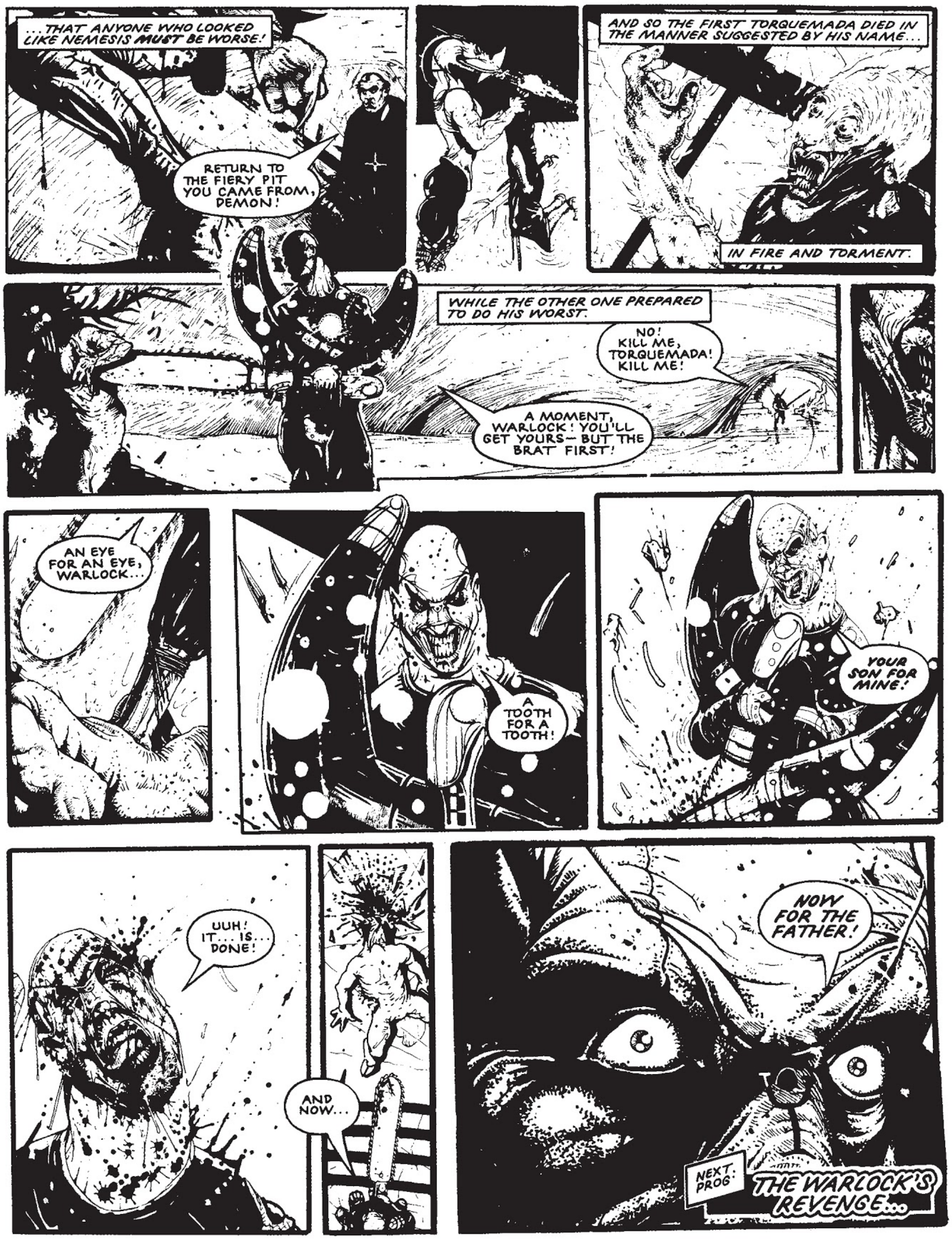
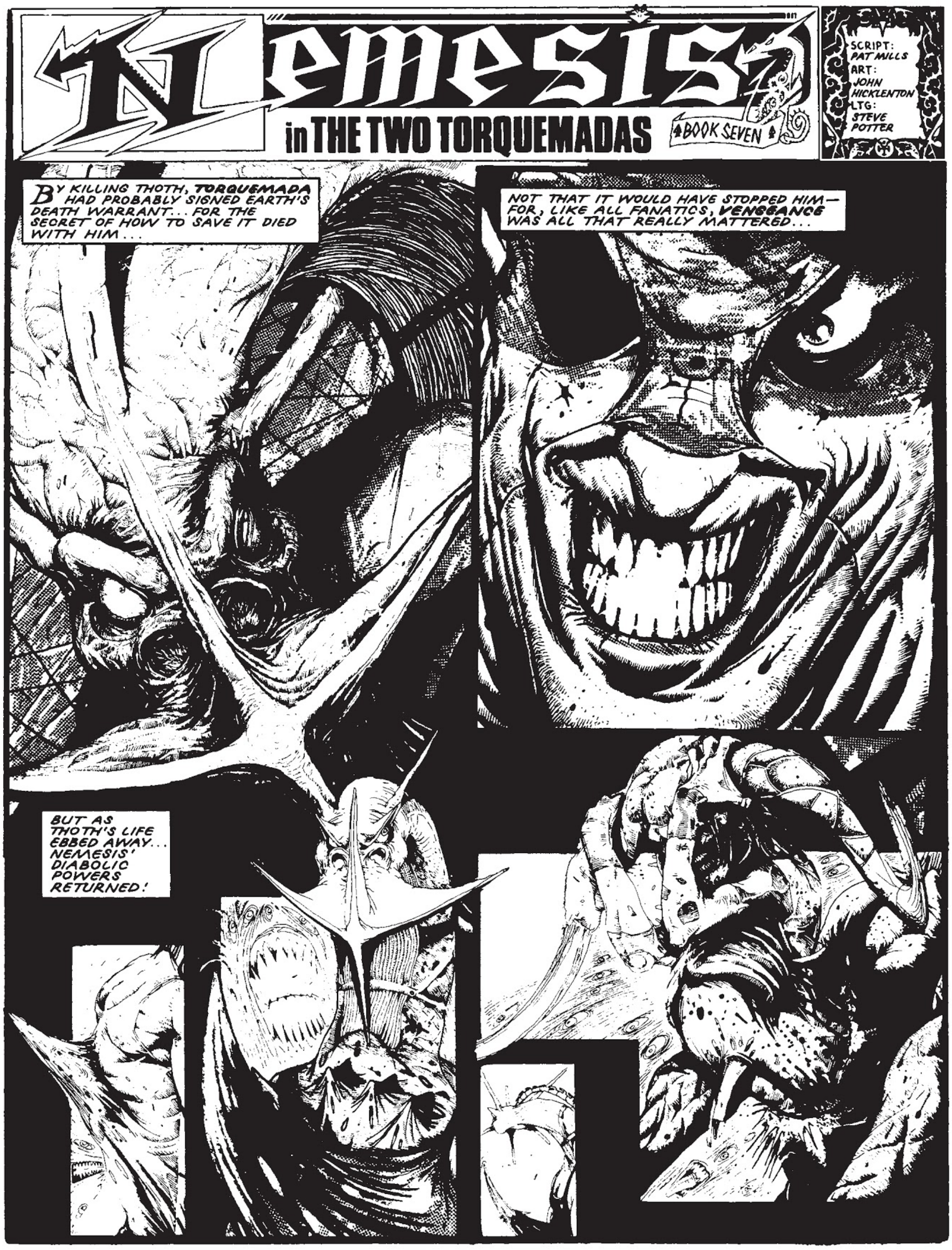
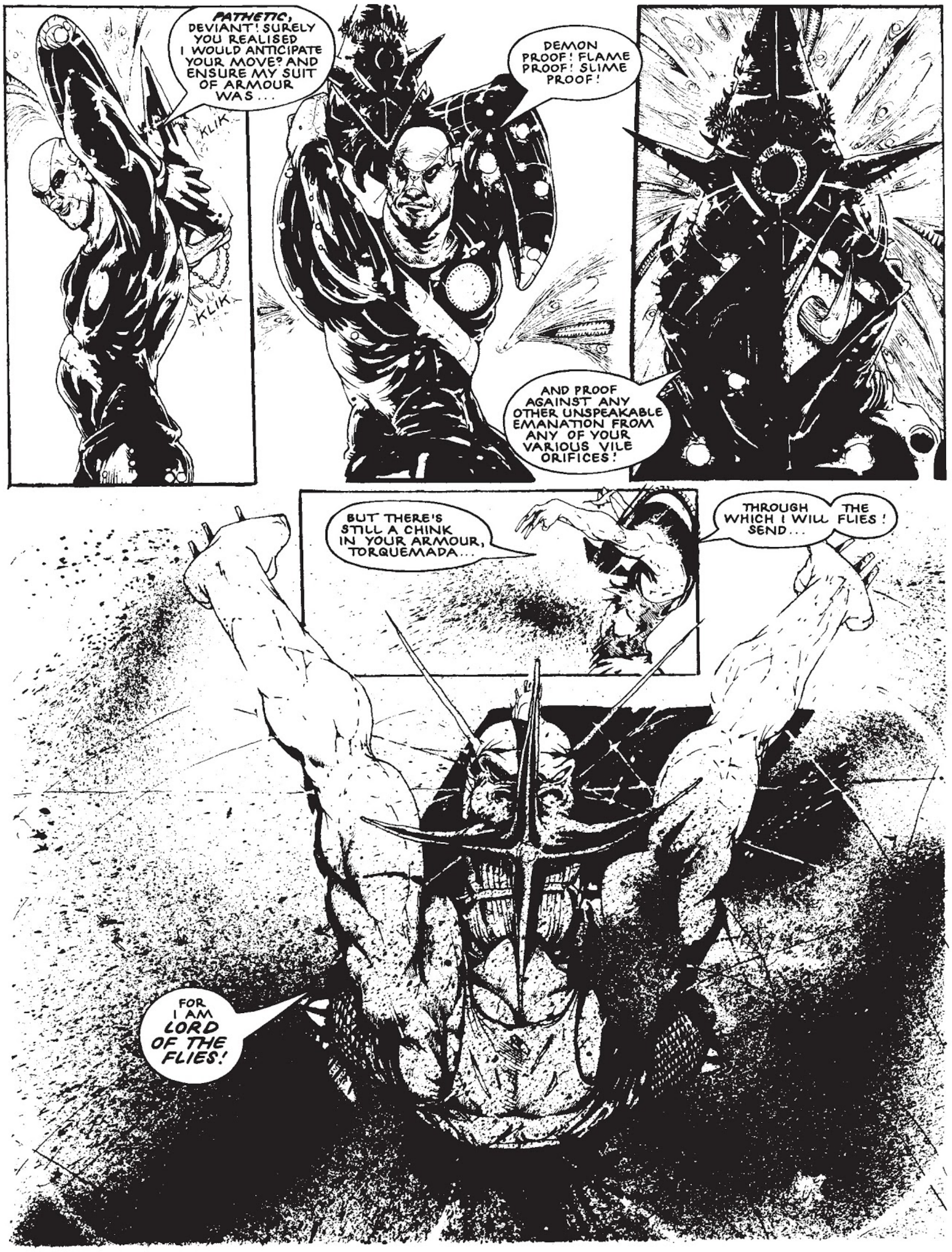

BUT NOT EVEN THE GRAND MASTER HAD EXPECTED THE FURY OF THE WARLOCK...
IN HIS BID TO SAVE HIS SON...
AAAGH!
AND HE MIGHT HAVE CUT HIS WAY THROUGH TO HIM... BUT FOR THE FIRST TORQUEMADA...
WHO KNEW HIS OTHER SELF WAS EVIL, BUT COULDN'T RID HIMSELF OF THE BELIEFS OF A LIFETIME...


...THAT ANYONE WHO LOOKED LIKE NEMESIS *MUST* BE WORSE!
RETURN TO THE FIERY PIT YOU CAME FROM, DEMON!
AND SO THE FIRST TORQUEMADA DIED IN THE MANNER SUGGESTED BY HIS NAME...
IN FIRE AND TORMENT.
WHILE THE OTHER ONE PREPARED TO DO HIS WORST.
NO! KILL ME, TORQUEMADA! KILL ME!
A MOMENT, WARLOCK! YOU'LL GET YOURS— BUT THE BRAT FIRST!
AN EYE FOR AN EYE, WARLOCK...
A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH!
YOUR SON FOR MINE!
UUH! IT... IS... DONE!
AND NOW...
NOW FOR THE FATHER!
NEXT PROG:
THE WARLOCK'S REVENGE...

Nemesis
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS
BOOK SEVEN
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
BY KILLING THOTH, TORQUEMADA HAD PROBABLY SIGNED EARTH'S DEATH WARRANT... FOR THE SECRET OF HOW TO SAVE IT DIED WITH HIM...
NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE STOPPED HIM— FOR, LIKE ALL FANATICS, VENGEANCE WAS ALL THAT REALLY MATTERED...
BUT AS THOTH'S LIFE EBBED AWAY... NEMESIS' DIABOLIC POWERS RETURNED!


PATHETIC, DEVIANT! SURELY YOU REALISED I WOULD ANTICIPATE YOUR MOVE? AND ENSURE MY SUIT OF ARMOUR WAS...
KLIK
KLIK
DEMON PROOF! FLAME PROOF! SLIME PROOF!
AND PROOF AGAINST ANY OTHER UNSPEAKABLE EMANATION FROM ANY OF YOUR VARIOUS VILE ORIFICES!
BUT THERE'S STILL A CHINK IN YOUR ARMOUR, TORQUEMADA...
THROUGH WHICH I WILL SEND...
THE FLIES!
FOR I AM LORD OF THE FLIES!

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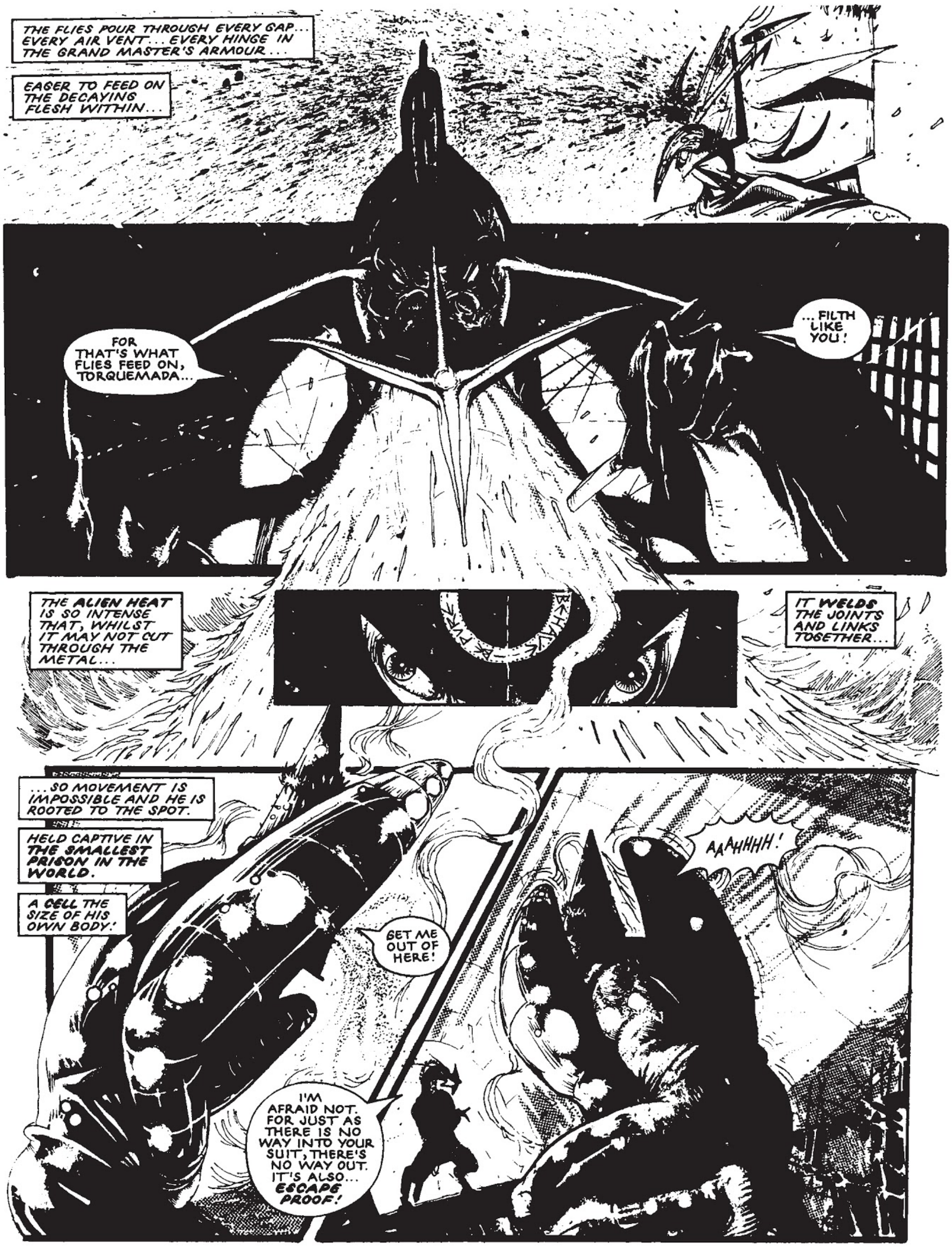
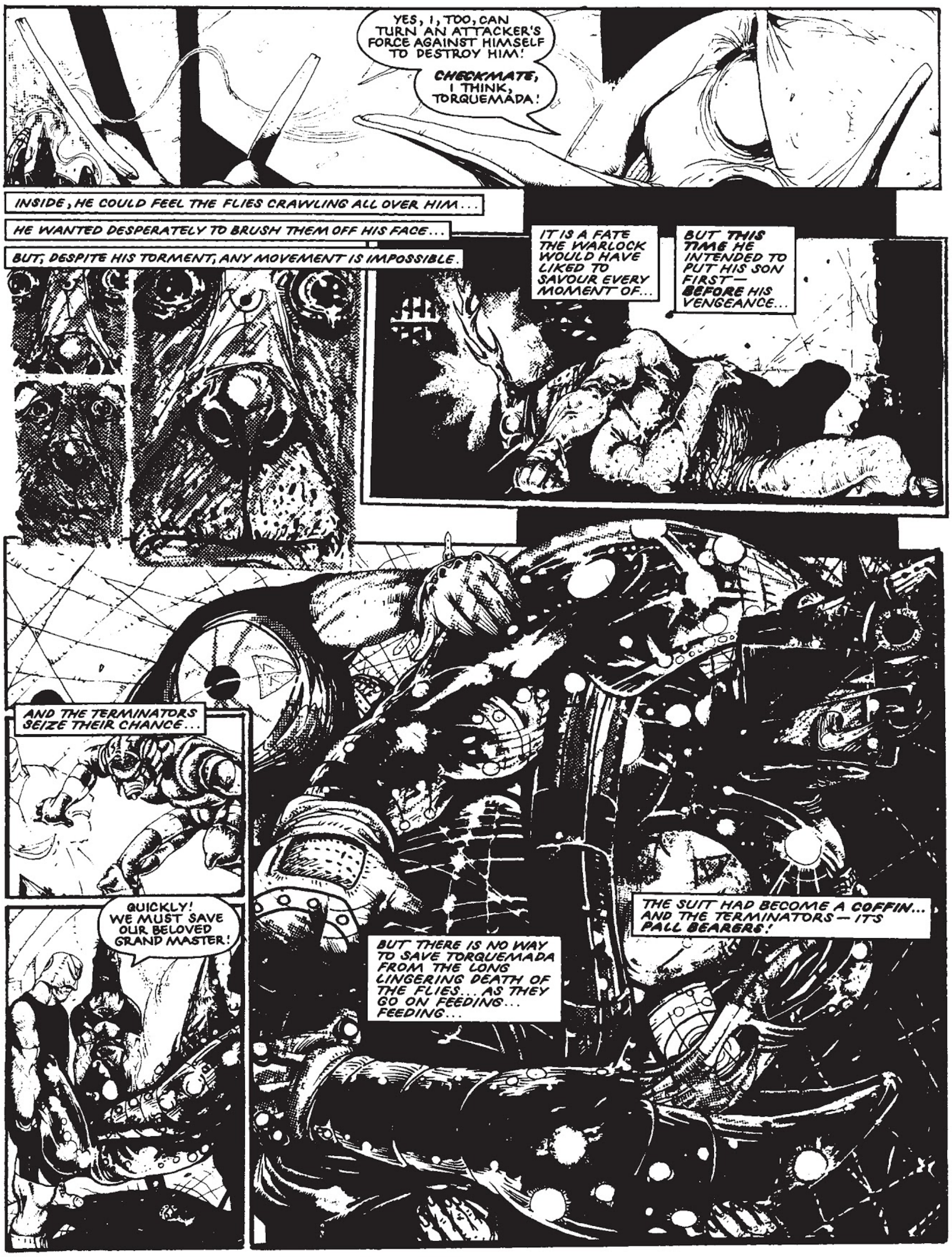
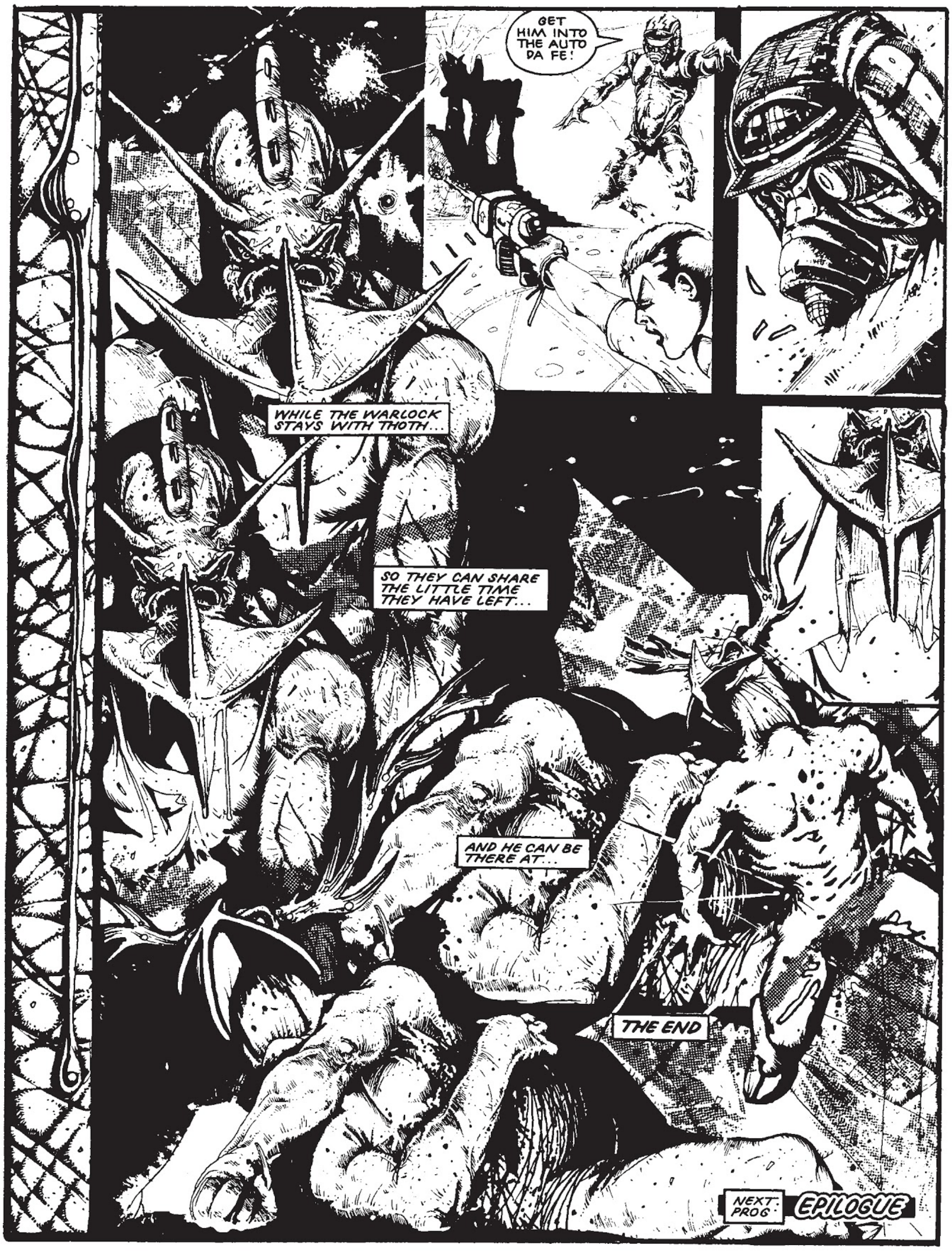

THE FLIES POUR THROUGH EVERY GAP... EVERY AIR VENT... EVERY HINGE IN THE GRAND MASTER'S ARMOUR...
EAGER TO FEED ON THE DECAYING FLESH WITHIN...
FOR THAT'S WHAT FLIES FEED ON, TORQUEMADA...
...FILTH LIKE YOU!
THE ALIEN HEAT IS SO INTENSE THAT, WHILST IT MAY NOT CUT THROUGH THE METAL...
IT WELDS THE JOINTS AND LINKS TOGETHER...
...SO MOVEMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE AND HE IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT.
HELD CAPTIVE IN THE SMALLEST PRISON IN THE WORLD.
A CELL THE SIZE OF HIS OWN BODY!
GET ME OUT OF HERE!
AAHHHH!
I'M AFRAID NOT. FOR JUST AS THERE IS NO WAY INTO YOUR SUIT, THERE'S NO WAY OUT. IT'S ALSO... ESCAPE PROOF!


YES, I, TOO, CAN TURN AN ATTACKER'S FORCE AGAINST HIMSELF TO DESTROY HIM!
CHECKMATE, I THINK, TORQUEMADA!
INSIDE, HE COULD FEEL THE FLIES CRAWLING ALL OVER HIM...
HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO BRUSH THEM OFF HIS FACE...
BUT, DESPITE HIS TORMENT, ANY MOVEMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE.
IT IS A FATE THE WARLOCK WOULD HAVE LIKED TO SAVOUR EVERY MOMENT OF...
BUT THIS TIME HE INTENDED TO PUT HIS SON FIRST— BEFORE HIS VENGEANCE...
AND THE TERMINATORS SEIZE THEIR CHANCE...
QUICKLY! WE MUST SAVE OUR BELOVED GRAND MASTER!
BUT THERE IS NO WAY TO SAVE TORQUEMADA FROM THE LONG LINGERING DEATH OF THE FLIES... AS THEY GO ON FEEDING... FEEDING...
THE SUIT HAD BECOME A COFFIN... AND THE TERMINATORS— ITS PALL BEARERS!

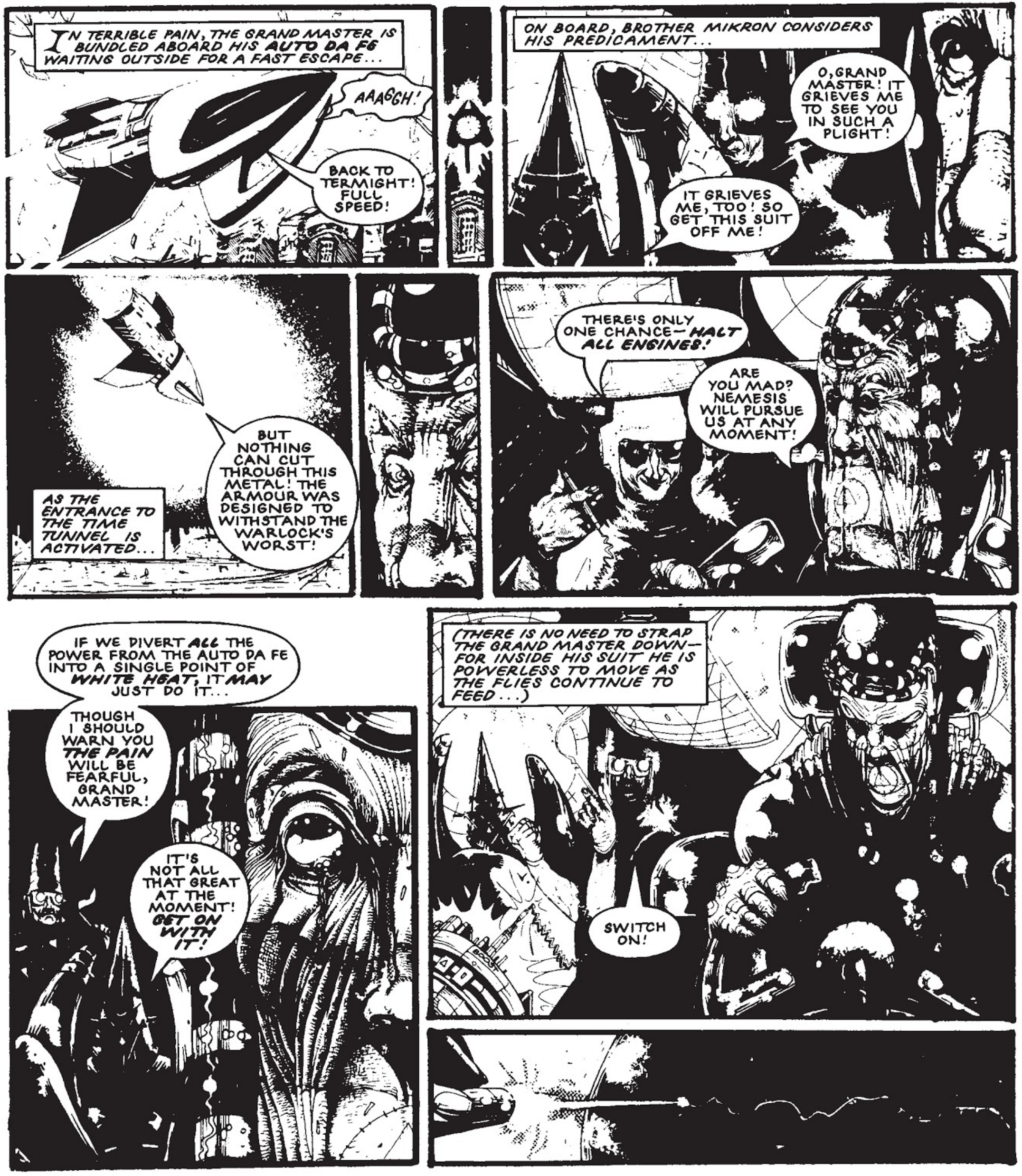

GET HIM INTO THE AUTO DA FE!
WHILE THE WARLOCK STAYS WITH THOTH...
SO THEY CAN SHARE THE LITTLE TIME THEY HAVE LEFT...
AND HE CAN BE THERE AT...
THE END
NEXT PROG: EPILOGUE

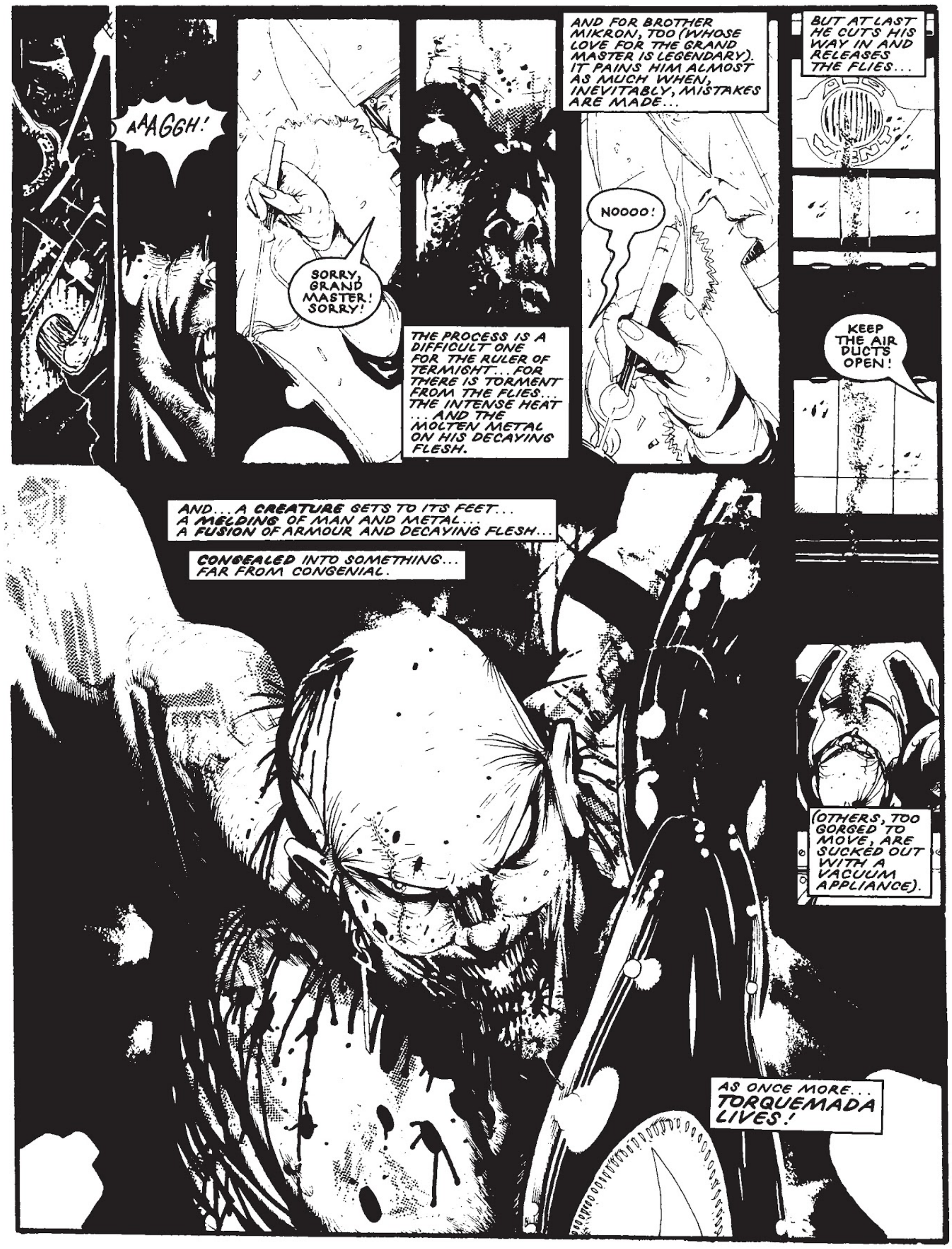
NEMESIS

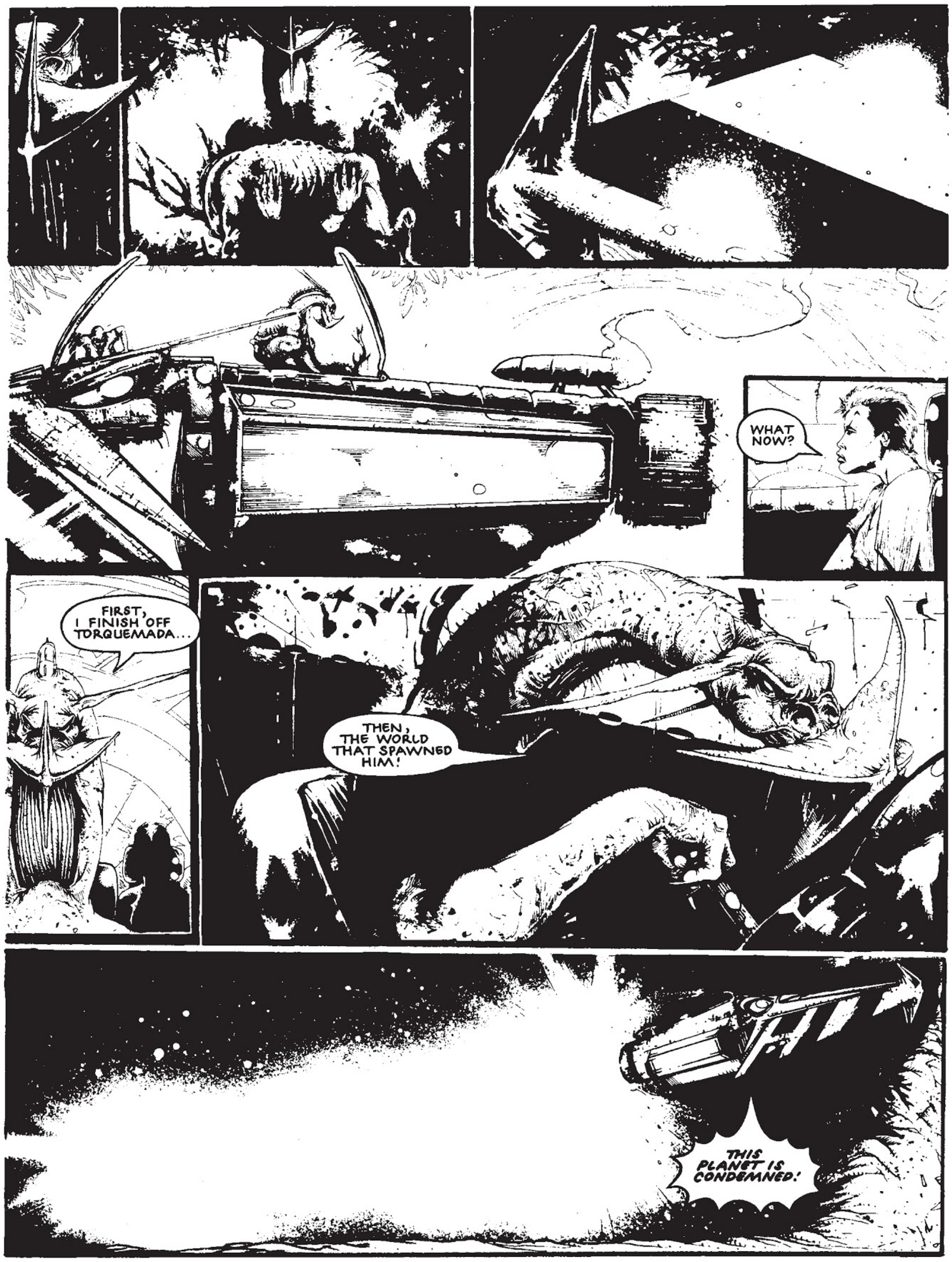
in THE TWO TORQUEMADAS

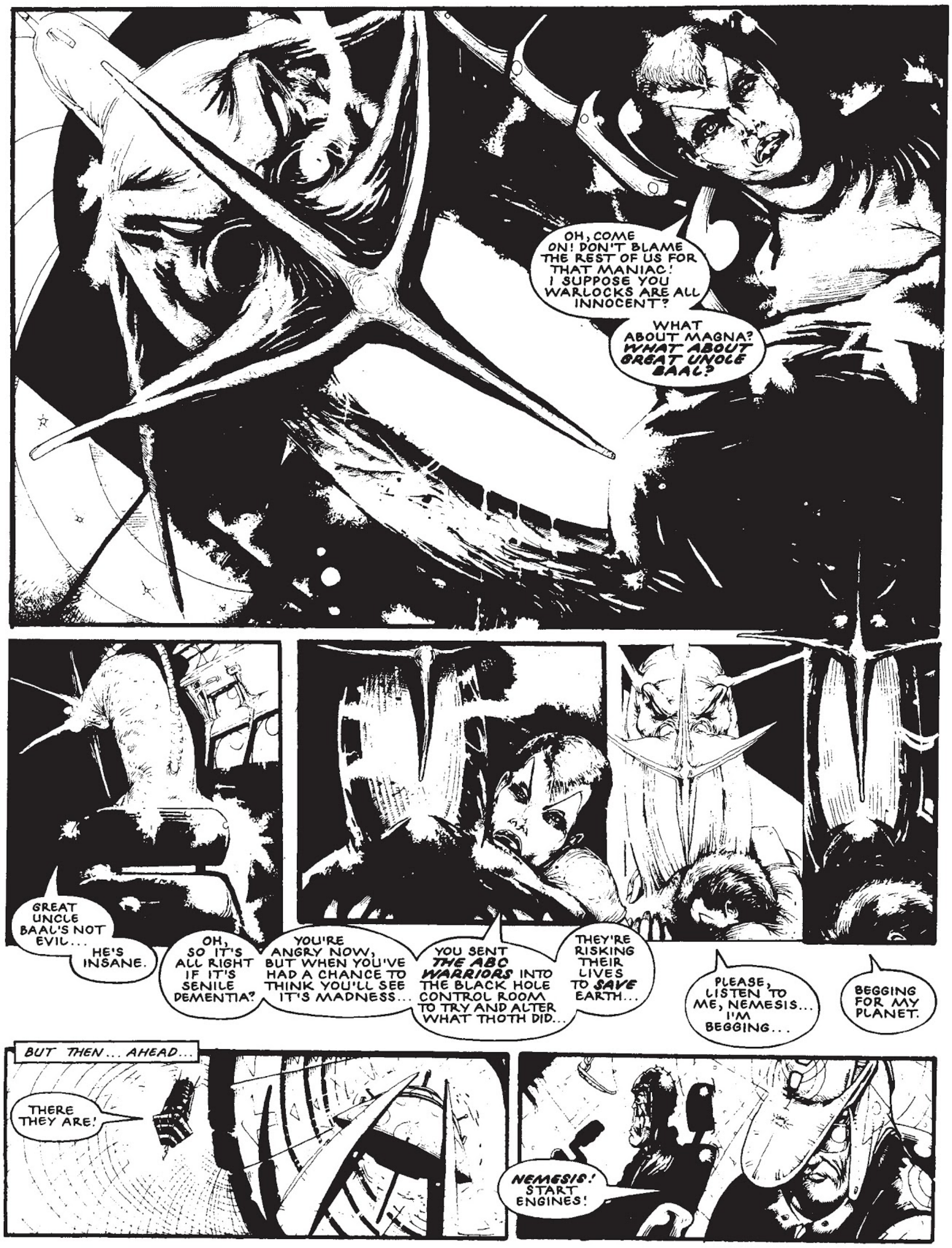
BOOK SEVEN

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER


IN TERRIBLE PAIN, THE GRAND MASTER IS BUNDLED ABOARD HIS AUTO DA FE WAITING OUTSIDE FOR A FAST ESCAPE...
AAAGGH!
BACK TO TERMIGHT! FULL SPEED!
ON BOARD, BROTHER MIKRON CONSIDERS HIS PREDICAMENT...
O, GRAND MASTER! IT GRIEVES ME TO SEE YOU IN SUCH A PLIGHT!
IT GRIEVES ME, TOO! SO GET THIS SUIT OFF ME!
AS THE ENTRANCE TO THE TIME TUNNEL IS ACTIVATED...
BUT NOTHING CAN CUT THROUGH THIS METAL! THE ARMOUR WAS DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND THE WARLOCK'S WORST!
THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE— HALT ALL ENGINES!
ARE YOU MAD? NEMESIS WILL PURSUE US AT ANY MOMENT!
IF WE DIVERT ALL THE POWER FROM THE AUTO DA FE INTO A SINGLE POINT OF WHITE HEAT, IT MAY JUST DO IT...
THOUGH I SHOULD WARN YOU THE PAIN WILL BE FEARFUL, GRAND MASTER!
IT'S NOT ALL THAT GREAT AT THE MOMENT! GET ON WITH IT!
(THERE IS NO NEED TO STRAP THE GRAND MASTER DOWN— FOR INSIDE HIS SUIT HE IS POWERLESS TO MOVE AS THE FLIES CONTINUE TO FEED...)
SWITCH ON!


AAAGGH!
SORRY, GRAND MASTER! SORRY!
THE PROCESS IS A DIFFICULT ONE FOR THE RULER OF TERMIGHT... FOR THERE IS TORMENT FROM THE FLIES... THE INTENSE HEAT ... AND THE MOLTEN METAL ON HIS DECAYING FLESH.
AND FOR BROTHER MIKRON, TOO (WHOSE LOVE FOR THE GRAND MASTER IS LEGENDARY). IT PAINS HIM ALMOST AS MUCH WHEN, INEVITABLY, MISTAKES ARE MADE...
NOOOO!
BUT AT LAST HE CUTS HIS WAY IN AND RELEASES THE FLIES...
KEEP THE AIR DUCTS OPEN!
(OTHERS, TOO GORGED TO MOVE, ARE SUCKED OUT WITH A VACUUM APPLIANCE).
AND... A CREATURE GETS TO ITS FEET... A MELDING OF MAN AND METAL... A FUSION OF ARMOUR AND DECAYING FLESH...
CONGEALED INTO SOMETHING... FAR FROM CONGENIAL.
AS ONCE MORE... TORQUEMADA LIVES!


WHAT NOW?
FIRST, I FINISH OFF TORQUEMADA...
THEN, THE WORLD THAT SPAWNED HIM!
THIS PLANET IS CONDEMNED!


OH, COME ON! DON'T BLAME THE REST OF US FOR THAT MANIAC! I SUPPOSE YOU WARLOCKS ARE ALL INNOCENT?
WHAT ABOUT MAGNA? **WHAT ABOUT GREAT UNCLE BAAL?**
GREAT UNCLE BAAL'S NOT EVIL...
HE'S INSANE.
OH, SO IT'S ALL RIGHT IF IT'S SENILE DEMENTIA?
YOU'RE ANGRY NOW, BUT WHEN YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO THINK YOU'LL SEE IT'S MADNESS...
YOU SENT **THE ABC WARRIORS** INTO THE BLACK HOLE CONTROL ROOM TO TRY AND ALTER WHAT THOTH DID...
THEY'RE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO **SAVE** EARTH...
PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME, NEMESIS... I'M BEGGING...
BEGGING FOR MY PLANET.
BUT THEN... AHEAD...
THERE THEY ARE!
NEMESIS! START ENGINES!

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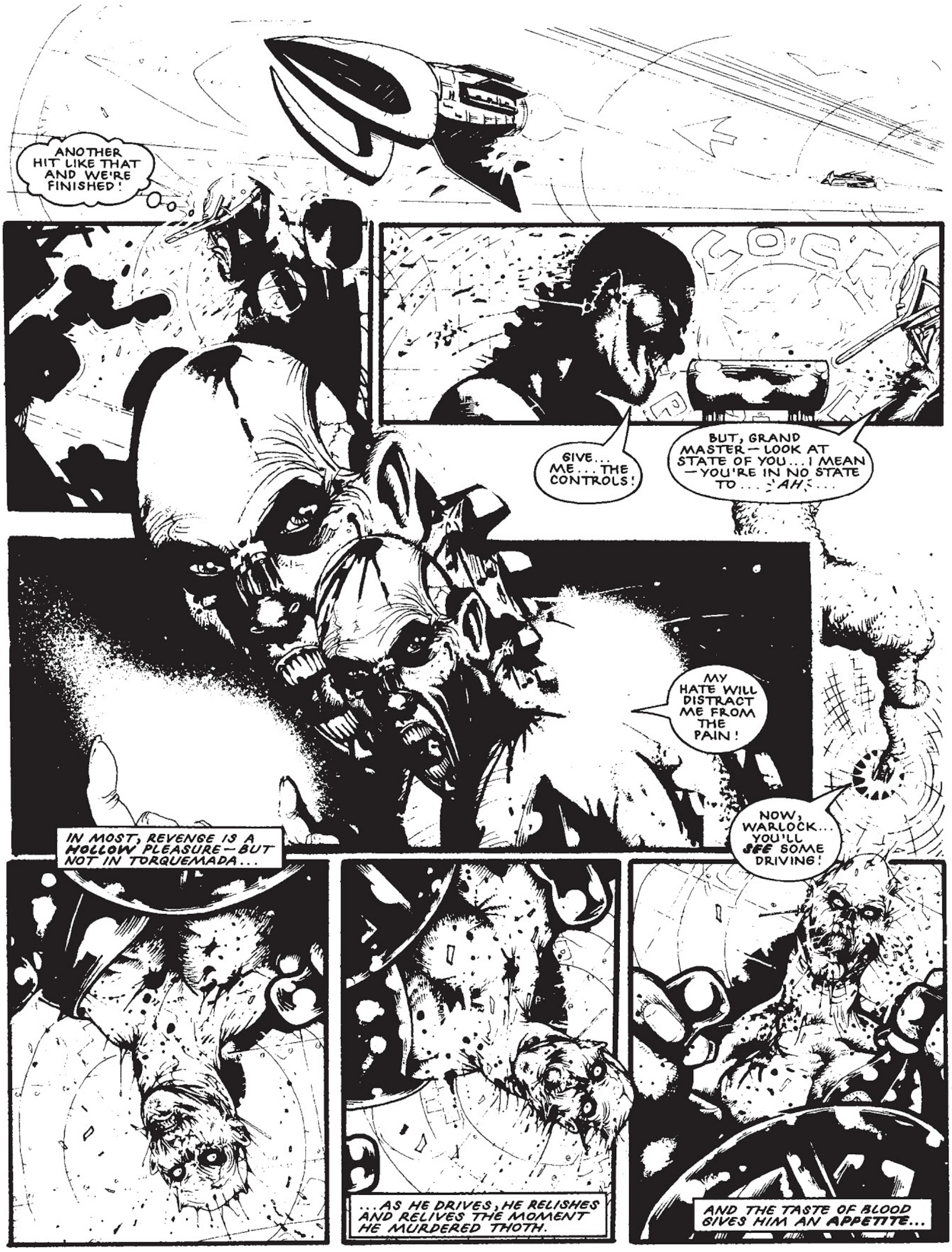
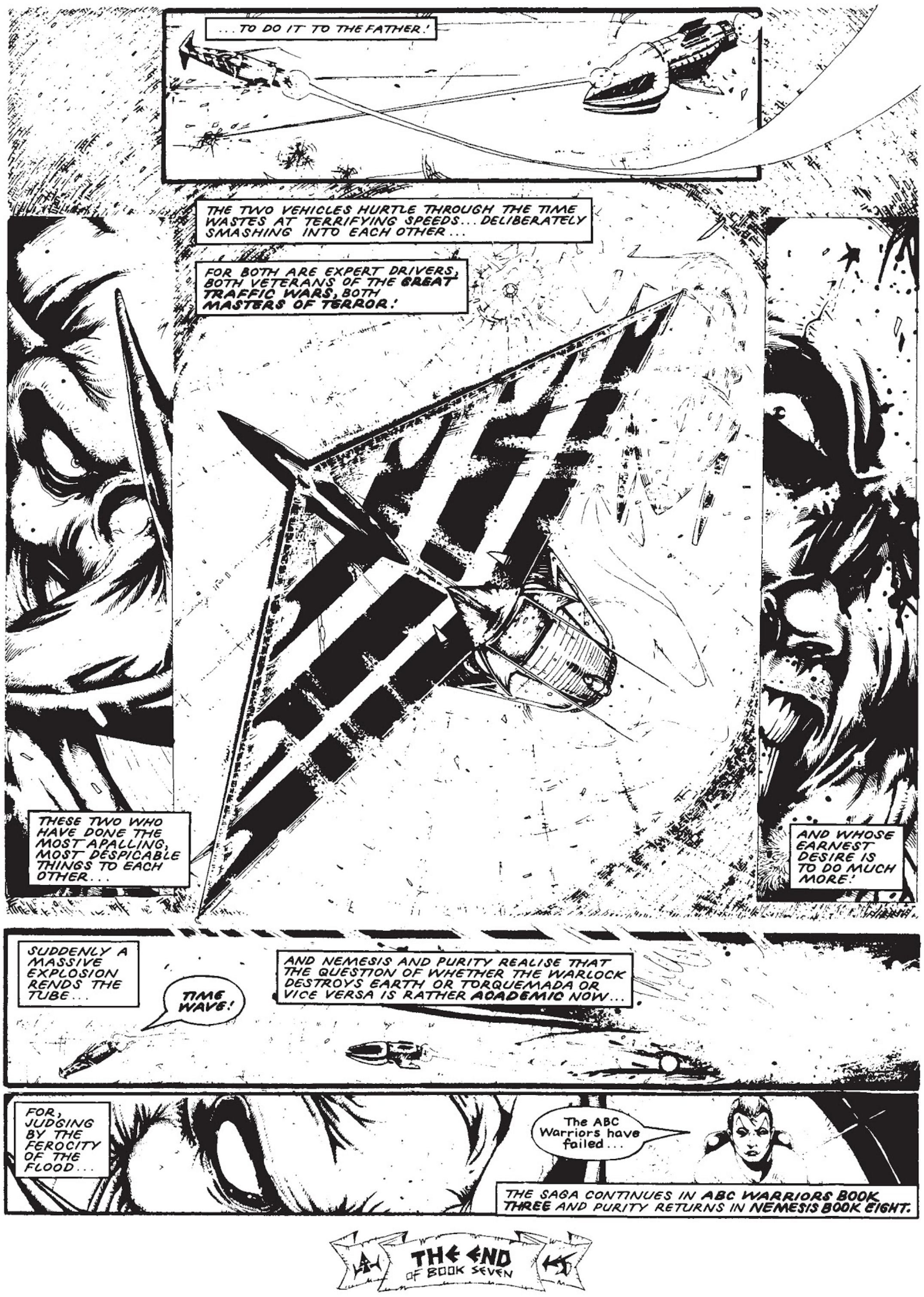

ANOTHER HIT LIKE THAT AND WE'RE FINISHED!
GIVE... ME... THE CONTROLS!
BUT, GRAND MASTER — LOOK AT STATE OF YOU... I MEAN — YOU'RE IN NO STATE TO... AH...
MY HATE WILL DISTRACT ME FROM THE PAIN!
NOW, WARLOCK... YOU'LL SEE SOME DRIVING!
IN MOST, REVENGE IS A HOLLOW PLEASURE — BUT NOT IN TORQUEMADA...
...AS HE DRIVES, HE RELISHES AND RELIVES THE MOMENT HE MURDERED THOTH.
AND THE TASTE OF BLOOD GIVES HIM AN APPETITE...


. . . TO DO IT TO THE FATHER!
THE TWO VEHICLES HURTLE THROUGH THE TIME WASTES AT TERRIFYING SPEEDS . . . DELIBERATELY SMASHING INTO EACH OTHER . . .
FOR BOTH ARE EXPERT DRIVERS, BOTH VETERANS OF THE GREAT TRAFFIC WARS, BOTH MASTERS OF TERROR!
THESE TWO WHO HAVE DONE THE MOST APALLING, MOST DESPICABLE THINGS TO EACH OTHER . . .
AND WHOSE EARNEST DESIRE IS TO DO MUCH MORE!
SUDDENLY A MASSIVE EXPLOSION RENDS THE TUBE . . .
TIME WAVE!
AND NEMESIS AND PURITY REALISE THAT THE QUESTION OF WHETHER THE WARLOCK DESTROYS EARTH OR TORQUEMADA OR VICE VERSA IS RATHER ACADEMIC NOW . . .
FOR, JUDGING BY THE FEROCITY OF THE FLOOD . . .
The ABC Warriors have failed . . .
THE SAGA CONTINUES IN ABC WARRIORS BOOK THREE AND PURITY RETURNS IN NEMESIS BOOK EIGHT.
THE END OF BOOK SEVEN

AFTERWORD

I enjoyed working on Nemesis. To be involved with the delightful steampunk (before the term was coined) madness of the Gothic Empire and the totalitarian insanity of Termight was challenging and fun. Challenging in that it was the first time I'd had to deal with a major comic company and meet the gruelling deadlines involved with working on a weekly strip, not to mention having to imagine and illustrate the script of an inventive genius. The fun was only in retrospect. If you'd asked me if it was fun at the time, perhaps in the small hours of the morning, deadline looming and unpaid bills waiting for the inevitably delayed cheques, I'd have rattled the chain that kept me bound Cratchett-like to the drawing board and told you to "naff off" in a voice not dissimilar to that of Ro-Jaws'.

However, Pat Mills' scripts were an absolute joy to work from. Always balanced on a knife-edge between drama and black humour, they were rich in characterisation, sub-plot and subliminal depths that are only hinted at in the dialogue. They evoked a wealth of images: pure eyeball kicks from Pat's very visual imagination that, in a visual medium such as comics, are even more important than the words.

Torquemurder, though, was a radically different Nemesis story. It had a unique ambience – the mythic, apocalyptic ethos which pervaded the book – and a startling plot which, to be blunt, mainly involves a bunch of weirdos at the seaside having a chat. Pat's scenario is fascinating, gripping and funny in turns and, I found, particularly effective in its manipulation of atmosphere. But the biggest change – one that Pat would later develop in Nemesis and other work – was in the story's political stance.

There was always an underlying anti-rascist theme running through the Nemesis books. In Torquemurder, this is made explicit. Deviancy is a racial issue. Nemesis himself is coloured – he's green, actually – a guerrilla freedom fighter battling interstellar racism. Four times Eagle Award winner for Britain's favourite comic book villain, Tomas de Torquemada is the ultimate fascist.

Torquemada represents Order: his tyrannical oppression of Termight and xenophobic crusade against all alien races is in direct opposition to the unbridled deviancy of Nemesis, who symbolises Anarchy. One of the recurring symbols of Termight iconography used by Kevin O'Neill in the earlier stories was a straight arrow, Michael Moorcock's symbol of Order. Hence I gave Nemesis a badge bearing Moorcock's symbol of Chaos, a circle radiating arrows.

Yes, these issues have always been present in the stories but in Torquemurder, the racism takes centre stage. From the gloriously hypocritical Arch-bigot of Necropolis (this, written during the height of Apartheid) and his hilarious tirade against "freckled pipil" using standard phrases used to stir up racial hatred, to Torquemada's astounding monologue wherein he rants "You're all white men now!", the strip bares its satirical teeth. For "deviants" read "bleks" – and note that Torque's slogan "Never Forgive! Never Forget! Never for Fun!" intentionally repeats the initials NF. The racist National Front party were in their heyday back then and the far right was in power under the iron hand of Prime Minister Thatcher. Today, of course, we have the NF's successor, the asinine British National Party, the current forebears of the future Torquemada genes.

And if you think Torquemada is a bit extreme, a little unbelievable perhaps, just take a look at General John M. Chivington who makes his appearance at the end of the story. This man actually existed. The massacre at Sand Creek happened as portrayed. The excerpts from Lieutenant Connors' report are verbatim and, even more chilling, Chivington's speech balloons all contain direct quotes from this execrable crackpot. The sad thing is that the spirit of Torquemada, Chivington and Hitler is still alive today.

Nemesis forever.

Credo!

Bryan Talbot
Sunderland, July 2007

BONUS STRIP

A DAY IN THE DEATH OF TORQUEMADA

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Annual 1984

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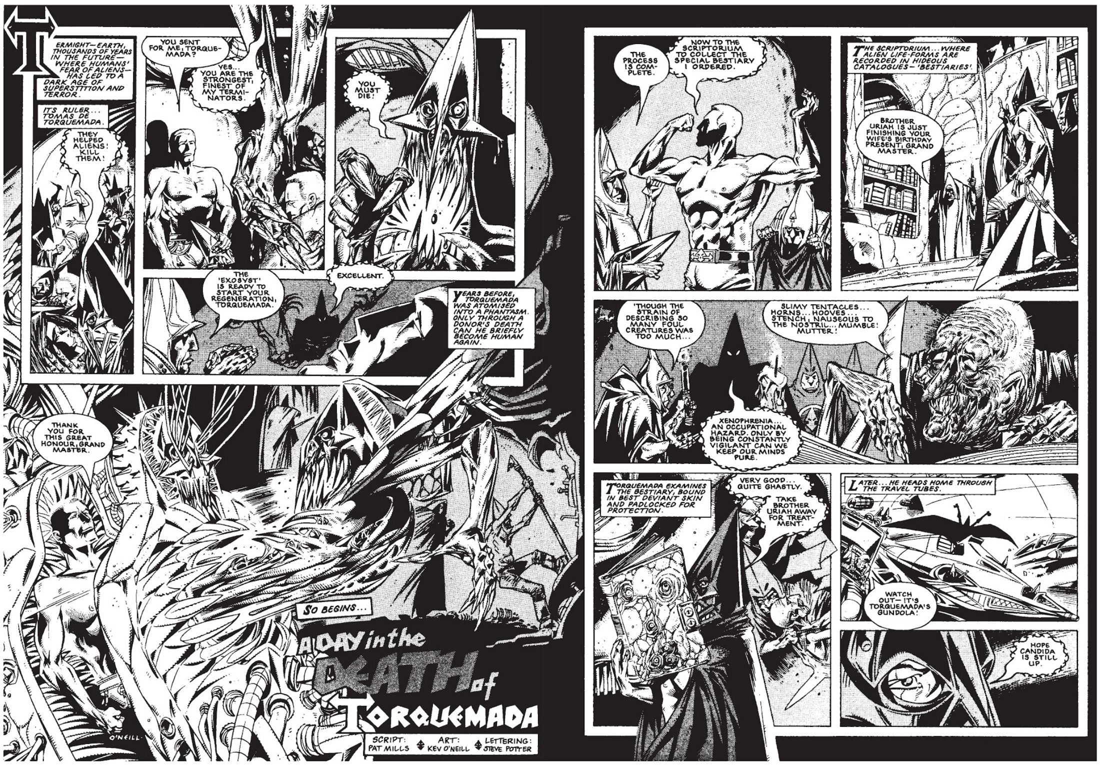
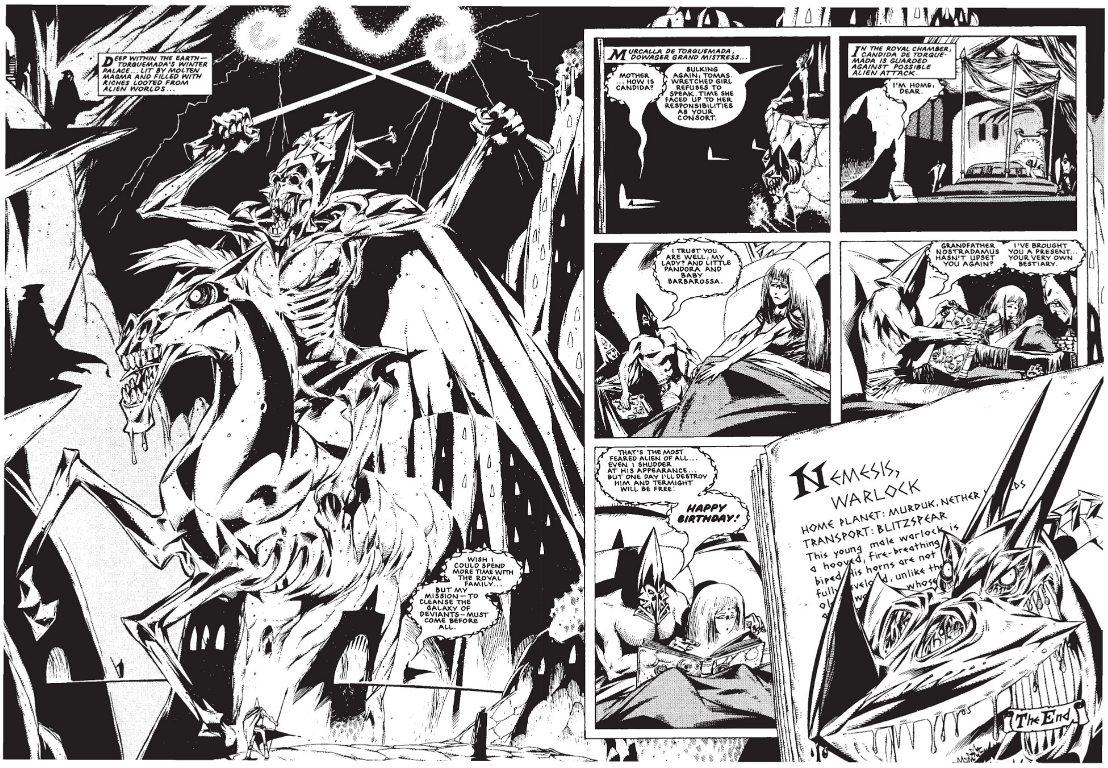
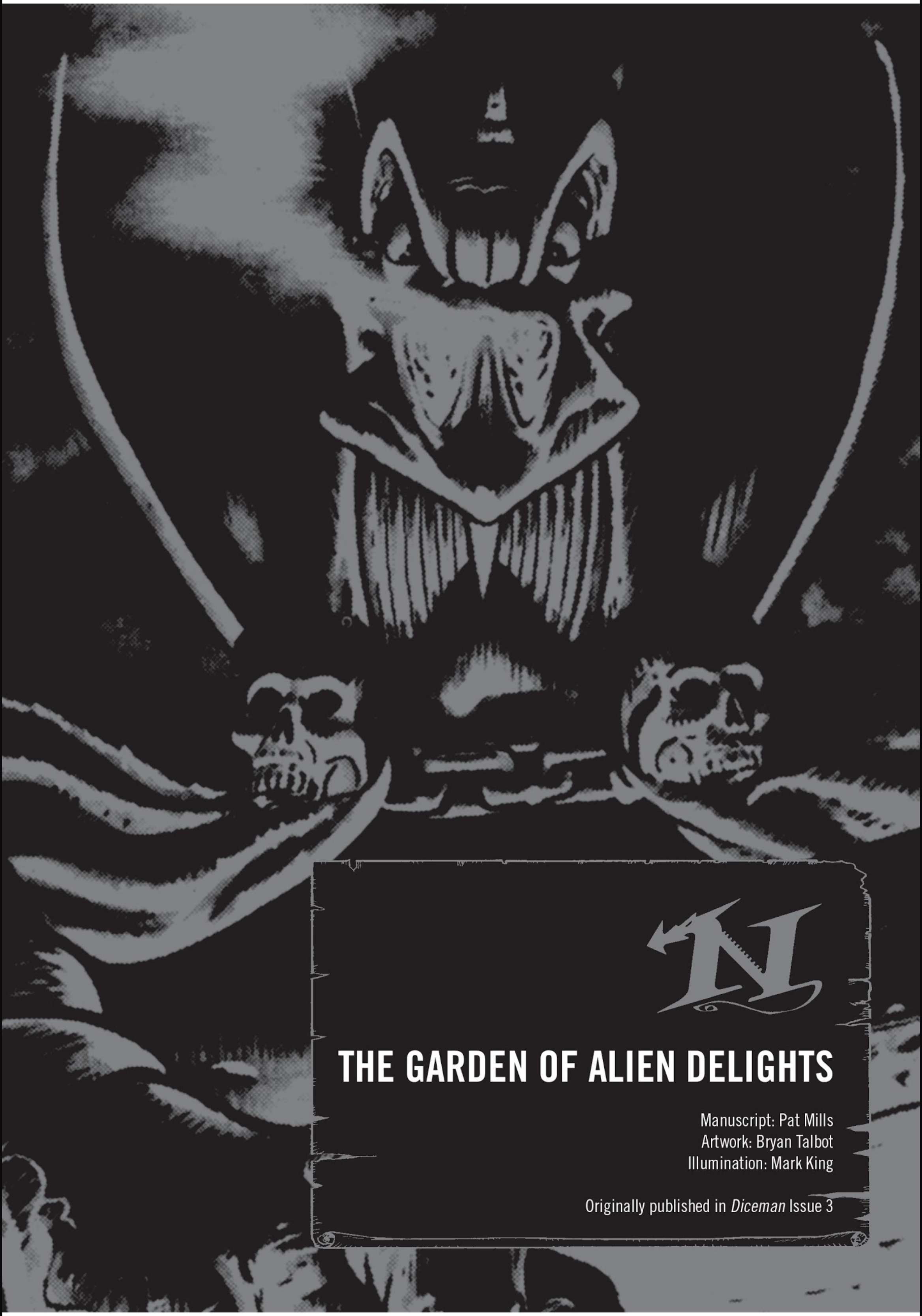

TERMIGHT—EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE—WHERE HUMANS' FEAR OF ALIENS—HAS LED TO A DARK AGE OF SUPERSTITION AND TERROR.
ITS RULER... TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA.
THEY HELPED ALIENS! KILL THEM!
YOU SENT FOR ME, TORQUEMADA?
YES... YOU ARE THE STRONGEST, FINEST OF MY TERMINATORS.
YOU MUST DIE!
THE 'EXOSYST' IS READY TO START YOUR REGENERATION, TORQUEMADA.
EXCELLENT.
YEARS BEFORE, TORQUEMADA WAS ATOMISED INTO A PHANTASM. ONLY THROUGH A DONOR'S DEATH CAN HE BRIEFLY BECOME HUMAN AGAIN.
THANK YOU FOR THIS GREAT HONOUR, GRAND MASTER.
SO BEGINS...
A DAY in the DEATH of TORQUEMADA
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: KEV O'NEILL
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER
O'NEILL
THE PROCESS IS COMPLETE.
NOW TO THE SCRIPTORIUM TO COLLECT THE SPECIAL BESTIARY I ORDERED.
THE SCRIPTORIUM... WHERE ALIEN LIFE-FORMS ARE RECORDED IN HIDEOUS CATALOGUES—'BESTIARIES'.
BROTHER URIAH IS JUST FINISHING YOUR WIFE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT, GRAND MASTER.
'THOUGH THE STRAIN OF DESCRIBING SO MANY FOUL CREATURES WAS TOO MUCH...
SLIMY TENTACLES... HORNS... HOOVES... STENCH, NAUSEOUS TO THE NOSTRIL... MUMBLE! MUTTER!
XENOPHRENIA... AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD. ONLY BY BEING CONSTANTLY VIGILANT CAN WE KEEP OUR MINDS PURE.
TORQUEMADA EXAMINES THE BESTIARY, BOUND IN BEST DEVIANT SKIN AND PADLOCKED FOR PROTECTION.
VERY GOOD... QUITE GHASTLY.
TAKE BROTHER URIAH AWAY FOR TREATMENT.
LATER... HE HEADS HOME THROUGH THE TRAVEL TUBES.
WATCH OUT—IT'S TORQUEMADA'S GUNDOLA!
HOPE CANDIDA IS STILL UP.

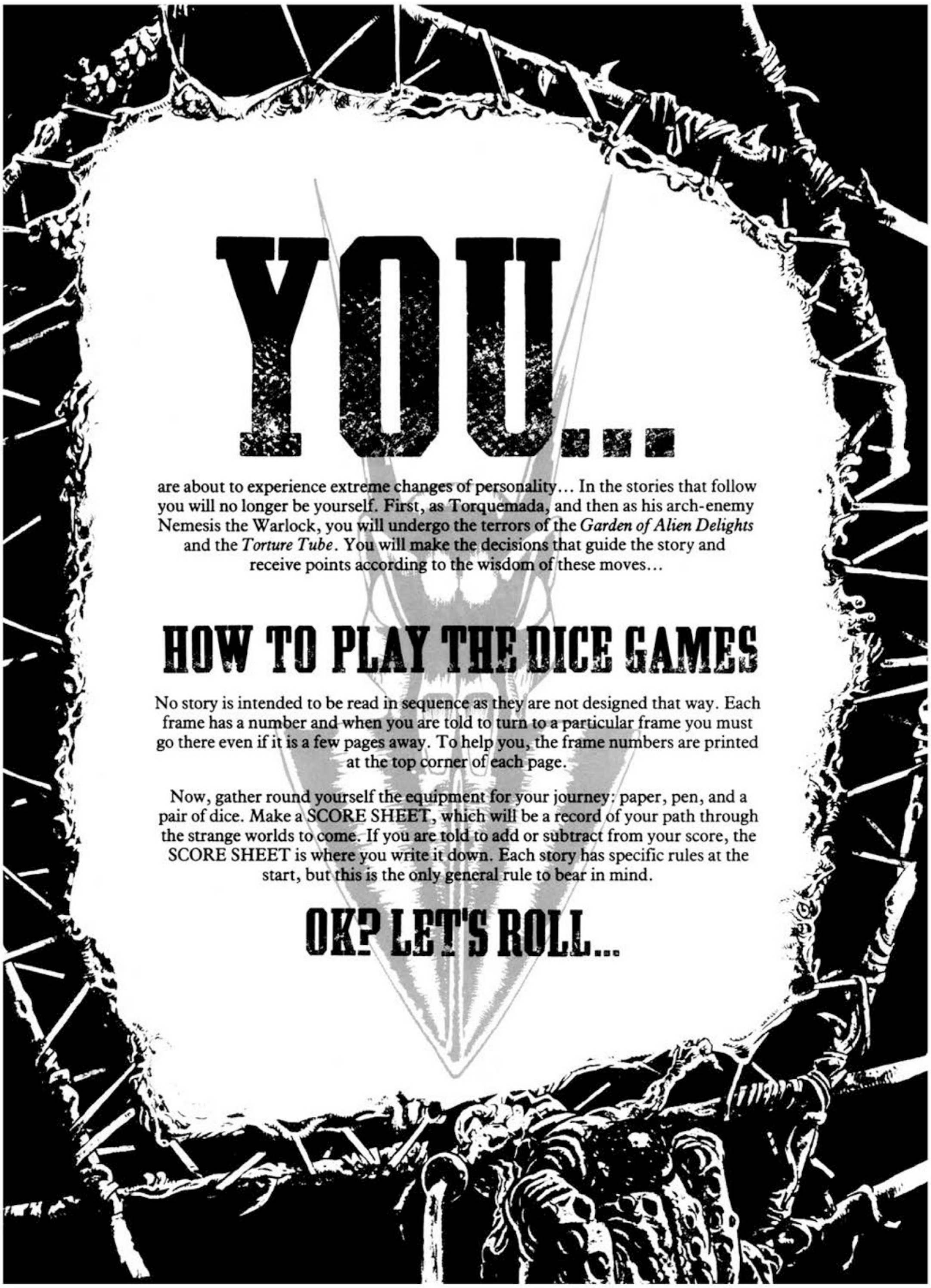

DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH—TORQUEMADA'S WINTER PALACE... LIT BY MOLTEN MAGMA AND FILLED WITH RICHES LOOTED FROM ALIEN WORLDS...
WISH I COULD SPEND MORE TIME WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY...
BUT MY MISSION—TO CLEANSE THE GALAXY OF DEVIANTS—MUST COME BEFORE ALL.
MURCALLA DE TORQUEMADA, DOWAGER GRAND MISTRESS...
MOTHER ... HOW IS CANDIDA?
SULKING AGAIN, TOMAS. WRETCHED GIRL REFUSES TO SPEAK. TIME SHE FACED UP TO HER RESPONSIBILITIES AS YOUR CONSORT.
IN THE ROYAL CHAMBER, CANDIDA DE TORQUEMADA IS GUARDED AGAINST POSSIBLE ALIEN ATTACK.
I'M HOME, DEAR.
I TRUST YOU ARE WELL, MY LADY? AND LITTLE PANDORA AND BABY BARBAROSSA.
GRANDFATHER NOSTRADAMUS HASN'T UPSET YOU AGAIN?
I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT... YOUR VERY OWN BESTIARY.
THAT'S THE MOST FEARED ALIEN OF ALL... EVEN I SHUDDER AT HIS APPEARANCE... BUT ONE DAY I'LL DESTROY HIM AND TERMIGHT WILL BE FREE!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
NEMESIS, WARLOCK
HOME PLANET: MURDUK, NETHER WORLDS
TRANSPORT: BLITZSPEAR
This young male warlock is a hooved, fire-breathing biped. His horns are not fully developed, unlike the whose
The End



THE GARDEN OF ALIEN DELIGHTS

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Bryan Talbot
Illumination: Mark King

Originally published in *Diceman* Issue 3



YOU...

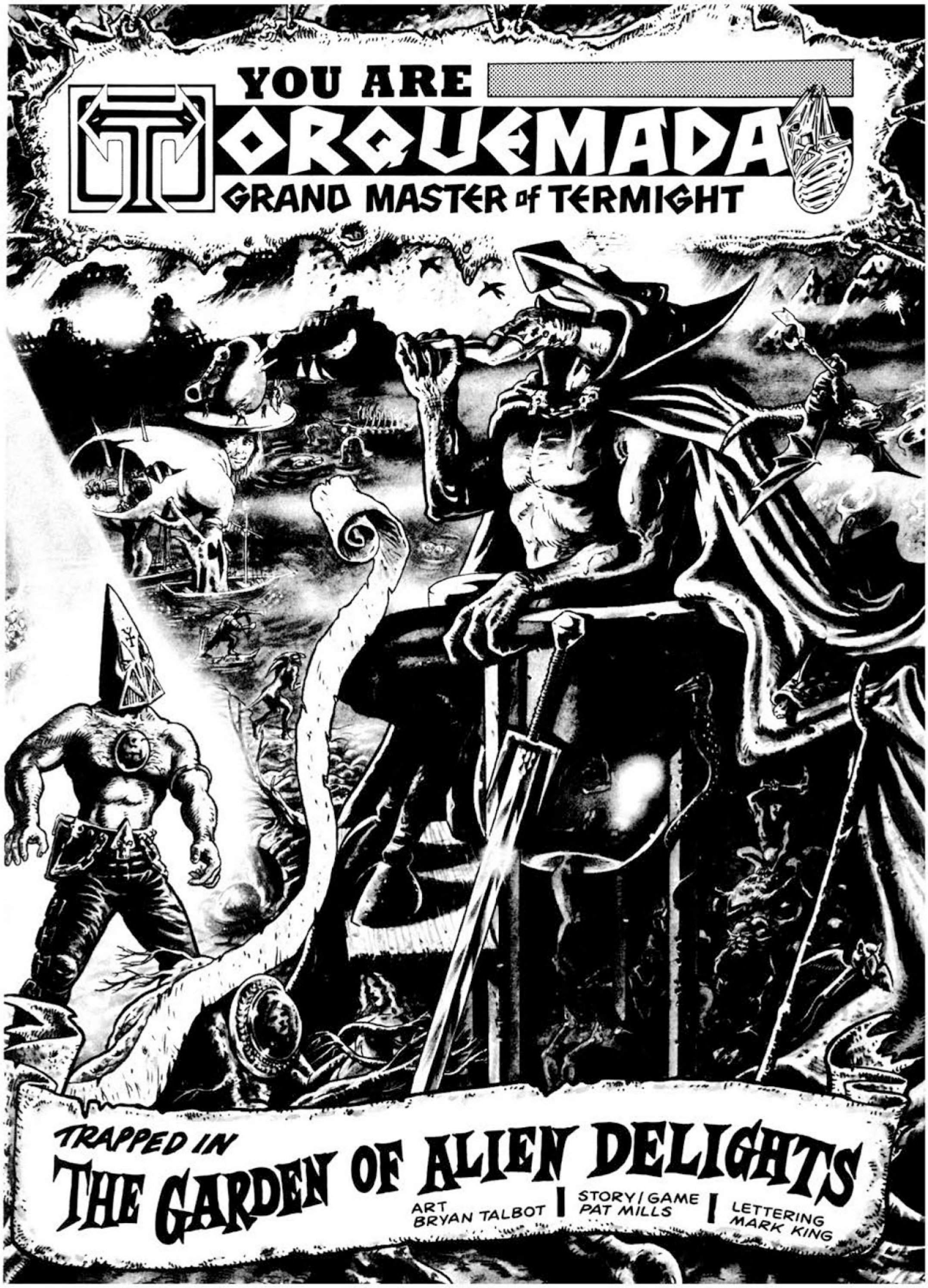
are about to experience extreme changes of personality... In the stories that follow you will no longer be yourself. First, as Torquemada, and then as his arch-enemy Nemesis the Warlock, you will undergo the terrors of the *Garden of Alien Delights* and the *Torture Tube*. You will make the decisions that guide the story and receive points according to the wisdom of these moves...

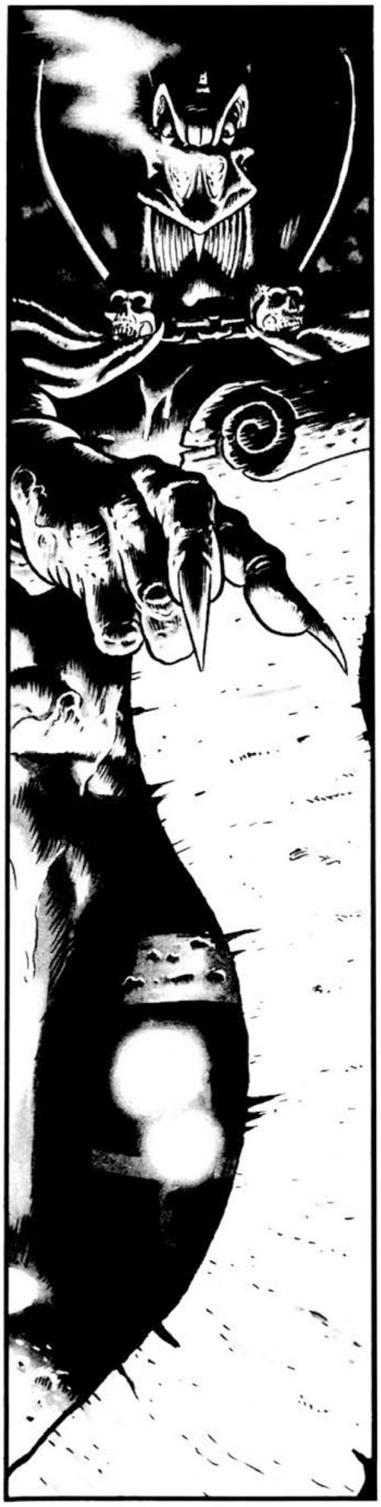
HOW TO PLAY THE DICE GAMES

No story is intended to be read in sequence as they are not designed that way. Each frame has a number and when you are told to turn to a particular frame you must go there even if it is a few pages away. To help you, the frame numbers are printed at the top corner of each page.

Now, gather round yourself the equipment for your journey: paper, pen, and a pair of dice. Make a SCORE SHEET, which will be a record of your path through the strange worlds to come. If you are told to add or subtract from your score, the SCORE SHEET is where you write it down. Each story has specific rules at the start, but this is the only general rule to bear in mind.

OK? LET'S ROLL...


YOU ARE
TORQUEMADA
GRAND MASTER of TERMIGHT
TRAPPED IN
THE GARDEN OF ALIEN DELIGHTS
ART BRYAN TALBOT
STORY/GAME PAT MILLS
LETTERING MARK KING



YOU are the most evil man in the World: TORQUEMADA, Grand Master of Termight – Earth, thousands of years in the future.

You have been captured by your greatest enemy – NEMESIS THE WARLOCK, leader of the Aliens you have sworn to exterminate.

Held in a stasis beam, powerless to resist, you look up as Nemesis reads from a vast list of your crimes:

Aliens on a thousand planets put to death by your Terminators... Humans imprisoned and tortured for trying to save them... Entire species exterminated because they were 'different' to human-beings...

''Because they were Deviants,'' you interrupt, ''and there can be only one sentence for Deviation ... DEATH!''

''As you sentenced the following,'' continues Nemesis, completing the list of your victims.

''Wait!'' you cry.''You missed some out.'' You reel off more planets whose inhabitants ended up in your vapourisation vats... Solar systems 'cleansed' with deadly radiation... Alien leaders executed after they begged you to forget the past and make peace...

''You know my motto: NEVER forget! NEVER forgive! NEVER for fun! I personally cut off their slimy heads!'' you proclaim proudly.

''You're a sick bigot! An evil fascist!'' snarls Nemesis.

''What?'' you retort. ''How DARE you call me a bigot and a fascist? I've put up with your insults and abuse – but this time you go TOO FAR!

''I AM THE SUPREME BIGOT! I AM THE ULTIMATE FASCIST!

''Thanks to my bigotry, my hatred, I united the Human Race against the rest of the Galaxy! For the first time in Earth's history, humans no longer kill each other if they're a different colour, creed, or political belief...

''Because now we've really got something to hate ...something to fear ...something to KILL! Out there – in space – are creatures who are really different... really weird... A Universe full of 'em!''

You rant on until Nemesis gives you a hoof in the face.

''That's right,'' you sneer. ''Kick a human when he can't fight back – that's what I'd expect from an Alien!
Come on – do your worst! I'm not afraid of a Deviant!''

Nemesis grins down at you. ''Yes, I know that. And I realise there's nothing you'd enjoy more than for me to kill or torture you – to justify your evil doctrine, and become a martyr to the Human Race.

''So I have prepared something a little more ... subtle.
MY GARDEN OF ALIEN DELIGHTS!''

You look around at the strange creatures of this nightmare World and mutter, ''Oh, foul and unspeakable are the ways of the Deviants.
Loathsome their looks...''

The Warlock chuckles, ''And you'll have to ask THEIR help to escape. The only way out of the Garden is by BEING KIND TO ALIENS. That is your punishment, Torquemada!''

''To dally with the Deviant? Have truck with the Extra-Terrestrial? Give succour to the Succubus? NEVER!'' you scream.

''But it's your only chance. And it still won't be easy – because some of them will LIE, and others will try to kill you.

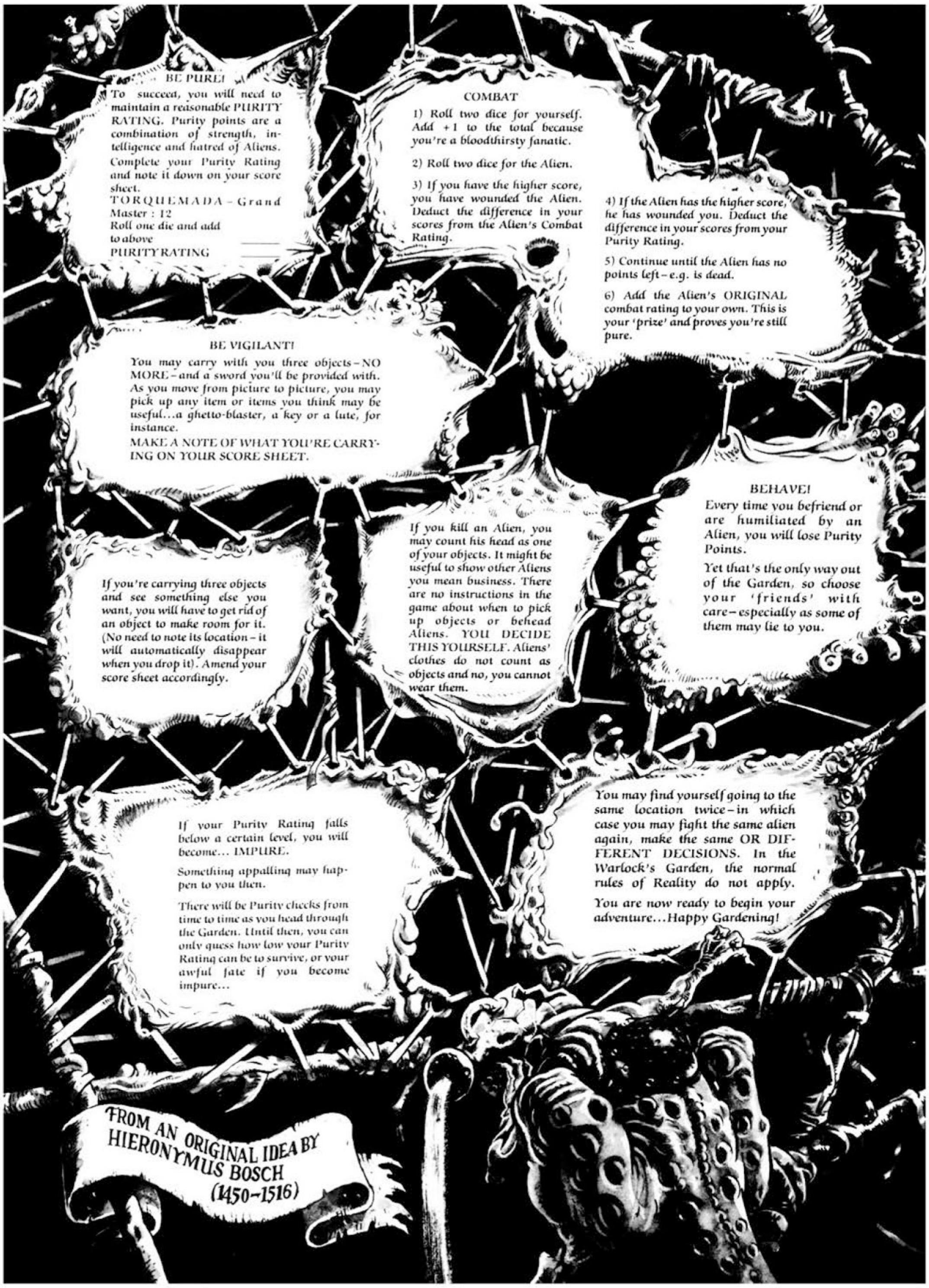
''You must decide which Aliens to fight... which ones to befriend... It will be a real test of your famous cunning.

''And if you fail, it will mean I – a mere Alien – am smarter! That will be the ultimate humiliation!

''Of course, if you're too scared to even try...?'' Nemesis pauses and leers down at you.

''Well... are you?''

IF YOU ACCEPT
THE WARLOCK'S
CHALLENGE,
TURN TO RULES
PAGE OVERLEAF



BE PURE!

To succeed, you will need to maintain a reasonable PURITY RATING. Purity points are a combination of strength, intelligence and hatred of Aliens.

Complete your Purity Rating and note it down on your score sheet.

TORQUEMADA – Grand Master : 12

Roll one die and add to above ______

PURITY RATING ______

COMBAT

1) Roll two dice for yourself. Add +1 to the total because you're a bloodthirsty fanatic.

2) Roll two dice for the Alien.

3) If you have the higher score, you have wounded the Alien. Deduct the difference in your scores from the Alien's Combat Rating.

4) If the Alien has the higher score, he has wounded you. Deduct the difference in your scores from your Purity Rating.

5) Continue until the Alien has no points left – e.g. is dead.

6) Add the Alien's ORIGINAL combat rating to your own. This is your 'prize' and proves you're still pure.

BE VIGILANT!

You may carry with you three objects – NO MORE – and a sword you'll be provided with. As you move from picture to picture, you may pick up any item or items you think may be useful…a ghetto-blaster, a key or a lute, for instance.

MAKE A NOTE OF WHAT YOU'RE CARRYING ON YOUR SCORE SHEET.

If you're carrying three objects and see something else you want, you will have to get rid of an object to make room for it. (No need to note its location – it will automatically disappear when you drop it). Amend your score sheet accordingly.

If you kill an Alien, you may count his head as one of your objects. It might be useful to show other Aliens you mean business. There are no instructions in the game about when to pick up objects or behead Aliens. YOU DECIDE THIS YOURSELF. Aliens' clothes do not count as objects and no, you cannot wear them.

BEHAVE!

Every time you befriend or are humiliated by an Alien, you will lose Purity Points.

Yet that's the only way out of the Garden, so choose your 'friends' with care – especially as some of them may lie to you.

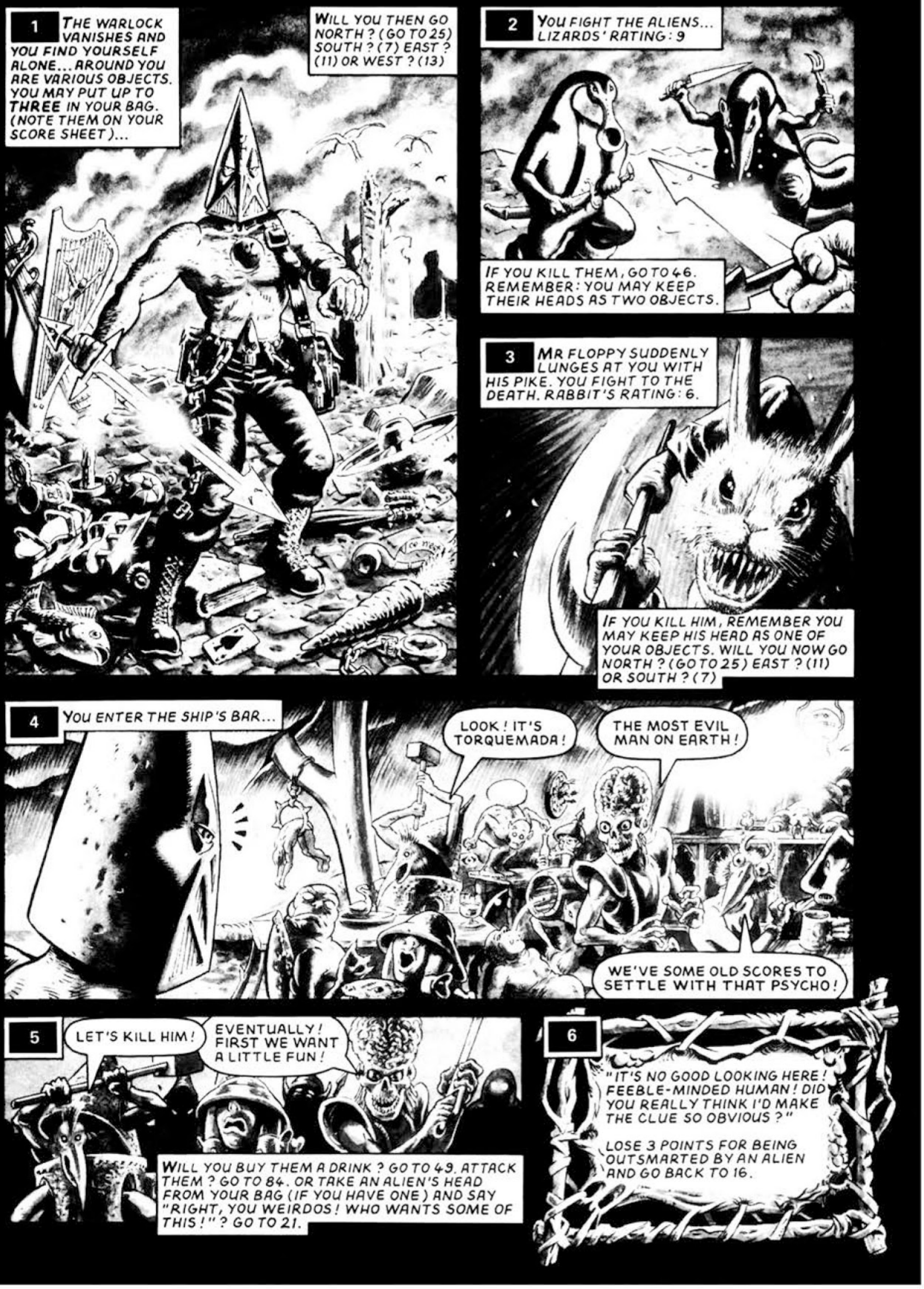
If your Purity Rating falls below a certain level, you will become… IMPURE.

Something appalling may happen to you then.

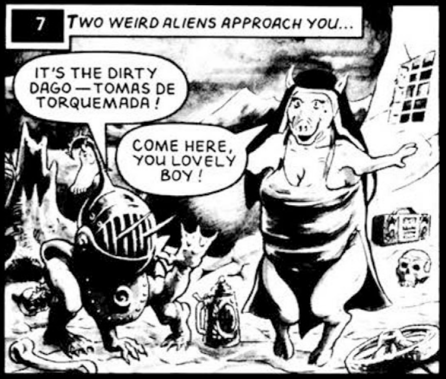
There will be Purity checks from time to time as you head through the Garden. Until then, you can only guess how low your Purity Rating can be to survive, or your awful fate if you become impure…

You may find yourself going to the same location twice – in which case you may fight the same alien again, make the same OR DIFFERENT DECISIONS. In the Warlock's Garden, the normal rules of Reality do not apply.

You are now ready to begin your adventure…Happy Gardening!


1
THE WARLOCK VANISHES AND YOU FIND YOURSELF ALONE... AROUND YOU ARE VARIOUS OBJECTS. YOU MAY PUT UP TO THREE IN YOUR BAG. (NOTE THEM ON YOUR SCORE SHEET)...
WILL YOU THEN GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) SOUTH? (7) EAST? (11) OR WEST? (13)
2
YOU FIGHT THE ALIENS... LIZARDS' RATING: 9
IF YOU KILL THEM, GO TO 46. REMEMBER: YOU MAY KEEP THEIR HEADS AS TWO OBJECTS.
3
MR FLOPPY SUDDENLY LUNGES AT YOU WITH HIS PIKE. YOU FIGHT TO THE DEATH. RABBIT'S RATING: 6.
IF YOU KILL HIM, REMEMBER YOU MAY KEEP HIS HEAD AS ONE OF YOUR OBJECTS. WILL YOU NOW GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) EAST? (11) OR SOUTH? (7)
4
YOU ENTER THE SHIP'S BAR...
LOOK! IT'S TORQUEMADA!
THE MOST EVIL MAN ON EARTH!
WE'VE SOME OLD SCORES TO SETTLE WITH THAT PSYCHO!
5
LET'S KILL HIM!
EVENTUALLY! FIRST WE WANT A LITTLE FUN!
WILL YOU BUY THEM A DRINK? GO TO 49. ATTACK THEM? GO TO 84. OR TAKE AN ALIEN'S HEAD FROM YOUR BAG (IF YOU HAVE ONE) AND SAY "RIGHT, YOU WEIRDOS! WHO WANTS SOME OF THIS!"? GO TO 21.
6
"IT'S NO GOOD LOOKING HERE! FEEBLE-MINDED HUMAN! DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D MAKE THE CLUE SO OBVIOUS?"
LOSE 3 POINTS FOR BEING OUTSMARTED BY AN ALIEN AND GO BACK TO 16.

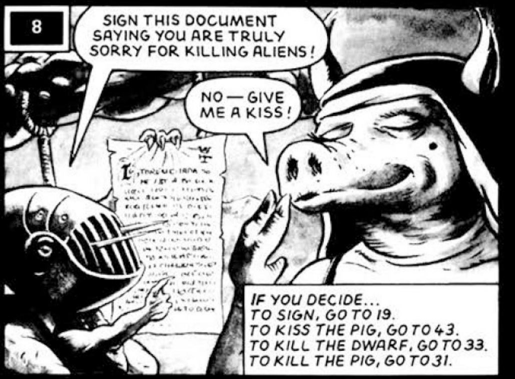
7



TWO WEIRD ALIENS APPROACH YOU...

IT'S THE DIRTY DAGO—TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA!
COME HERE, YOU LOVELY BOY!

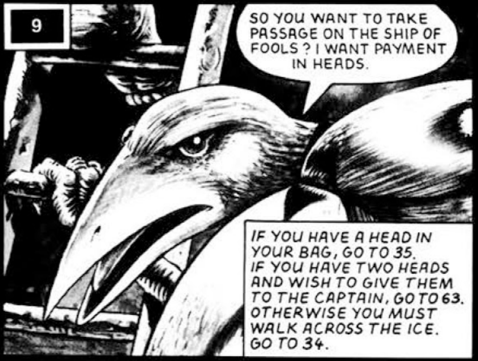
8



SIGN THIS DOCUMENT SAYING YOU ARE TRULY SORRY FOR KILLING ALIENS!
NO—GIVE ME A KISS!

IF YOU DECIDE...
TO SIGN, GO TO 19.
TO KISS THE PIG, GO TO 43.
TO KILL THE DWARF, GO TO 33.
TO KILL THE PIG, GO TO 31.

9



SO YOU WANT TO TAKE PASSAGE ON THE SHIP OF FOOLS? I WANT PAYMENT IN HEADS.

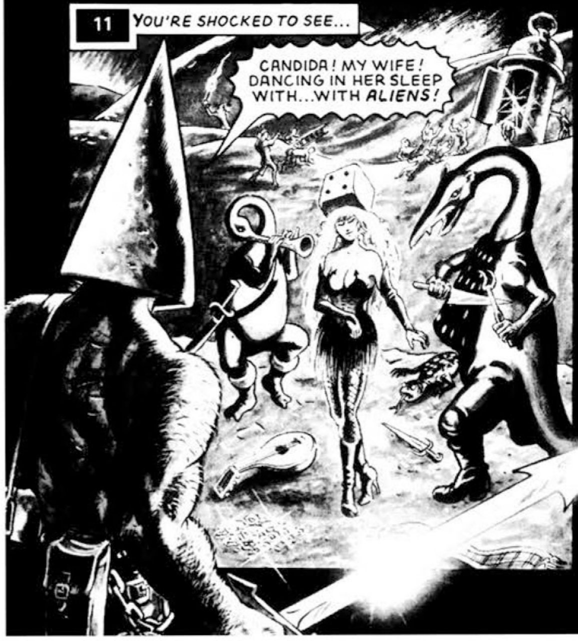
IF YOU HAVE A HEAD IN YOUR BAG, GO TO 35.
IF YOU HAVE TWO HEADS AND WISH TO GIVE THEM TO THE CAPTAIN, GO TO 63.
OTHERWISE YOU MUST WALK ACROSS THE ICE. GO TO 34.

10

THE CAPTAIN TAKES THE DRIPPING HEAD AND EXPLAINS HE'S A COLLECTOR. YOU UNDERSTAND AS YOU'VE QUITE A FEW OVER YOUR OWN MANTELPIECE.

HE USHERS YOU ABOARD. GO TO 4.

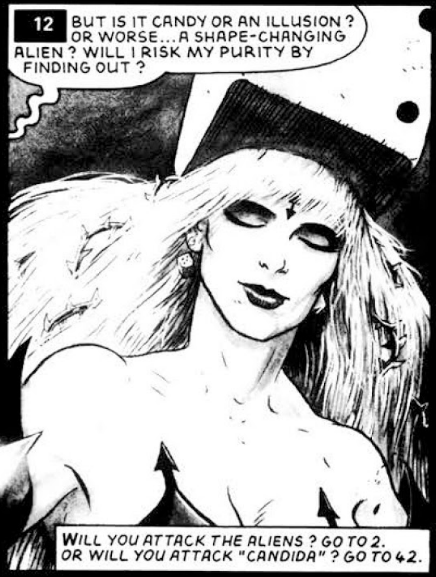
11



YOU'RE SHOCKED TO SEE...

CANDIDA! MY WIFE! DANCING IN HER SLEEP WITH...WITH ALIENS!

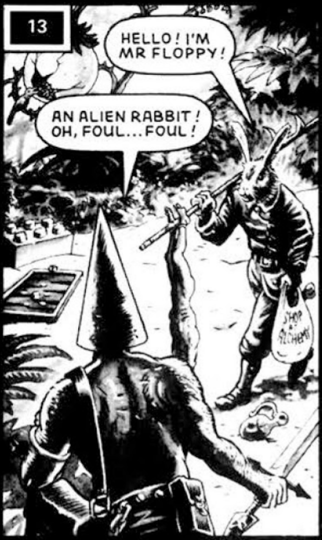
12



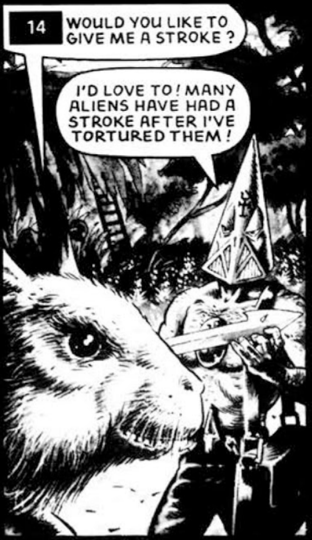
BUT IS IT CANDY OR AN ILLUSION? OR WORSE...A SHAPE-CHANGING ALIEN? WILL I RISK MY PURITY BY FINDING OUT?

WILL YOU ATTACK THE ALIENS? GO TO 2.
OR WILL YOU ATTACK "CANDIDA"? GO TO 42.

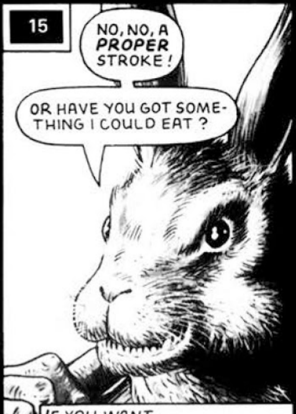
13


HELLO! I'M MR FLOPPY!
AN ALIEN RABBIT! OH, FOUL... FOUL!

14


WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE ME A STROKE?
I'D LOVE TO! MANY ALIENS HAVE HAD A STROKE AFTER I'VE TORTURED THEM!

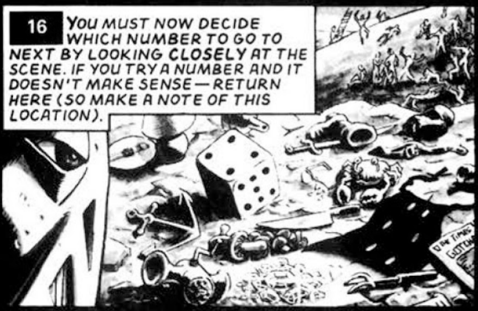
15


NO, NO, A **PROPER** STROKE!
OR HAVE YOU GOT SOMETHING I COULD EAT?

*IF YOU WANT...
TO KILL MR FLOPPY, GO TO 3.
TO STROKE HIM PROPERLY, GO TO 32.
IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING IN YOUR BAG YOU THINK HE'D LIKE, TAKE IT OUT* ***NOW,*** *THEN GO TO 26.*

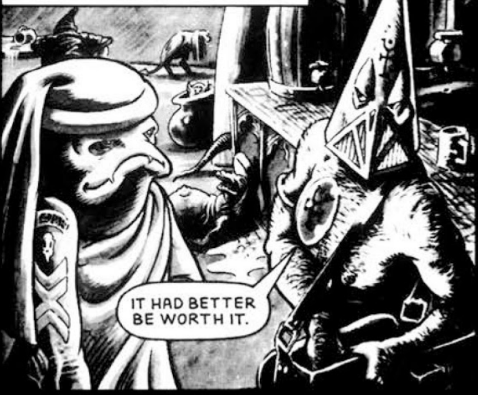
16

YOU MUST NOW DECIDE WHICH NUMBER TO GO TO NEXT BY LOOKING ***CLOSELY*** *AT THE SCENE. IF YOU TRY A NUMBER AND IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE—RETURN HERE (SO MAKE A NOTE OF THIS LOCATION).*

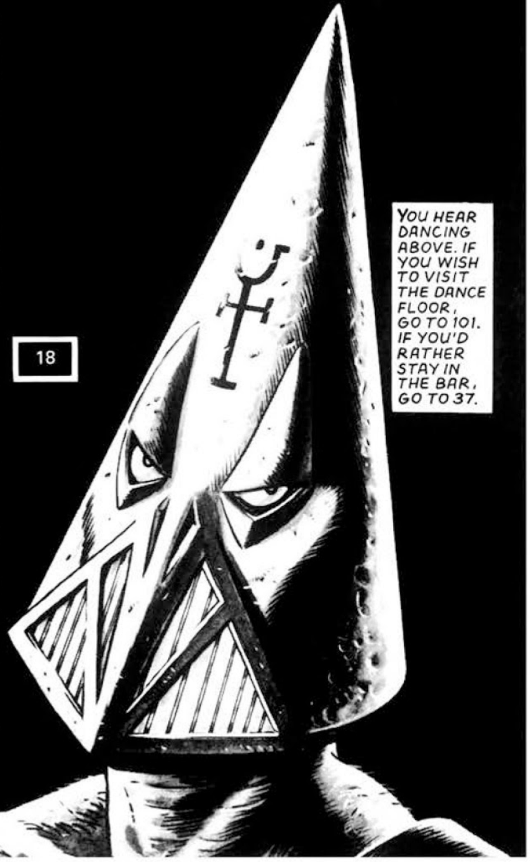


17

YOU PUT THE MEDAL IN YOUR BAG. REMEMBER IT COUNTS AS ONE OF YOUR THREE OBJECTS.


IT HAD BETTER BE WORTH IT.

18



YOU HEAR DANCING ABOVE. IF YOU WISH TO VISIT THE DANCE FLOOR, GO TO 101. IF YOU'D RATHER STAY IN THE BAR, GO TO 37.

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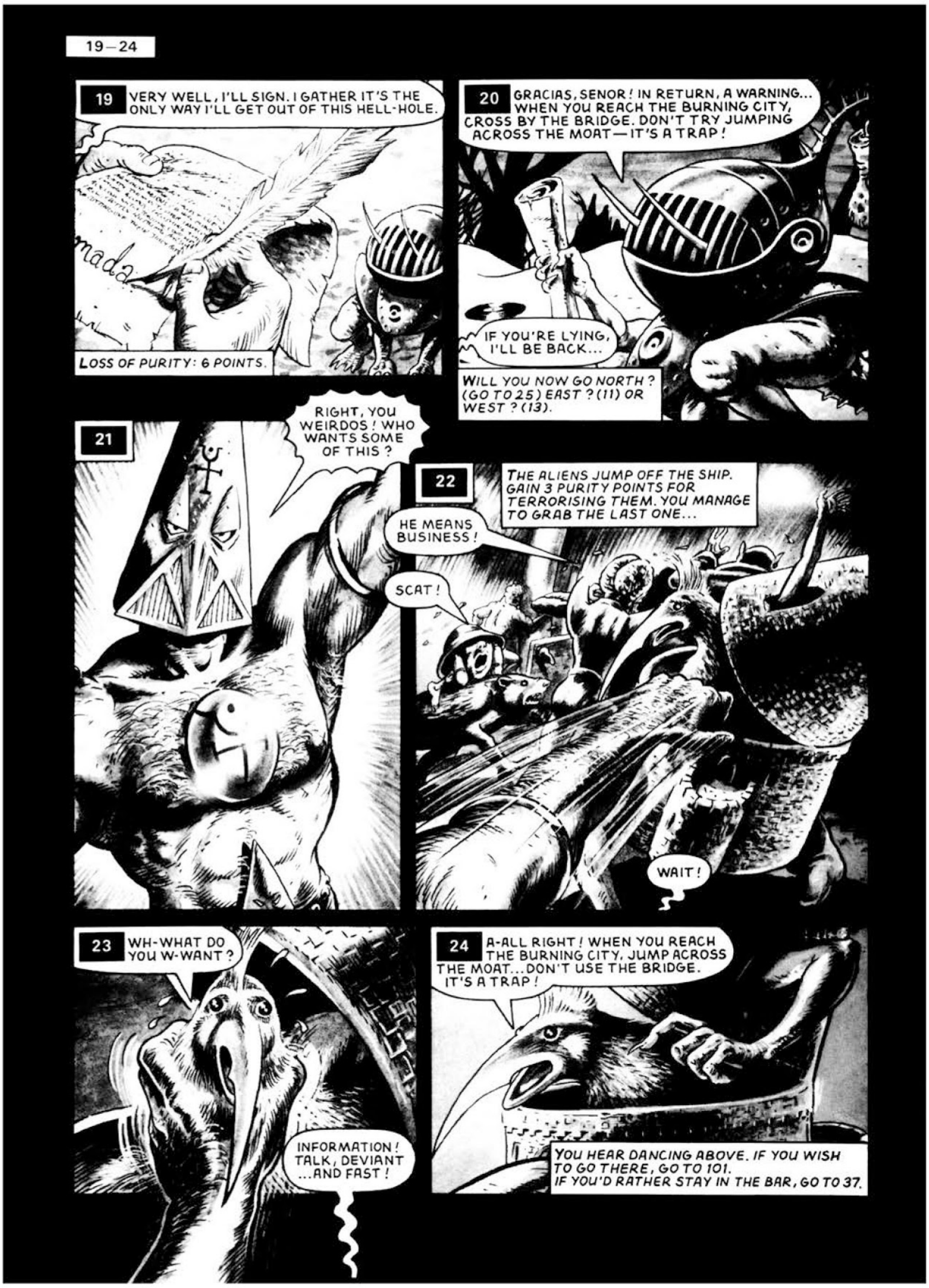
19–24
19
VERY WELL, I'LL SIGN. I GATHER IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET OUT OF THIS HELL-HOLE.
LOSS OF PURITY: 6 POINTS.
20
GRACIAS, SENOR! IN RETURN, A WARNING... WHEN YOU REACH THE BURNING CITY, CROSS BY THE BRIDGE. DON'T TRY JUMPING ACROSS THE MOAT—IT'S A TRAP!
IF YOU'RE LYING, I'LL BE BACK...
WILL YOU NOW GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) EAST? (11) OR WEST? (13).
21
RIGHT, YOU WEIRDOS! WHO WANTS SOME OF THIS?
22
THE ALIENS JUMP OFF THE SHIP. GAIN 3 PURITY POINTS FOR TERRORISING THEM. YOU MANAGE TO GRAB THE LAST ONE...
HE MEANS BUSINESS!
SCAT!
WAIT!
23
WH-WHAT DO YOU W-WANT?
INFORMATION! TALK, DEVIANT ...AND FAST!
24
A-ALL RIGHT! WHEN YOU REACH THE BURNING CITY, JUMP ACROSS THE MOAT... DON'T USE THE BRIDGE. IT'S A TRAP!
YOU HEAR DANCING ABOVE. IF YOU WISH TO GO THERE, GO TO 101. IF YOU'D RATHER STAY IN THE BAR, GO TO 37.

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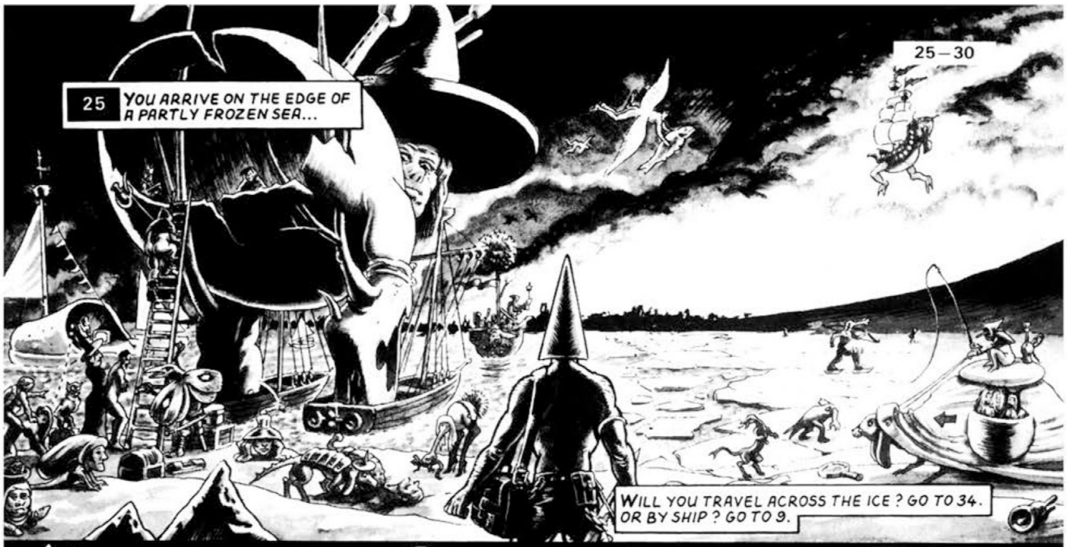
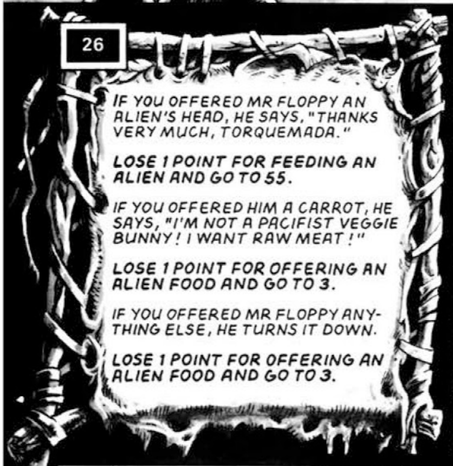


25 YOU ARRIVE ON THE EDGE OF A PARTLY FROZEN SEA...

WILL YOU TRAVEL ACROSS THE ICE? GO TO 34. OR BY SHIP? GO TO 9.



26

IF YOU OFFERED MR FLOPPY AN ALIEN'S HEAD, HE SAYS, "THANKS VERY MUCH, TORQUEMADA."

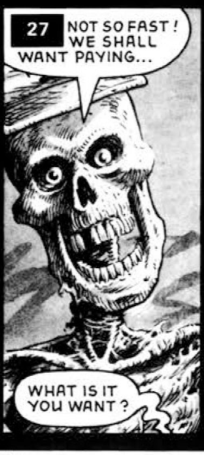
LOSE 1 POINT FOR FEEDING AN ALIEN AND GO TO 55.

IF YOU OFFERED HIM A CARROT, HE SAYS, "I'M NOT A PACIFIST VEGGIE BUNNY! I WANT RAW MEAT!"

LOSE 1 POINT FOR OFFERING AN ALIEN FOOD AND GO TO 3.

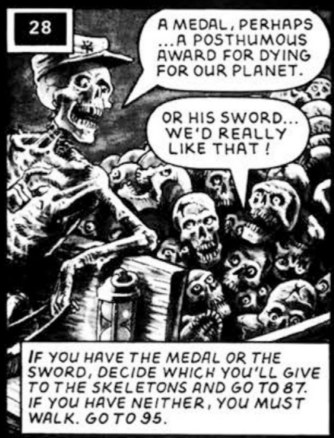
IF YOU OFFERED MR FLOPPY ANYTHING ELSE, HE TURNS IT DOWN.

LOSE 1 POINT FOR OFFERING AN ALIEN FOOD AND GO TO 3.



27

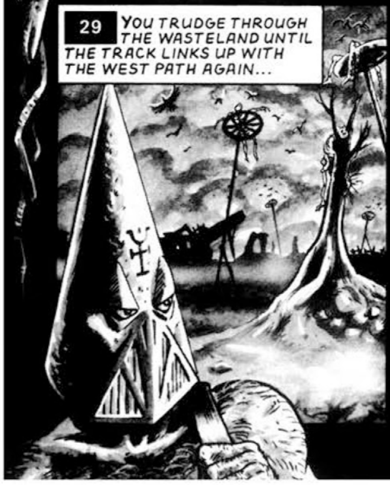
NOT SO FAST! WE SHALL WANT PAYING...
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?



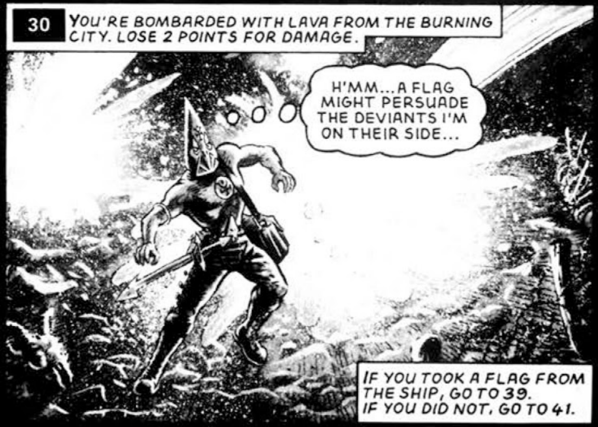
28

A MEDAL, PERHAPS ...A POSTHUMOUS AWARD FOR DYING FOR OUR PLANET.
OR HIS SWORD... WE'D REALLY LIKE THAT!

IF YOU HAVE THE MEDAL OR THE SWORD, DECIDE WHICH YOU'LL GIVE TO THE SKELETONS AND GO TO 87. IF YOU HAVE NEITHER, YOU MUST WALK. GO TO 95.



29 YOU TRUDGE THROUGH THE WASTELAND UNTIL THE TRACK LINKS UP WITH THE WEST PATH AGAIN...



30 YOU'RE BOMBARDED WITH LAVA FROM THE BURNING CITY. LOSE 2 POINTS FOR DAMAGE.

H'MM...A FLAG MIGHT PERSUADE THE DEVIANTS I'M ON THEIR SIDE...

IF YOU TOOK A FLAG FROM THE SHIP, GO TO 39. IF YOU DID NOT, GO TO 41.

31

REVOLTED BY THE PIG'S FOUL SUGGESTION, YOU ATTACK IT.

ALIEN PIG'S RATING : 4

IF YOU KILL IT, REMEMBER YOU MAY KEEP ITS HEAD AS ONE OF YOUR OBJECTS.
WILL YOU NOW GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) EAST? (11) OR WEST? (13).

32

YOU GIVE THE RABBIT A STROKE. AS YOUR HAND CARESSES HIS THROAT, YOU RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SQUEEZE...

LOSE 3 POINTS FOR STROKING AN ALIEN AND GO TO 55.

33

LIVID THAT THE DWARF SHOULD SUGGEST SOMETHING SO OUTRAGEOUS, YOU ATTACK IT.

ALIEN DWARF'S RATING : 8

IF YOU KILL IT, REMEMBER YOU MAY KEEP ITS HEAD AS ONE OF YOUR OBJECTS.
WILL YOU NOW GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) EAST? (11) OR WEST? (13)

34

IF YOU HAVE ICE SKATES IN YOUR BAG, YOU PUT THEM ON HERE. GO TO 90.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE SKATES IN YOUR BAG, YOU FALL THROUGH THE ICE – BUT YOU DO NOT DIE... YOU GO TO 79.

35

THE CAPTAIN TAKES THE DRIPPING HEAD AND EXPLAINS HE'S A COLLECTOR. YOU UNDERSTAND, AS YOU'VE QUITE A FEW OVER YOUR OWN MANTELPIECE.

HE USHERS YOU ABOARD. GO TO 4.

36

YOU ATTACK THE CREATURE.

ALIEN DRINKER'S RATING : 4

IF YOU KILL HIM, YOU TAKE THE MEDAL AS ONE OF YOUR THREE OBJECTS. GO TO 18.

37

THE SHIP REACHES THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA AND YOU DISEMBARK.

IF YOUR PURITY RATING IS 8 OR LESS HERE, GO TO 79. IF IT'S MORE, GO TO 57.

38

A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE SPIKES IMPALE YOU, YOU USE THE GOLD KEY TO OPEN A SECRET DOOR AT THE BACK. YOU EMERGE IN A TUBE THAT WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR OWN WORLD. GO TO 103.

39

YOU WAVE THE FLAG AND THE LAVA BOMBARDMENT STOPS. GO TO 81.

40

YOU'RE HIT BY MORE LAVA MISSILES – LOSE 2 MORE POINTS FOR DAMAGE, THEN GO TO 100.

41

YOU'RE HIT BY MORE LAVA MISSILES – LOSE 2 MORE POINTS FOR DAMAGE, THEN GO TO 81.

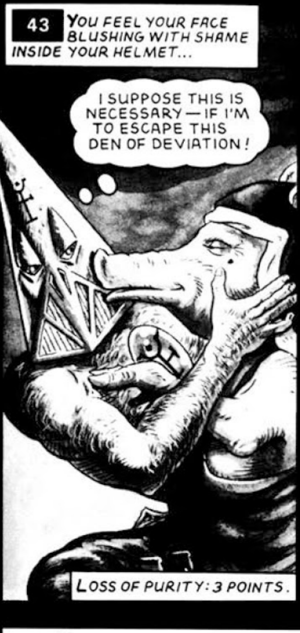
42

YOU ATTACK CANDIDA, BEHEADING HER WITH ONE SWEEP OF YOUR SWORD.

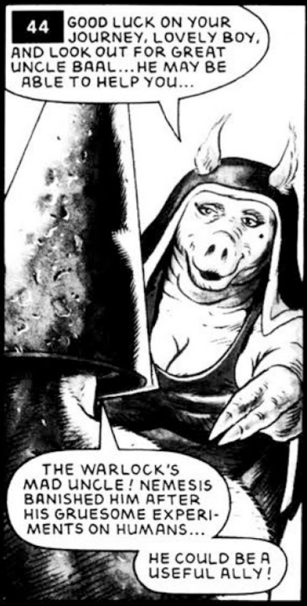
THE ALIEN LIZARDS CHUCKLE – "YOU'VE JUST KILLED YOUR WIFE!" – AND RUN OFF.

YOU'RE GRIEF-STRICKEN. LOSE 6 POINTS FOR BEING OUTSMARTED BY ALIENS, THEN GO TO 16.

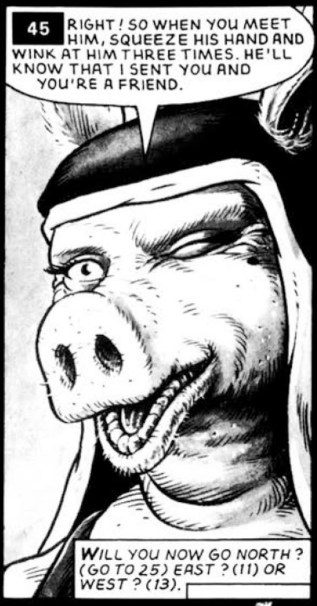
43


YOU FEEL YOUR FACE BLUSHING WITH SHAME INSIDE YOUR HELMET...
I SUPPOSE THIS IS NECESSARY — IF I'M TO ESCAPE THIS DEN OF DEVIATION!
LOSS OF PURITY: 3 POINTS.

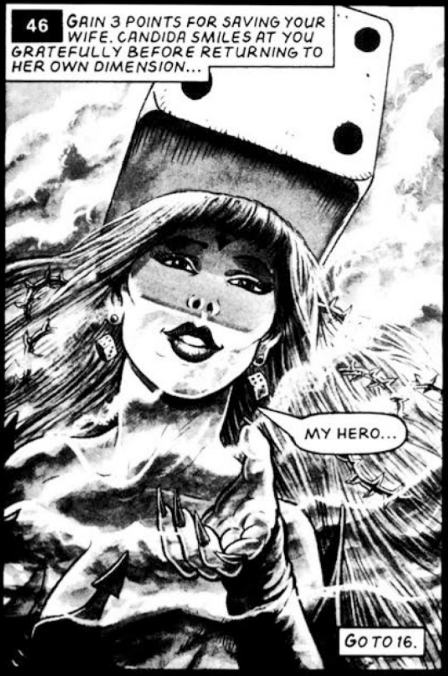
44


GOOD LUCK ON YOUR JOURNEY, LOVELY BOY, AND LOOK OUT FOR GREAT UNCLE BAAL... HE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU...
THE WARLOCK'S MAD UNCLE! NEMESIS BANISHED HIM AFTER HIS GRUESOME EXPERIMENTS ON HUMANS...
HE COULD BE A USEFUL ALLY!

45


RIGHT! SO WHEN YOU MEET HIM, SQUEEZE HIS HAND AND WINK AT HIM THREE TIMES. HE'LL KNOW THAT I SENT YOU AND YOU'RE A FRIEND.
WILL YOU NOW GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) EAST? (11) OR WEST? (13).

46

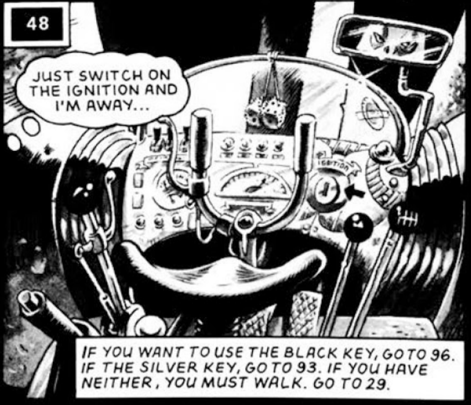

GAIN 3 POINTS FOR SAVING YOUR WIFE. CANDIDA SMILES AT YOU GRATEFULLY BEFORE RETURNING TO HER OWN DIMENSION...
MY HERO...
GO TO 16.

47

"CURSE YOU, TORQUEMADA — YOU WERE RIGHT TO PUT FOUR AND SEVEN TOGETHER." GAIN 3 POINTS FOR OUTSMARTING AN ALIEN.

YOU HAVE BROKEN THROUGH AND MAY NOW GO NORTH (GO TO 25), SOUTH (7), OR WEST (13).

48


JUST SWITCH ON THE IGNITION AND I'M AWAY...
IF YOU WANT TO USE THE BLACK KEY, GO TO 96. IF THE SILVER KEY, GO TO 93. IF YOU HAVE NEITHER, YOU MUST WALK. GO TO 29.

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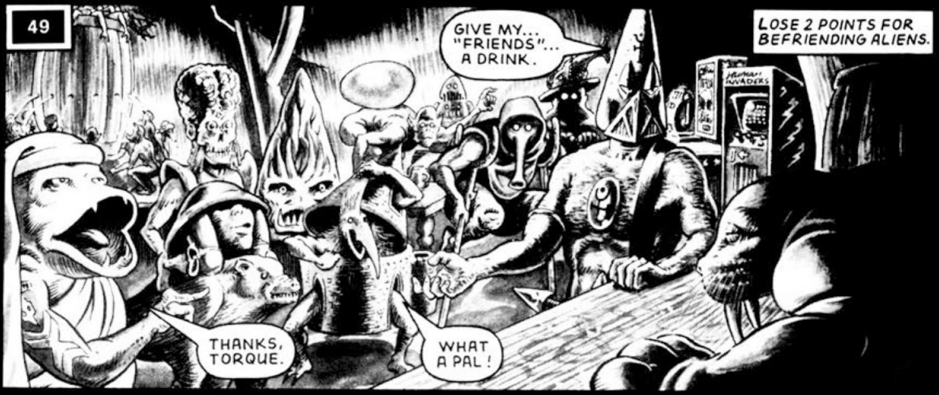
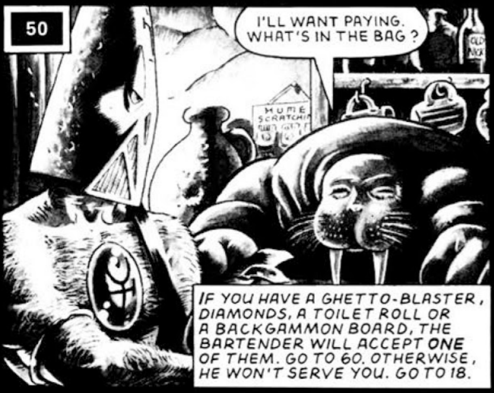
49


GIVE MY... "FRIENDS"... A DRINK.
THANKS, TORQUE.
WHAT A PAL!

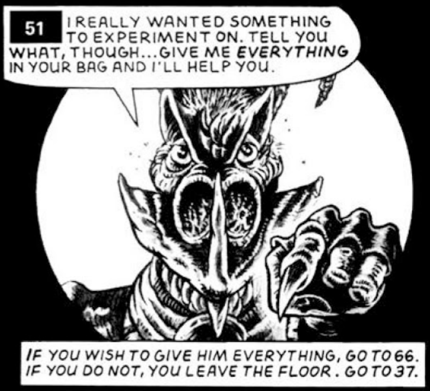
LOSE 2 POINTS FOR BEFRIENDING ALIENS.

50


I'LL WANT PAYING. WHAT'S IN THE BAG?

*IF YOU HAVE A GHETTO-BLASTER, DIAMONDS, A TOILET ROLL OR A BACKGAMMON BOARD, THE BARTENDER WILL ACCEPT **ONE** OF THEM. GO TO 60. OTHERWISE, HE WON'T SERVE YOU. GO TO 18.*

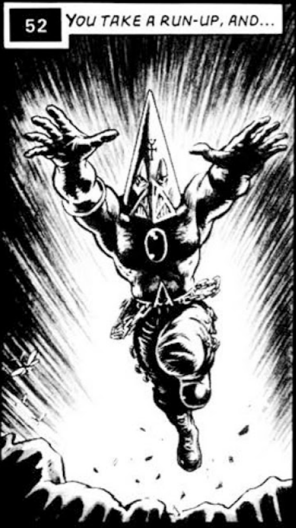
51


I REALLY WANTED SOMETHING TO EXPERIMENT ON. TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH... GIVE ME *EVERYTHING* IN YOUR BAG AND I'LL HELP YOU.

IF YOU WISH TO GIVE HIM EVERYTHING, GO TO 66.
IF YOU DO NOT, YOU LEAVE THE FLOOR. GO TO 37.

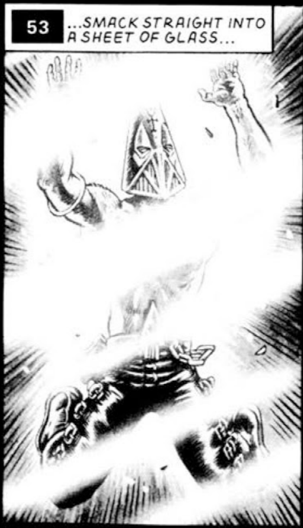
52

YOU TAKE A RUN-UP, AND...



53

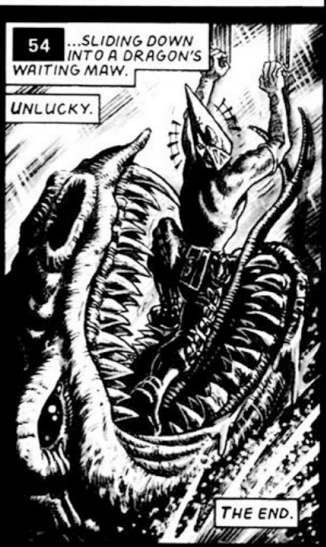
...SMACK STRAIGHT INTO A SHEET OF GLASS...



54

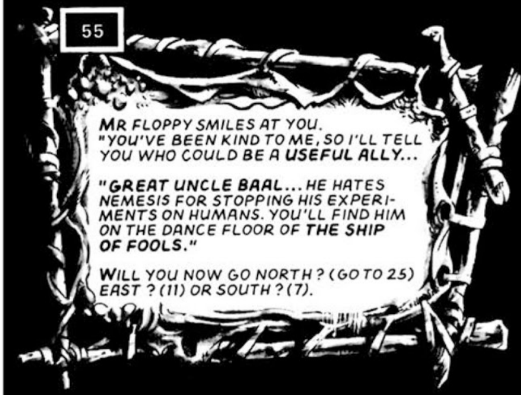
...SLIDING DOWN INTO A DRAGON'S WAITING MAW.

UNLUCKY.



THE END.

55

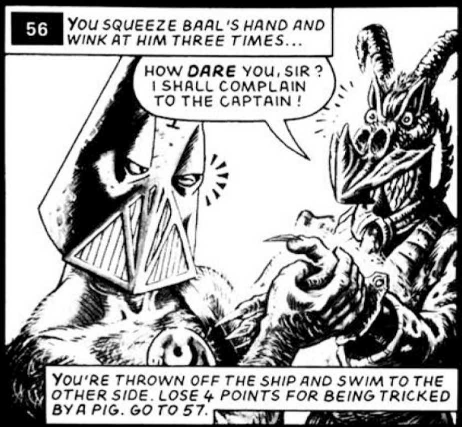


MR FLOPPY SMILES AT YOU. "YOU'VE BEEN KIND TO ME, SO I'LL TELL YOU WHO COULD BE A **USEFUL ALLY...**

"**GREAT UNCLE BAAL...** HE HATES NEMESIS FOR STOPPING HIS EXPERIMENTS ON HUMANS. YOU'LL FIND HIM ON THE DANCE FLOOR OF **THE SHIP OF FOOLS.**"

WILL YOU NOW GO NORTH? (GO TO 25) EAST? (11) OR SOUTH? (7).

56

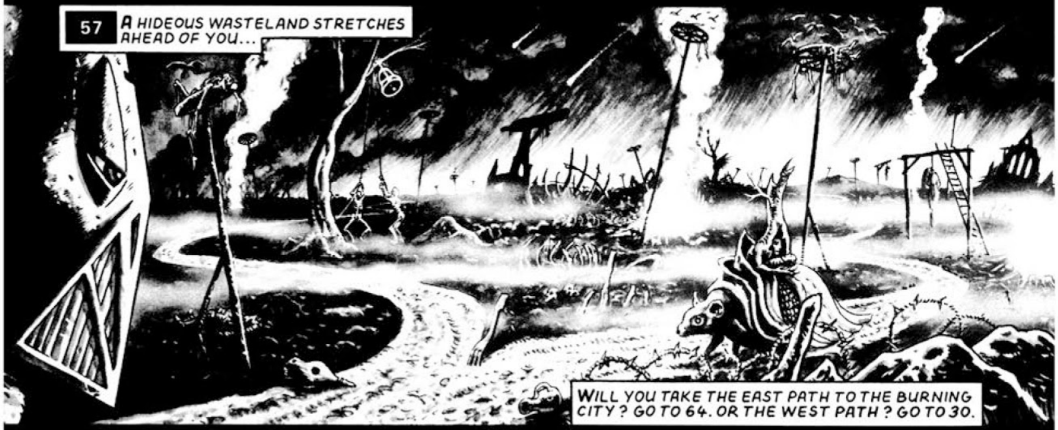


YOU SQUEEZE BAAL'S HAND AND WINK AT HIM THREE TIMES...

HOW **DARE** YOU, SIR? I SHALL COMPLAIN TO THE CAPTAIN!

YOU'RE THROWN OFF THE SHIP AND SWIM TO THE OTHER SIDE. LOSE 4 POINTS FOR BEING TRICKED BY A PIG. GO TO 57.

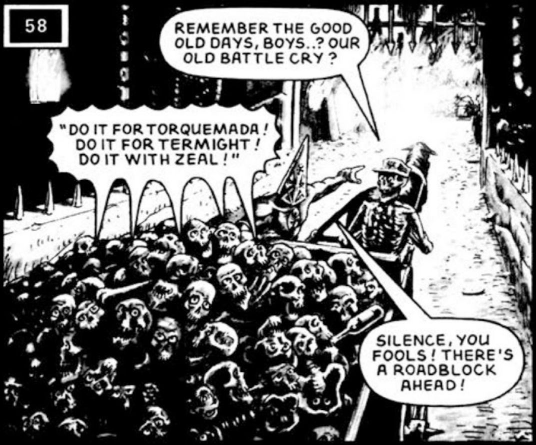
57



A HIDEOUS WASTELAND STRETCHES AHEAD OF YOU...

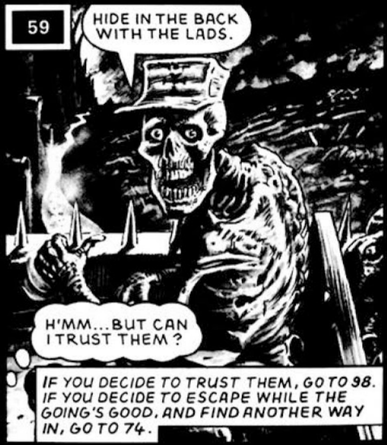
WILL YOU TAKE THE EAST PATH TO THE BURNING CITY? GO TO 64. OR THE WEST PATH? GO TO 30.

58



REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS, BOYS..? OUR OLD BATTLE CRY?
"DO IT FOR TORQUEMADA! DO IT FOR TERMIGHT! DO IT WITH ZEAL!"
SILENCE, YOU FOOLS! THERE'S A ROADBLOCK AHEAD!

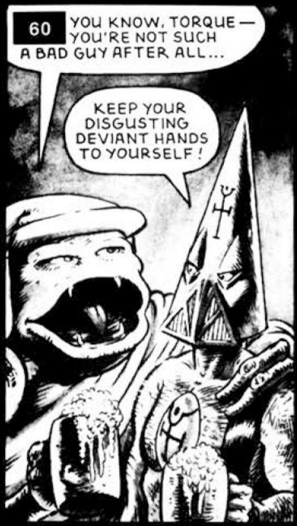
59



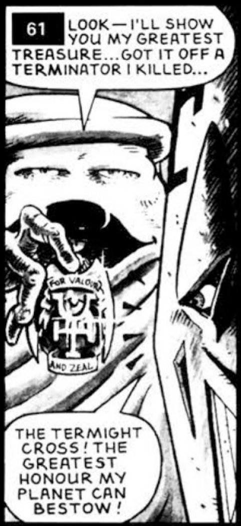
HIDE IN THE BACK WITH THE LADS.
H'MM... BUT CAN I TRUST THEM?

IF YOU DECIDE TO TRUST THEM, GO TO 98. IF YOU DECIDE TO ESCAPE WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD, AND FIND ANOTHER WAY IN, GO TO 74.

60


YOU KNOW, TORQUE — YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL...
KEEP YOUR DISGUSTING DEVIANT HANDS TO YOURSELF!

61


LOOK — I'LL SHOW YOU MY GREATEST TREASURE... GOT IT OFF A TERMINATOR I KILLED...
FOR VALOUR
AND ZEAL
THE TERMIGHT CROSS! THE GREATEST HONOUR MY PLANET CAN BESTOW!

62

YOU — !
I'LL SWAP IT FOR AN ALIEN HEAD... OR MAYBE SOME DIAMONDS?

IF YOU HAVE EITHER AND WISH TO SWAP ONE OF THEM FOR THE MEDAL, GO TO 17.
IF YOU WOULD RATHER KILL HIM AND TAKE THE MEDAL, GO TO 36.
IF YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN IT, GO TO 18.

63

THE CAPTAIN IS GRATEFUL FOR THE HEADS AND GIVES YOU A ***BLACK KEY****, TELLING YOU IT'S THE IGNITION KEY TO AN EAR MACHINE.*

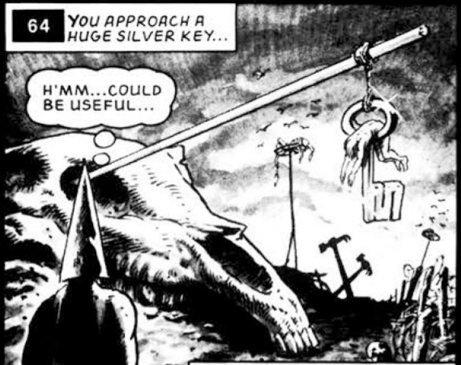
NOTE IT DOWN AS ONE OF YOUR THREE OBJECTS.

HE EXPLAINS THAT ANY OTHER KEY WILL CAUSE THE MACHINE TO BLOW UP. YOU WARN HIM THAT IF HE'S LYING, YOU'LL BE BACK.

NOW GO TO 4.

64

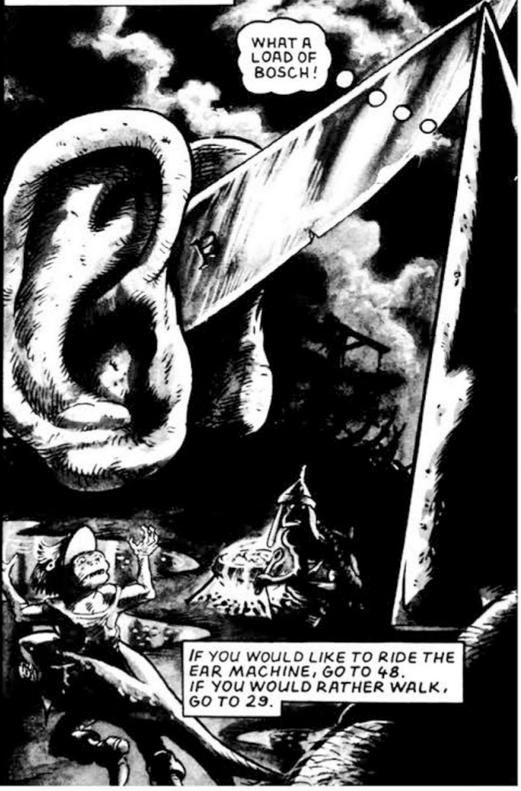
YOU APPROACH A HUGE SILVER KEY...


H'MM... COULD BE USEFUL...

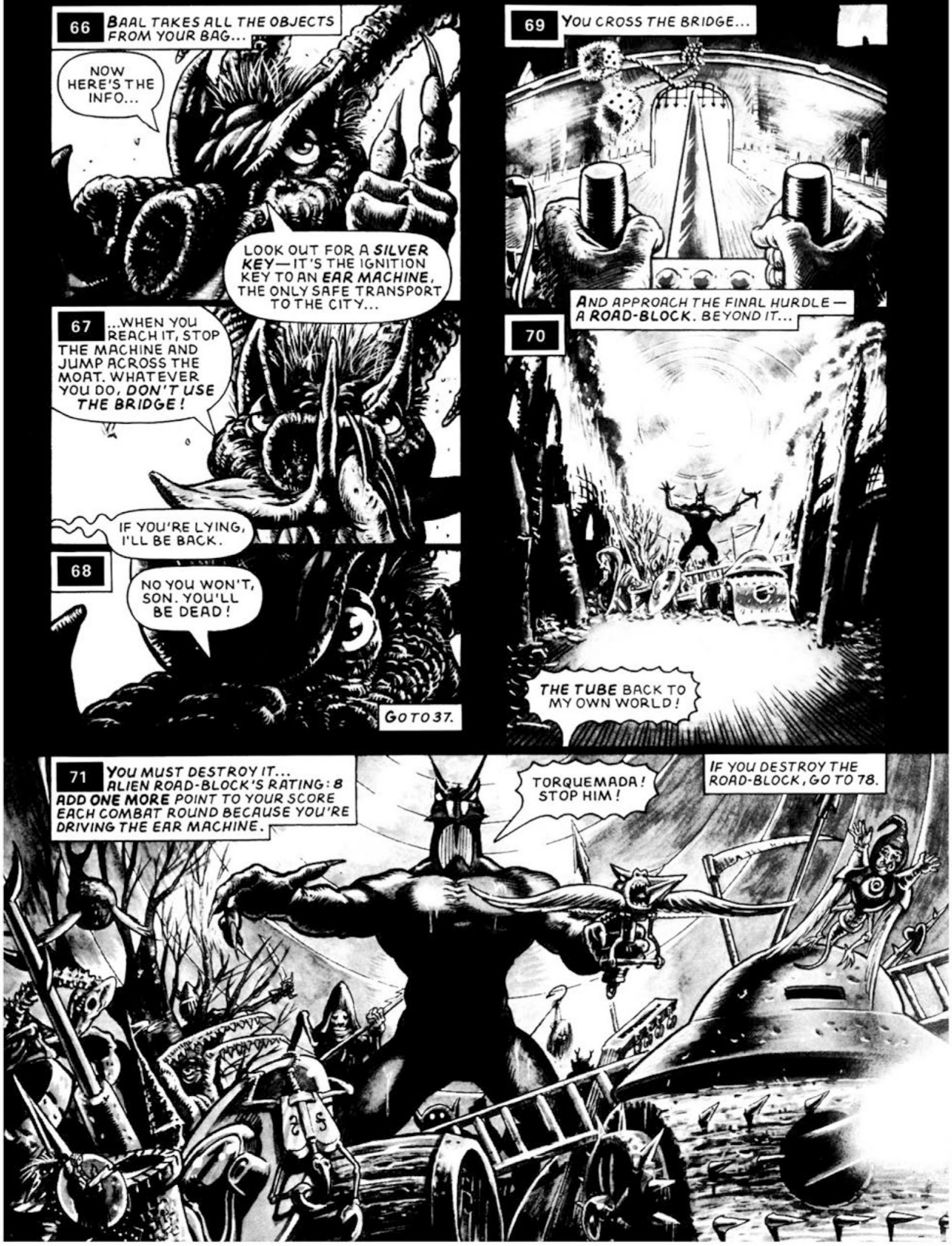
IF YOU PICK IT UP, IT WILL REDUCE IN SIZE AND COUNT AS ONE OF YOUR THREE OBJECTS.

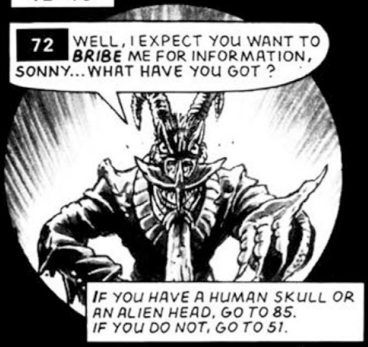
65

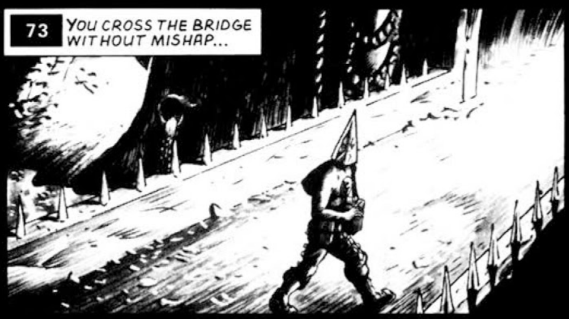
BEHIND IT, A WEIRD EAR MACHINE...

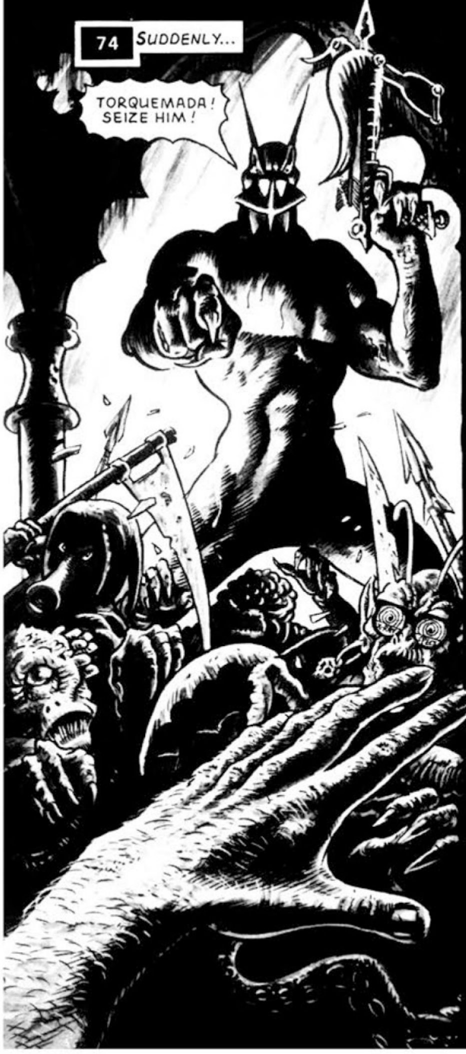

WHAT A LOAD OF BOSCH!

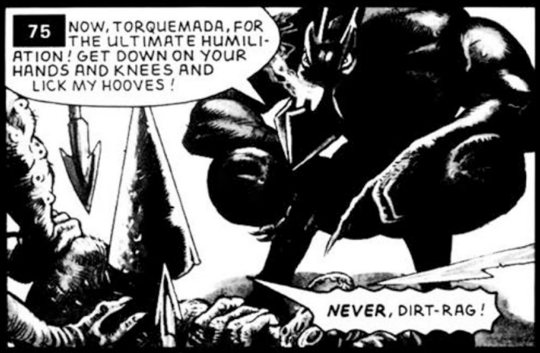
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RIDE THE EAR MACHINE, GO TO 48.
IF YOU WOULD RATHER WALK, GO TO 29.

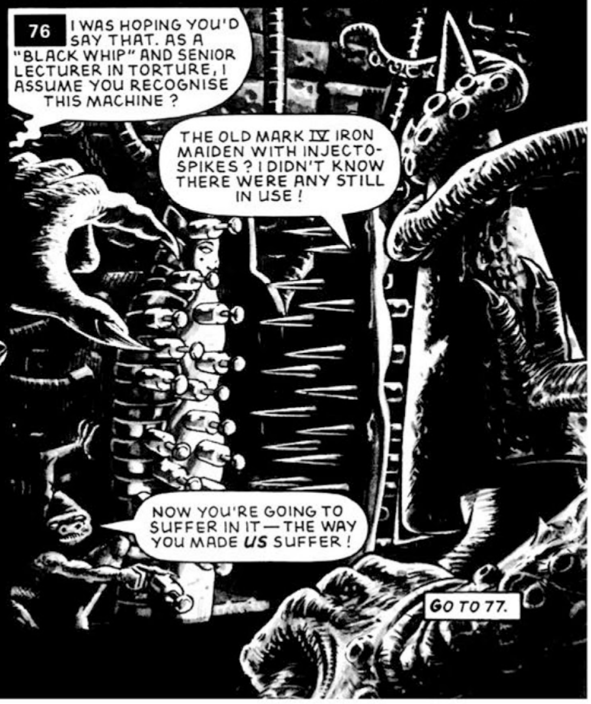

66
BAAL TAKES ALL THE OBJECTS FROM YOUR BAG...
NOW HERE'S THE INFO...
LOOK OUT FOR A SILVER KEY—IT'S THE IGNITION KEY TO AN EAR MACHINE, THE ONLY SAFE TRANSPORT TO THE CITY...
67
...WHEN YOU REACH IT, STOP THE MACHINE AND JUMP ACROSS THE MOAT. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T USE THE BRIDGE!
IF YOU'RE LYING, I'LL BE BACK.
68
NO YOU WON'T, SON. YOU'LL BE DEAD!
GO TO 37.
69
YOU CROSS THE BRIDGE...
AND APPROACH THE FINAL HURDLE—A ROAD-BLOCK. BEYOND IT...
70
THE TUBE BACK TO MY OWN WORLD!
71
YOU MUST DESTROY IT... ALIEN ROAD-BLOCK'S RATING: 8 ADD ONE MORE POINT TO YOUR SCORE EACH COMBAT ROUND BECAUSE YOU'RE DRIVING THE EAR MACHINE.
TORQUEMADA! STOP HIM!
IF YOU DESTROY THE ROAD-BLOCK, GO TO 78.

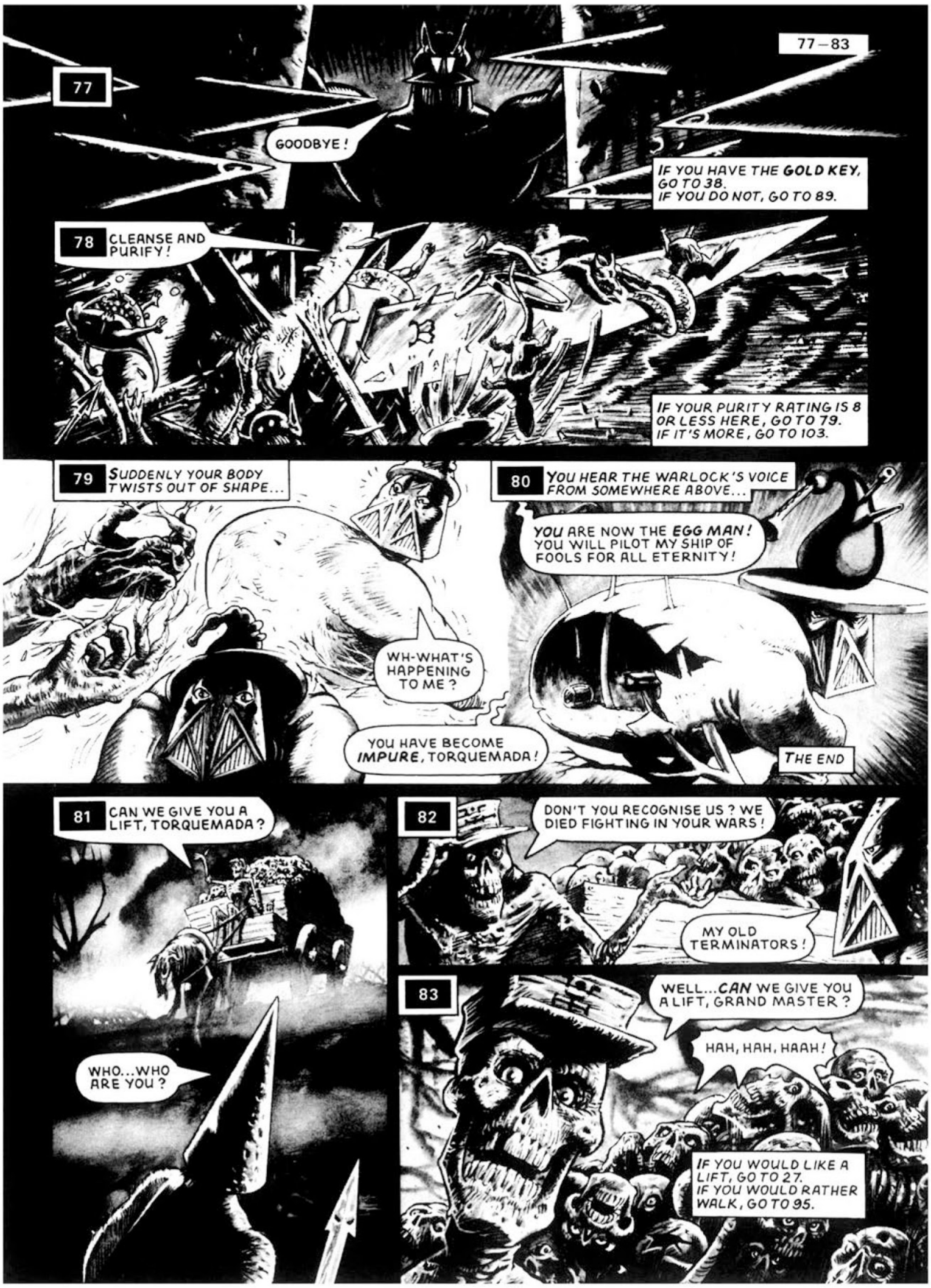

72
WELL, I EXPECT YOU WANT TO BRIBE ME FOR INFORMATION, SONNY... WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ?
IF YOU HAVE A HUMAN SKULL OR AN ALIEN HEAD, GO TO 85.
IF YOU DO NOT, GO TO 51.


73
YOU CROSS THE BRIDGE WITHOUT MISHAP...

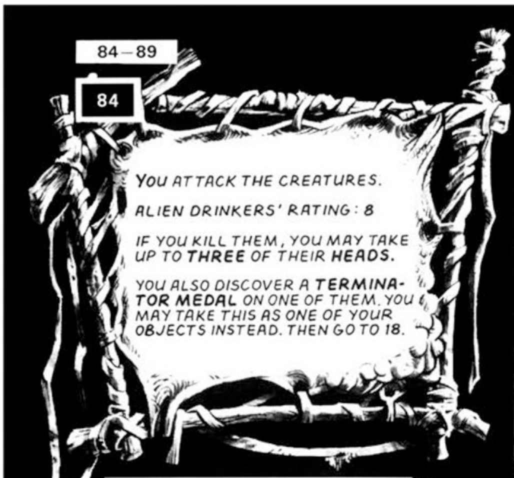

74
SUDDENLY...
TORQUEMADA ! SEIZE HIM !


75
NOW, TORQUEMADA, FOR THE ULTIMATE HUMILIATION ! GET DOWN ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES AND LICK MY HOOVES !
NEVER, DIRT-RAG !


76
I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT. AS A "BLACK WHIP" AND SENIOR LECTURER IN TORTURE, I ASSUME YOU RECOGNISE THIS MACHINE ?
THE OLD MARK IV IRON MAIDEN WITH INJECTO-SPIKES ? I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY STILL IN USE !
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SUFFER IN IT — THE WAY YOU MADE US SUFFER !
GO TO 77.


77
GOODBYE!
IF YOU HAVE THE **GOLD KEY**, GO TO 38. IF YOU DO NOT, GO TO 89.
78
CLEANSE AND PURIFY!
IF YOUR PURITY RATING IS 8 OR LESS HERE, GO TO 79. IF IT'S MORE, GO TO 103.
79
SUDDENLY YOUR BODY TWISTS OUT OF SHAPE...
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
YOU HAVE BECOME **IMPURE**, TORQUEMADA!
80
YOU HEAR THE WARLOCK'S VOICE FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE...
YOU ARE NOW THE **EGG MAN!** YOU WILL PILOT MY SHIP OF FOOLS FOR ALL ETERNITY!
THE END
81
CAN WE GIVE YOU A LIFT, TORQUEMADA?
WHO...WHO ARE YOU?
82
DON'T YOU RECOGNISE US? WE DIED FIGHTING IN YOUR WARS!
MY OLD TERMINATORS!
83
WELL...**CAN** WE GIVE YOU A LIFT, GRAND MASTER?
HAH, HAH, HAAH!
IF YOU WOULD LIKE A LIFT, GO TO 27. IF YOU WOULD RATHER WALK, GO TO 95.

84



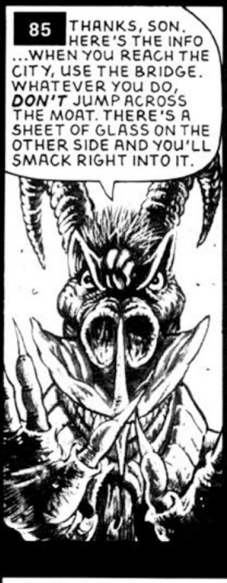
YOU ATTACK THE CREATURES.

ALIEN DRINKERS' RATING : 8

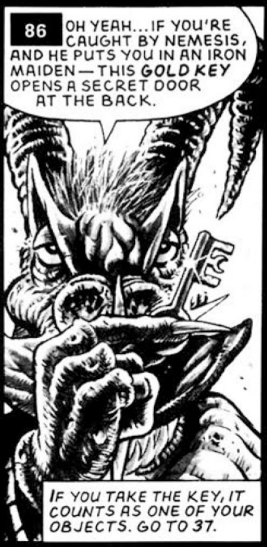
IF YOU KILL THEM, YOU MAY TAKE UP TO **THREE** OF THEIR **HEADS.**

YOU ALSO DISCOVER A **TERMINATOR MEDAL** ON ONE OF THEM. YOU MAY TAKE THIS AS ONE OF YOUR OBJECTS INSTEAD. THEN GO TO 18.

85

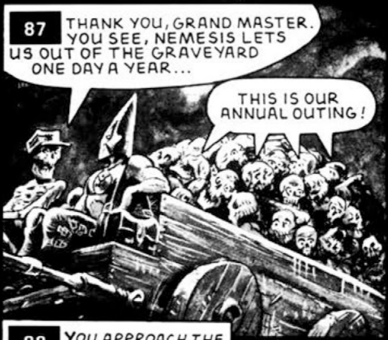

THANKS, SON. HERE'S THE INFO ...WHEN YOU REACH THE CITY, USE THE BRIDGE. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T JUMP ACROSS THE MOAT. THERE'S A SHEET OF GLASS ON THE OTHER SIDE AND YOU'LL SMACK RIGHT INTO IT.

86


OH YEAH... IF YOU'RE CAUGHT BY NEMESIS, AND HE PUTS YOU IN AN IRON MAIDEN — THIS GOLD KEY OPENS A SECRET DOOR AT THE BACK.

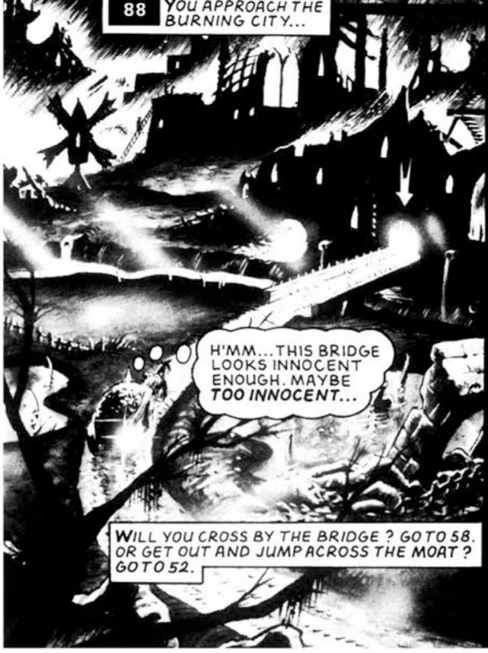
IF YOU TAKE THE KEY, IT COUNTS AS ONE OF YOUR OBJECTS. GO TO **37**.

87


THANK YOU, GRAND MASTER. YOU SEE, NEMESIS LETS US OUT OF THE GRAVEYARD ONE DAY A YEAR...
THIS IS OUR ANNUAL OUTING!

88

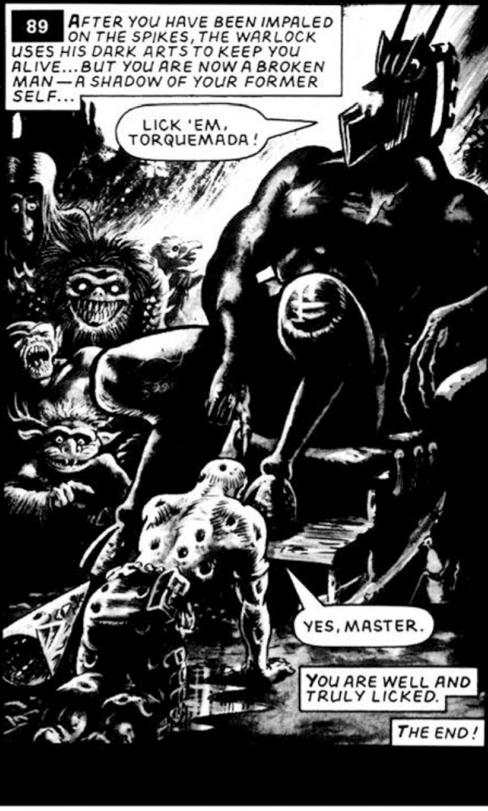
YOU APPROACH THE BURNING CITY...


H'MM... THIS BRIDGE LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH. MAYBE TOO INNOCENT...

WILL YOU CROSS BY THE BRIDGE ? GO TO 58. OR GET OUT AND JUMP ACROSS THE MOAT ? GO TO 52.

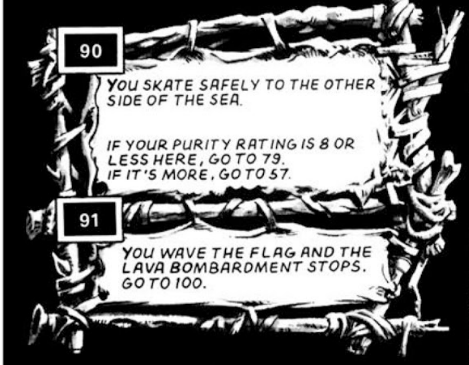
89

AFTER YOU HAVE BEEN IMPALED ON THE SPIKES, THE WARLOCK USES HIS DARK ARTS TO KEEP YOU ALIVE... BUT YOU ARE NOW A BROKEN MAN — A SHADOW OF YOUR FORMER SELF...


LICK 'EM, TORQUEMADA!
YES, MASTER.

YOU ARE WELL AND TRULY LICKED.

THE END!

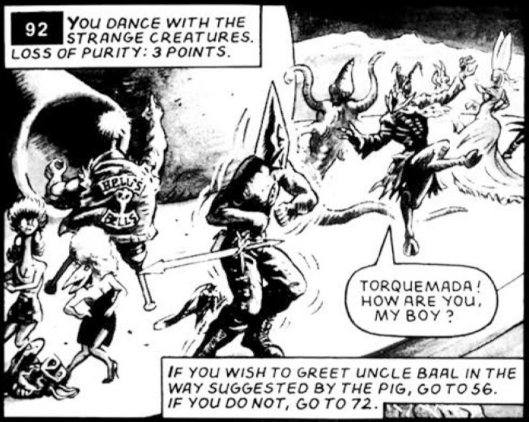


90 YOU SKATE SAFELY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA.

IF YOUR PURITY RATING IS 8 OR LESS HERE, GO TO 79. IF IT'S MORE, GO TO 57.

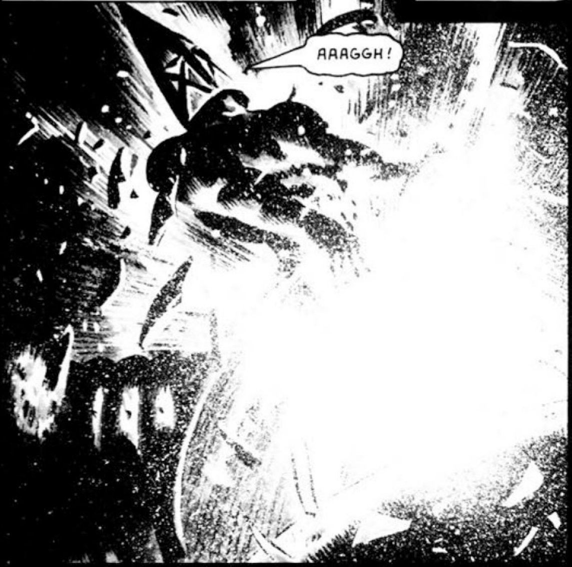
91 YOU WAVE THE FLAG AND THE LAVA BOMBARDMENT STOPS. GO TO 100.

92 YOU DANCE WITH THE STRANGE CREATURES. LOSS OF PURITY: 3 POINTS.

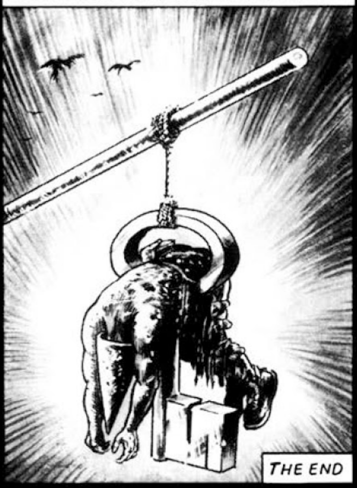

HELL'S BELLS
TORQUEMADA! HOW ARE YOU, MY BOY?

IF YOU WISH TO GREET UNCLE BAAL IN THE WAY SUGGESTED BY THE PIG, GO TO 56. IF YOU DO NOT, GO TO 72.

93 AS YOU TURN THE KEY IN THE IGNITION, THE MACHINE EXPLODES...

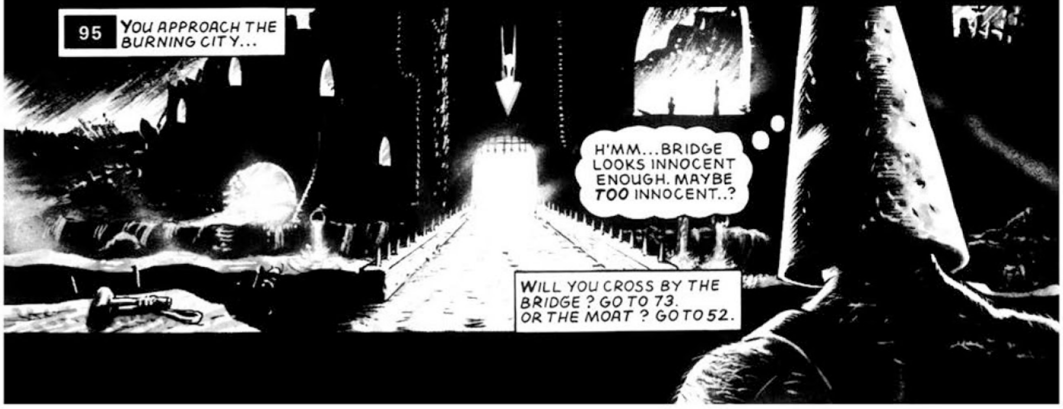


94 YOU END UP HANGING THROUGH THE KEY...PART OF THE GARDEN OF ALIEN DELIGHTS FOR ALL ETERNITY...



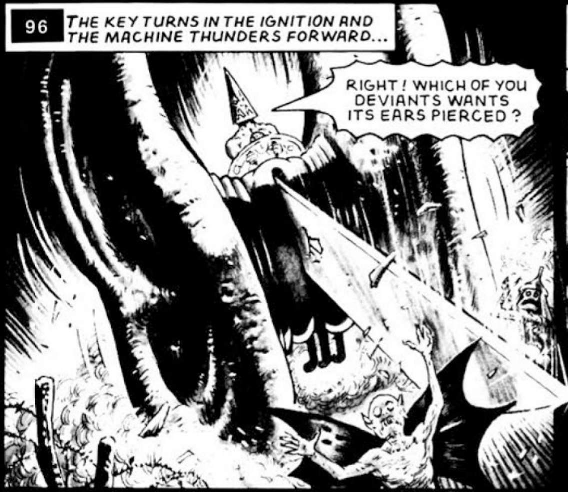
THE END

95 YOU APPROACH THE BURNING CITY...

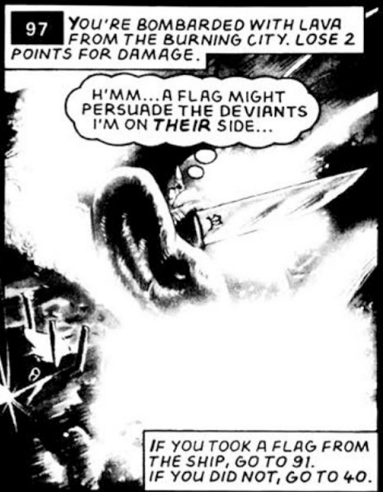

H'MM...BRIDGE LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH. MAYBE TOO INNOCENT..?

WILL YOU CROSS BY THE BRIDGE? GO TO 73. OR THE MOAT? GO TO 52.

96 THE KEY TURNS IN THE IGNITION AND THE MACHINE THUNDERS FORWARD...

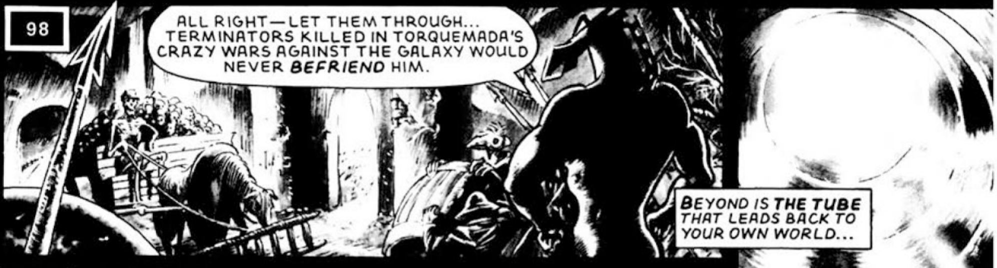

RIGHT! WHICH OF YOU DEVIANTS WANTS ITS EARS PIERCED?

97 YOU'RE BOMBARDED WITH LAVA FROM THE BURNING CITY. LOSE 2 POINTS FOR DAMAGE.


H'MM... A FLAG MIGHT PERSUADE THE DEVIANTS I'M ON **THEIR** SIDE...

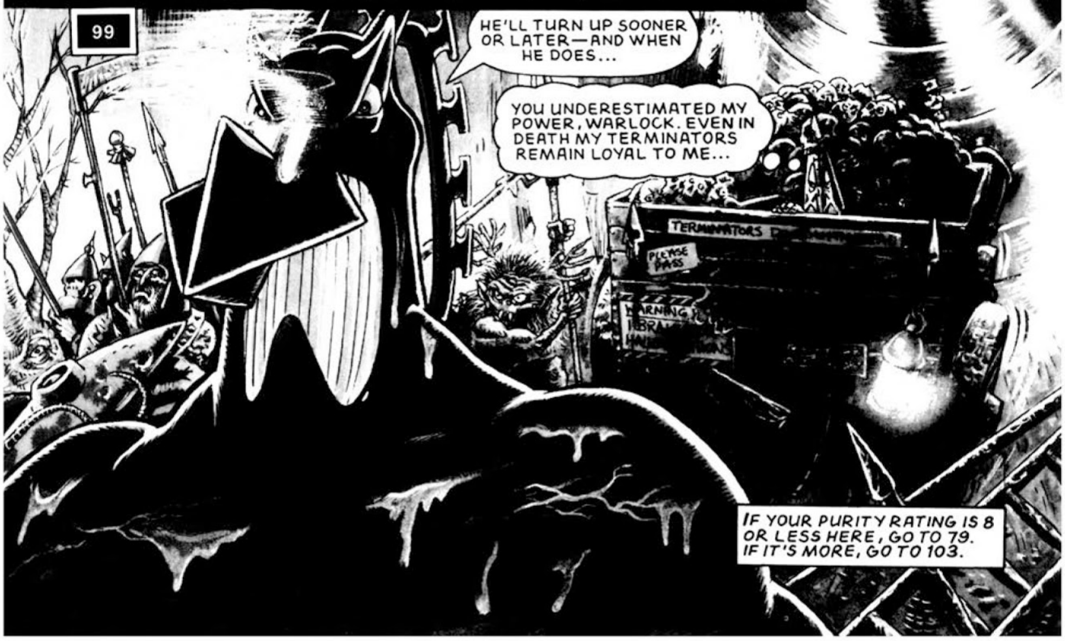
IF YOU TOOK A FLAG FROM THE SHIP, GO TO 91.
IF YOU DID NOT, GO TO 40.

98

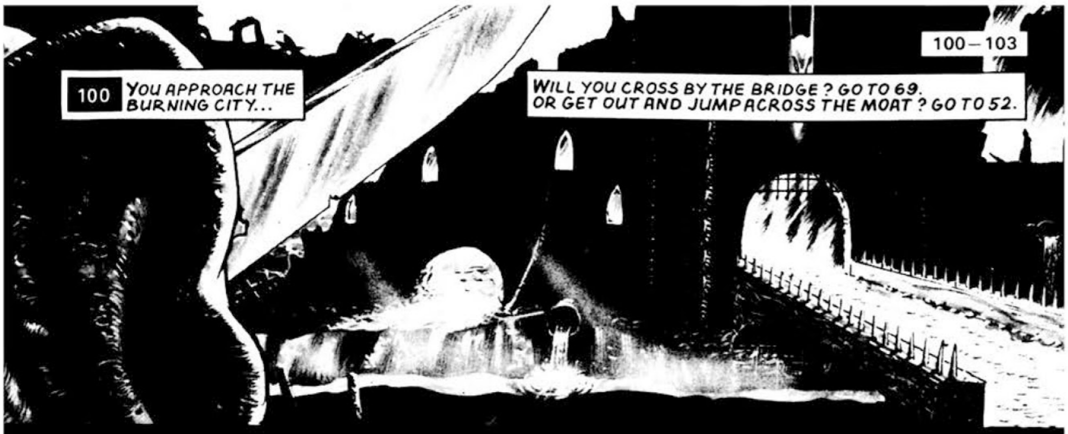

ALL RIGHT—LET THEM THROUGH... TERMINATORS KILLED IN TORQUEMADA'S CRAZY WARS AGAINST THE GALAXY WOULD NEVER **BEFRIEND** HIM.

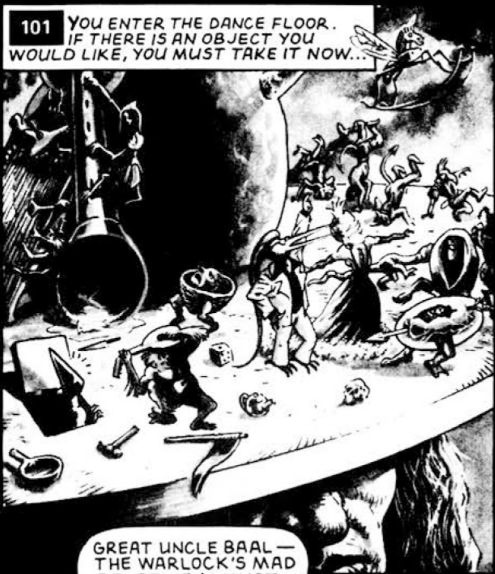
BEYOND IS **THE TUBE** THAT LEADS BACK TO YOUR OWN WORLD...

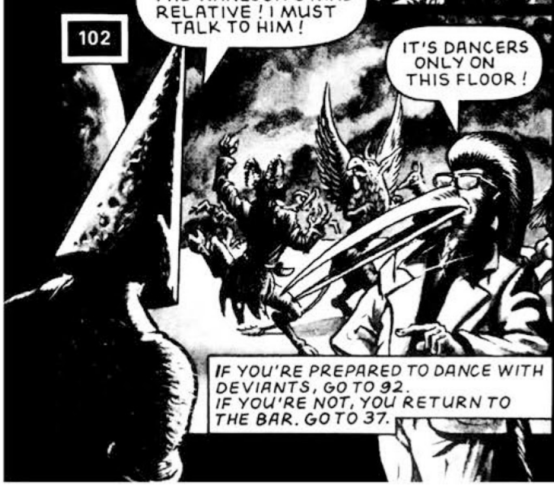
99

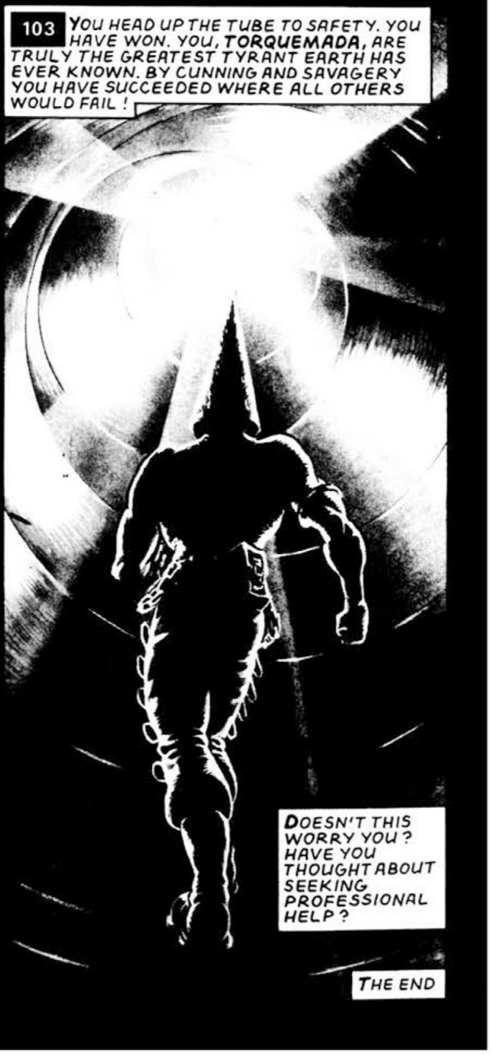

HE'LL TURN UP SOONER OR LATER—AND WHEN HE DOES...
YOU UNDERESTIMATED MY POWER, WARLOCK. EVEN IN DEATH MY TERMINATORS REMAIN LOYAL TO ME...
TERMINATORS
PLEASE PASS
WARNING

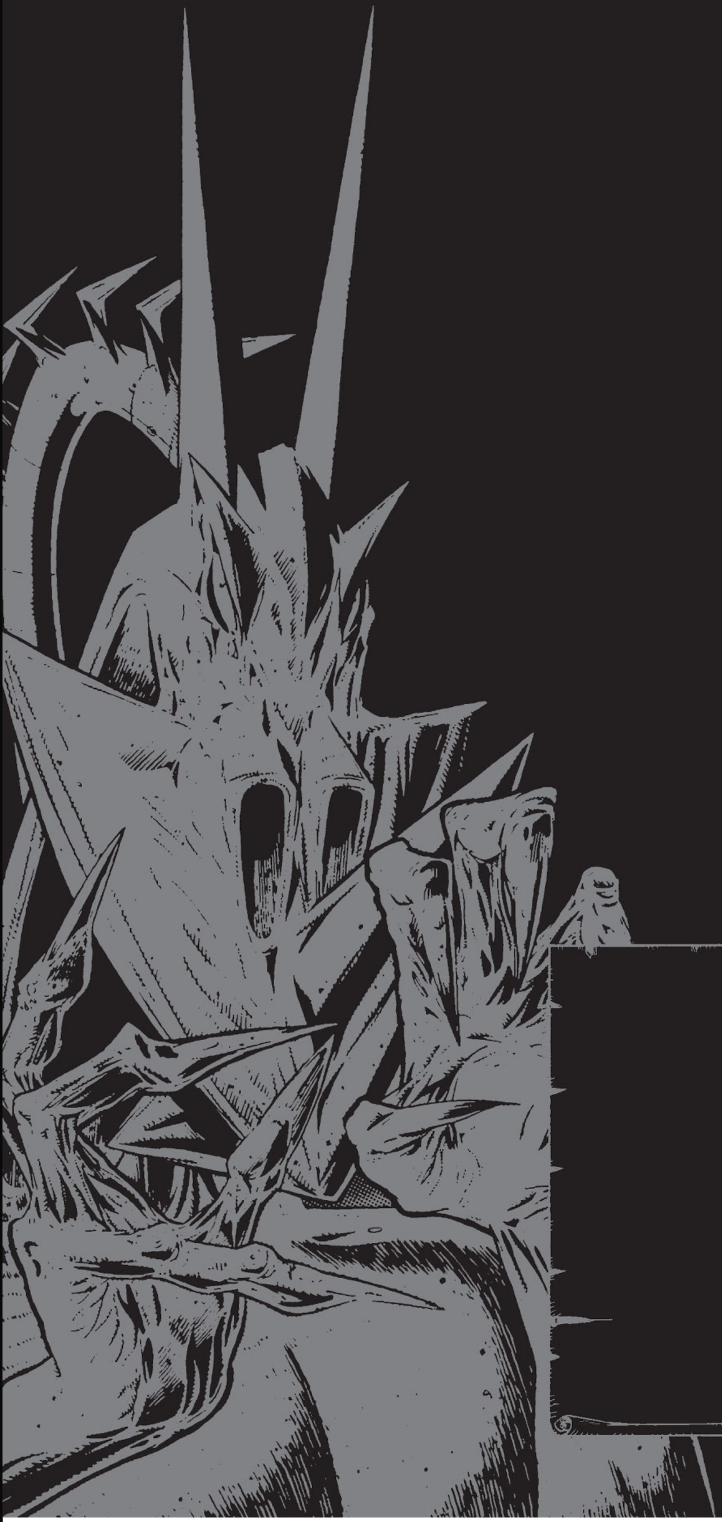
IF YOUR PURITY RATING IS 8 OR LESS HERE, GO TO 79.
IF IT'S MORE, GO TO 103.


100
YOU APPROACH THE BURNING CITY...
WILL YOU CROSS BY THE BRIDGE ? GO TO 69.
OR GET OUT AND JUMP ACROSS THE MOAT ? GO TO 52.


101
YOU ENTER THE DANCE FLOOR. IF THERE IS AN OBJECT YOU WOULD LIKE, YOU MUST TAKE IT NOW...


102
GREAT UNCLE BAAL — THE WARLOCK'S MAD RELATIVE ! I MUST TALK TO HIM !
IT'S DANCERS ONLY ON THIS FLOOR !
IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO DANCE WITH DEVIANTS, GO TO 92.
IF YOU'RE NOT, YOU RETURN TO THE BAR. GO TO 37.

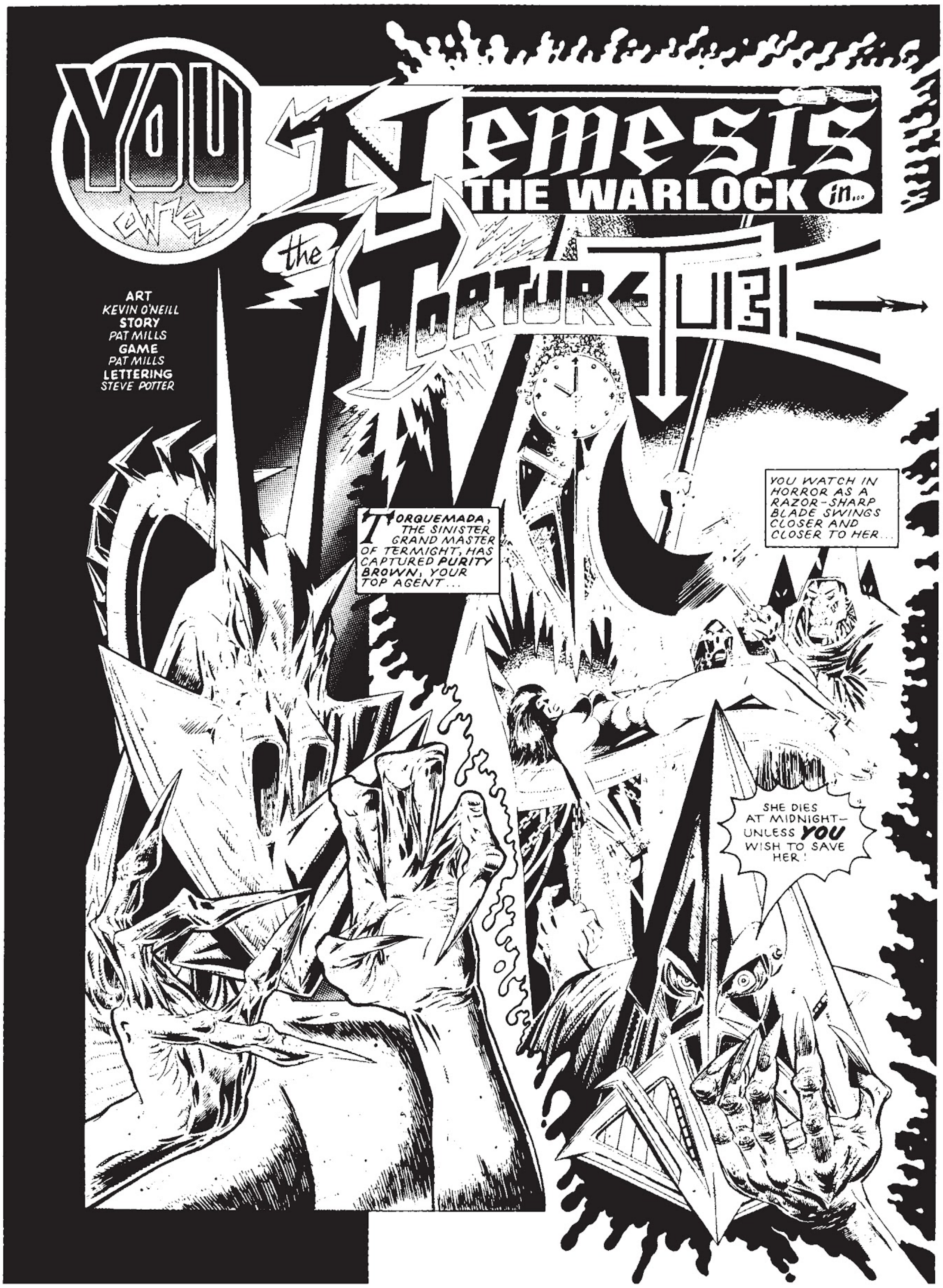

103
YOU HEAD UP THE TUBE TO SAFETY. YOU HAVE WON. YOU, TORQUEMADA, ARE TRULY THE GREATEST TYRANT EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN. BY CUNNING AND SAVAGERY YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED WHERE ALL OTHERS WOULD FAIL !
DOESN'T THIS WORRY YOU ? HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT SEEKING PROFESSIONAL HELP ?
THE END

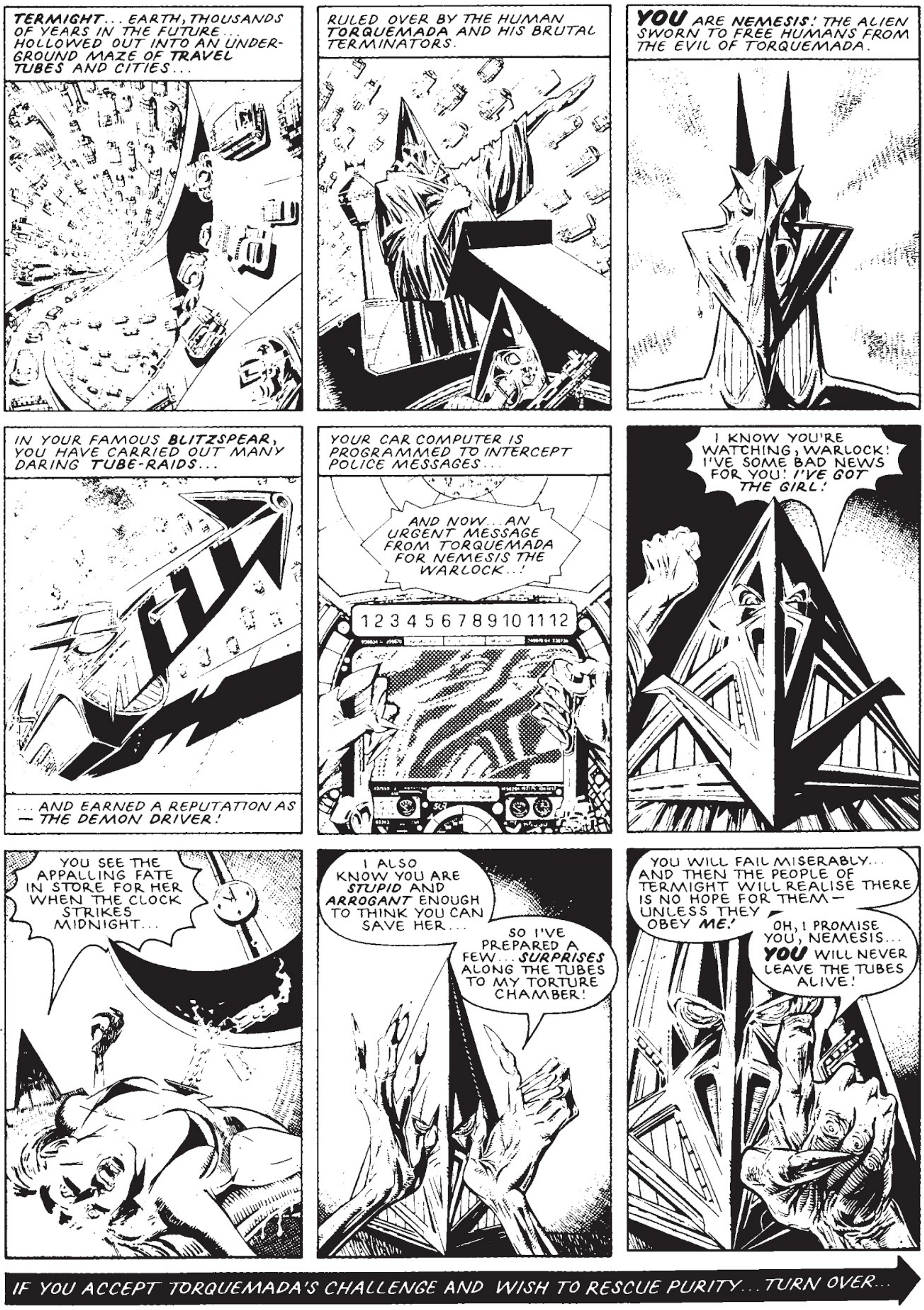


TORTURE TUBE

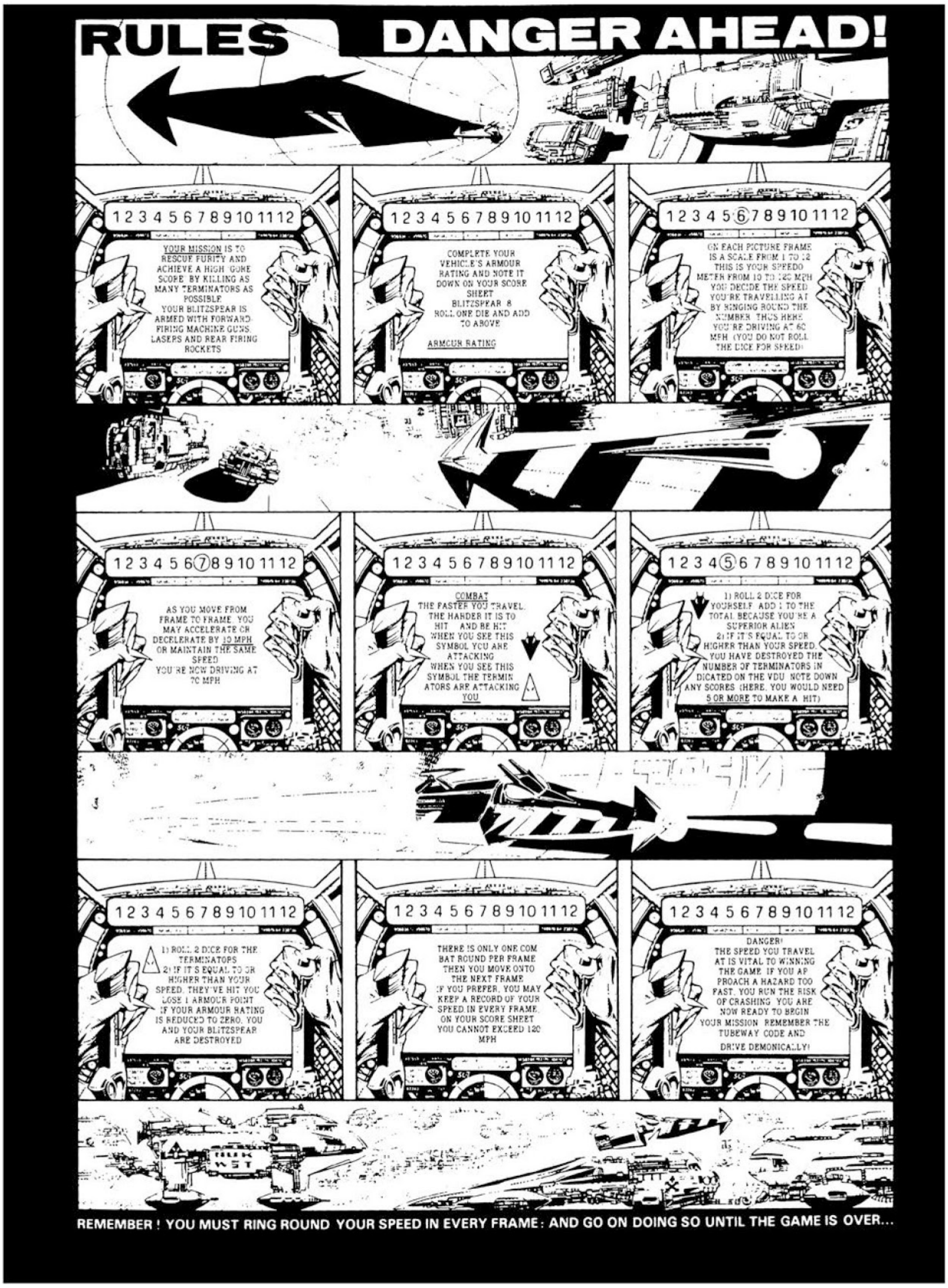
Manuscript and Game: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *Diceman* Issue 1


YOU
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK in...
the TORTURE TUBE
ART
KEVIN O'NEILL
STORY
PAT MILLS
GAME
PAT MILLS
LETTERING
STEVE POTTER
TORQUEMADA, THE SINISTER GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT, HAS CAPTURED PURITY BROWN, YOUR TOP AGENT...
YOU WATCH IN HORROR AS A RAZOR-SHARP BLADE SWINGS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HER...
SHE DIES AT MIDNIGHT— UNLESS YOU WISH TO SAVE HER!


TERMIGHT... EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE... HOLLOWED OUT INTO AN UNDERGROUND MAZE OF TRAVEL TUBES AND CITIES...
RULED OVER BY THE HUMAN TORQUEMADA AND HIS BRUTAL TERMINATORS.
YOU ARE NEMESIS! THE ALIEN SWORN TO FREE HUMANS FROM THE EVIL OF TORQUEMADA.
IN YOUR FAMOUS BLITZSPEAR, YOU HAVE CARRIED OUT MANY DARING TUBE-RAIDS...
...AND EARNED A REPUTATION AS — THE DEMON DRIVER!
YOUR CAR COMPUTER IS PROGRAMMED TO INTERCEPT POLICE MESSAGES...
AND NOW... AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM TORQUEMADA FOR NEMESIS THE WARLOCK...!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
I KNOW YOU'RE WATCHING, WARLOCK! I'VE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU! I'VE GOT THE GIRL!
YOU SEE THE APPALLING FATE IN STORE FOR HER WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT...
I ALSO KNOW YOU ARE STUPID AND ARROGANT ENOUGH TO THINK YOU CAN SAVE HER...
SO I'VE PREPARED A FEW... SURPRISES ALONG THE TUBES TO MY TORTURE CHAMBER!
YOU WILL FAIL MISERABLY... AND THEN THE PEOPLE OF TERMIGHT WILL REALISE THERE IS NO HOPE FOR THEM — UNLESS THEY OBEY ME!
OH, I PROMISE YOU, NEMESIS... YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THE TUBES ALIVE!
IF YOU ACCEPT TORQUEMADA'S CHALLENGE AND WISH TO RESCUE PURITY... TURN OVER...

RULES DANGER AHEAD!


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
YOUR MISSION IS TO RESCUE FURITY AND ACHIEVE A HIGH 'GORE SCORE' BY KILLING AS MANY TERMINATORS AS POSSIBLE. YOUR BLITZSPEAR IS ARMED WITH FORWARD-FIRING MACHINE GUNS, LASERS AND REAR FIRING ROCKETS
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
COMPLETE YOUR VEHICLE'S ARMOUR RATING AND NOTE IT DOWN ON YOUR SCORE SHEET
BLITZSPEAR 8
ROLL ONE DIE AND ADD TO ABOVE
ARMOUR RATING
1 2 3 4 5 ⑥ 7 8 9 10 11 12
ON EACH PICTURE FRAME IS A SCALE FROM 1 TO 12. THIS IS YOUR SPEEDOMETER FROM 10 TO 120 MPH. YOU DECIDE THE SPEED YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT BY RINGING ROUND THE NUMBER. THUS HERE YOU'RE DRIVING AT 60 MPH. (YOU DO NOT ROLL THE DICE FOR SPEED)
1 2 3 4 5 6 ⑦ 8 9 10 11 12
AS YOU MOVE FROM FRAME TO FRAME, YOU MAY ACCELERATE OR DECELERATE BY 10 MPH OR MAINTAIN THE SAME SPEED. YOU'RE NOW DRIVING AT 70 MPH
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
COMBAT
THE FASTER YOU TRAVEL, THE HARDER IT IS TO HIT AND BE HIT. WHEN YOU SEE THIS SYMBOL YOU ARE ATTACKING. WHEN YOU SEE THIS SYMBOL THE TERMINATORS ARE ATTACKING YOU
1 2 3 4 ⑤ 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1) ROLL 2 DICE FOR YOURSELF. ADD 1 TO THE TOTAL BECAUSE YOU'RE A SUPERIOR ALIEN
2) IF IT'S EQUAL TO OR HIGHER THAN YOUR SPEED, YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE NUMBER OF TERMINATORS INDICATED ON THE VDU. NOTE DOWN ANY SCORES. (HERE, YOU WOULD NEED 5 OR MORE TO MAKE A HIT)
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1) ROLL 2 DICE FOR THE TERMINATORS
2) IF IT'S EQUAL TO OR HIGHER THAN YOUR SPEED, THEY'VE HIT YOU. LOSE 1 ARMOUR POINT. IF YOUR ARMOUR RATING IS REDUCED TO ZERO, YOU AND YOUR BLITZSPEAR ARE DESTROYED
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
THERE IS ONLY ONE COMBAT ROUND PER FRAME. THEN YOU MOVE ONTO THE NEXT FRAME. IF YOU PREFER, YOU MAY KEEP A RECORD OF YOUR SPEED IN EVERY FRAME ON YOUR SCORE SHEET. YOU CANNOT EXCEED 120 MPH
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
DANGER!
THE SPEED YOU TRAVEL AT IS VITAL TO WINNING THE GAME. IF YOU APPROACH A HAZARD TOO FAST, YOU RUN THE RISK OF CRASHING. YOU ARE NOW READY TO BEGIN YOUR MISSION. REMEMBER THE TUBEWAY CODE AND DRIVE DEMONICALLY!
RUK WST

REMEMBER ! YOU MUST RING ROUND YOUR SPEED IN EVERY FRAME : AND GO ON DOING SO UNTIL THE GAME IS OVER...

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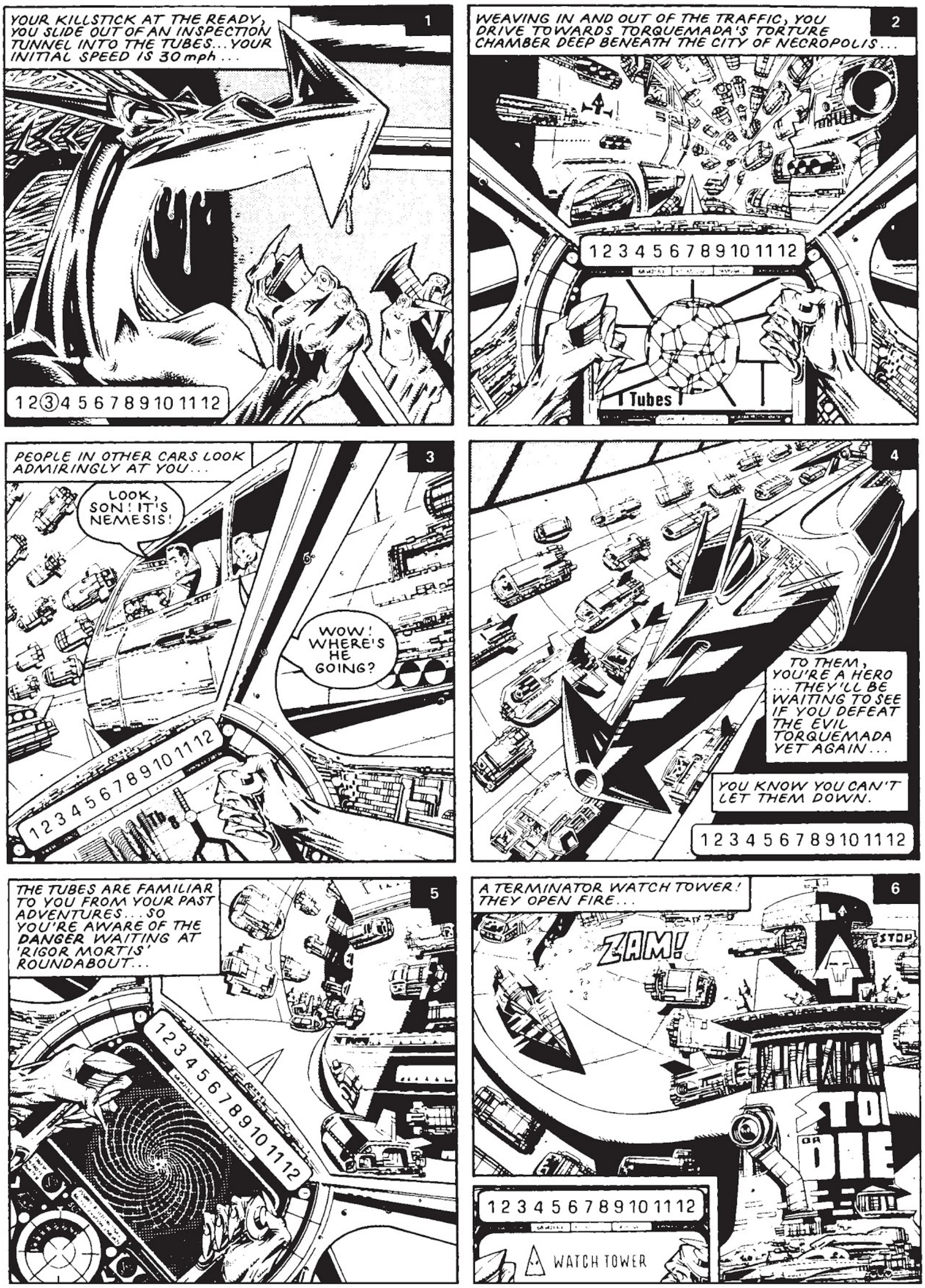
1
YOUR KILLSTICK AT THE READY, YOU SLIDE OUT OF AN INSPECTION TUNNEL INTO THE TUBES... YOUR INITIAL SPEED IS 30 mph...
12③456789101112
2
WEAVING IN AND OUT OF THE TRAFFIC, YOU DRIVE TOWARDS TORQUEMADA'S TORTURE CHAMBER DEEP BENEATH THE CITY OF NECROPOLIS...
123456789101112
Tubes
3
PEOPLE IN OTHER CARS LOOK ADMIRINGLY AT YOU...
LOOK, SON! IT'S NEMESIS!
WOW! WHERE'S HE GOING?
123456789101112
4
TO THEM, YOU'RE A HERO ...THEY'LL BE WAITING TO SEE IF YOU DEFEAT THE EVIL TORQUEMADA YET AGAIN...
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T LET THEM DOWN.
123456789101112
5
THE TUBES ARE FAMILIAR TO YOU FROM YOUR PAST ADVENTURES... SO YOU'RE AWARE OF THE DANGER WAITING AT 'RIGOR MORTIS' ROUNDABOUT...
123456789101112
6
A TERMINATOR WATCH TOWER! THEY OPEN FIRE...
ZAM!
STOP
STO
OR
DIE
123456789101112
WATCH TOWER

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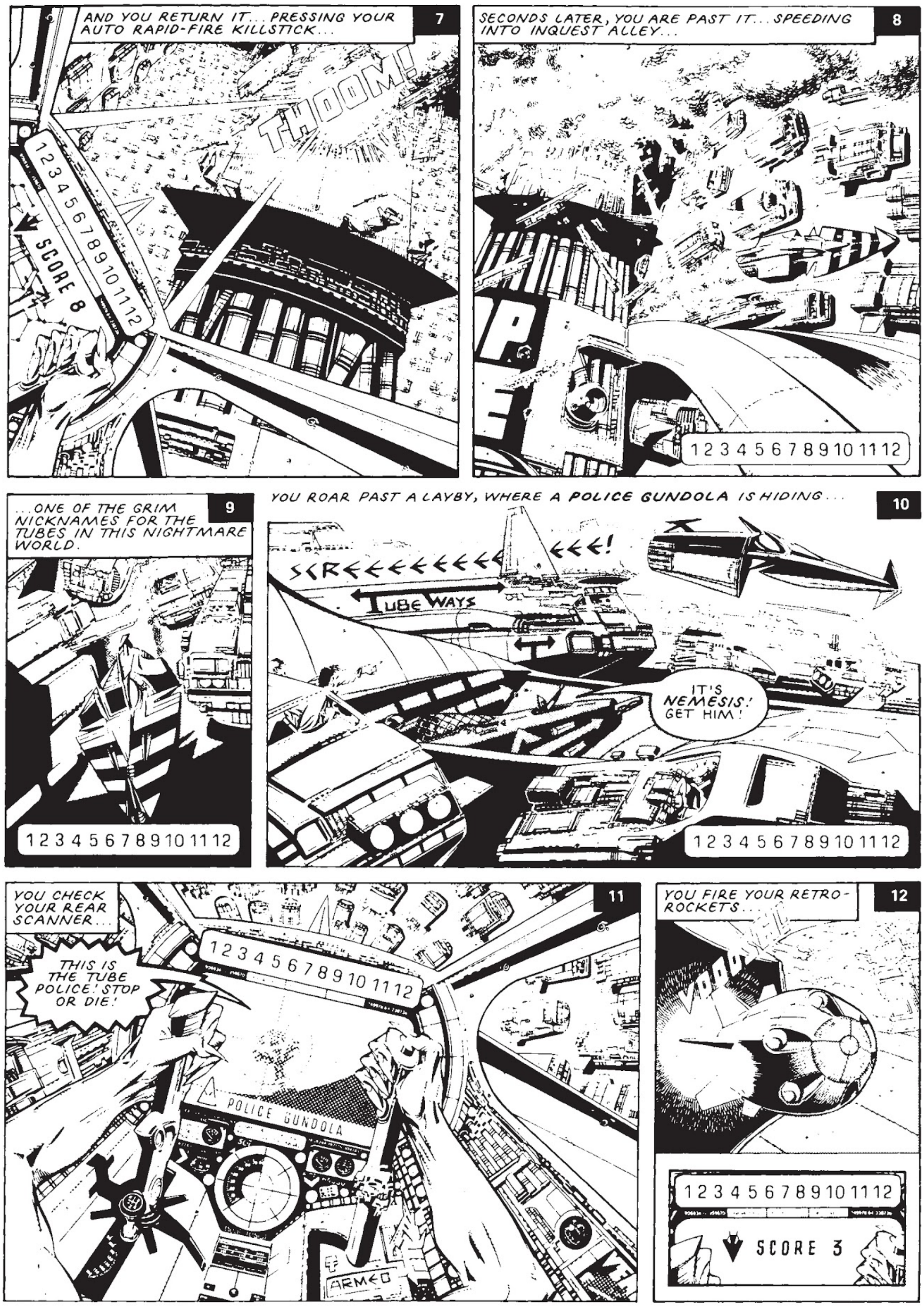
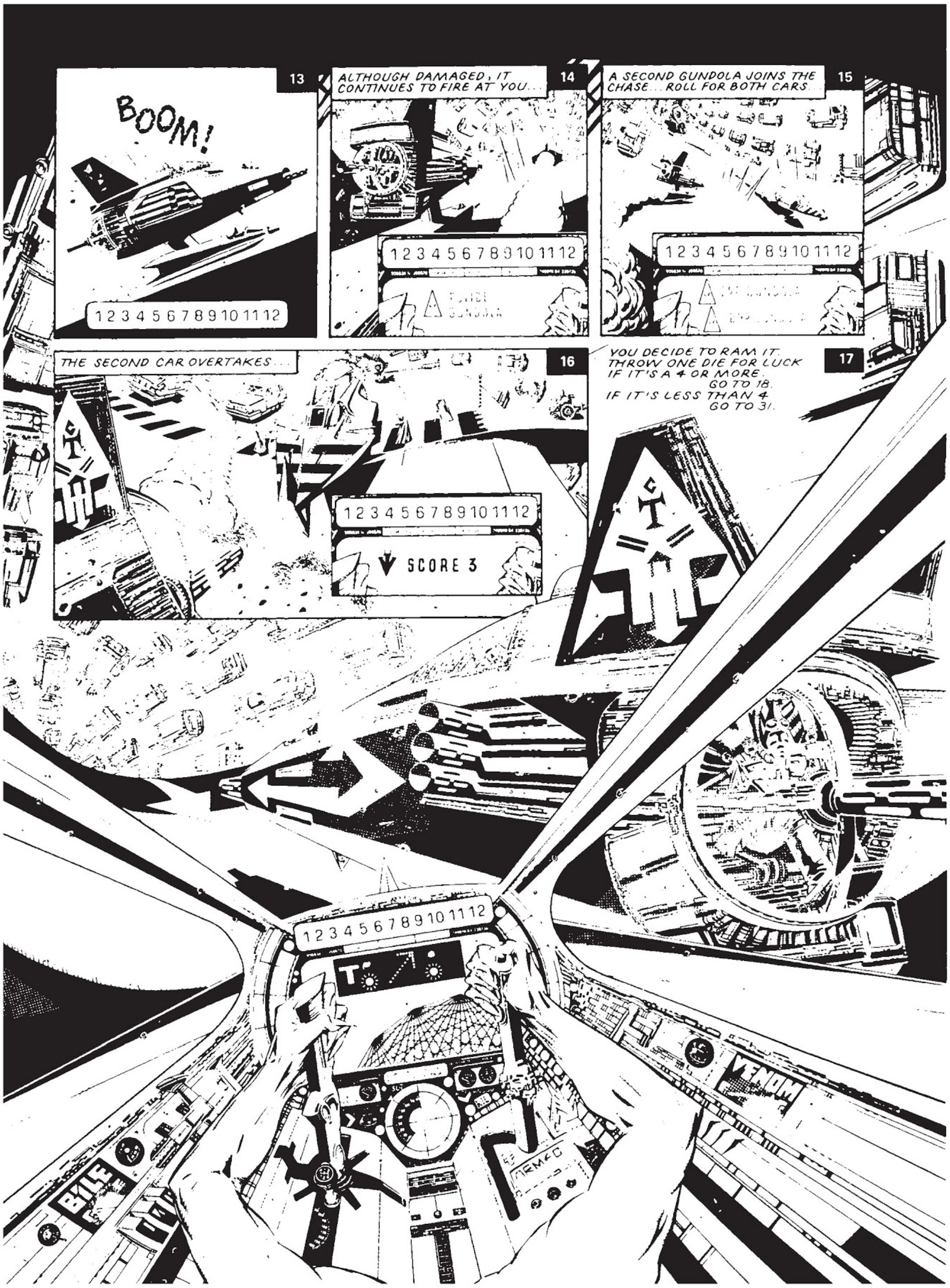
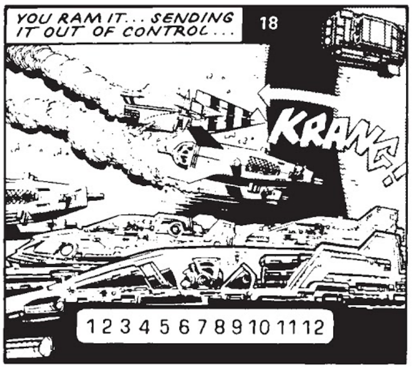

7
AND YOU RETURN IT... PRESSING YOUR AUTO RAPID-FIRE KILLSTICK...
THOOM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
SCORE 8
8
SECONDS LATER, YOU ARE PAST IT... SPEEDING INTO INQUEST ALLEY...
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
9
...ONE OF THE GRIM NICKNAMES FOR THE TUBES IN THIS NIGHTMARE WORLD.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
YOU ROAR PAST A LAYBY, WHERE A POLICE GUNDOLA IS HIDING...
10
SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
TUBE WAYS
IT'S NEMESIS! GET HIM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
YOU CHECK YOUR REAR SCANNER...
11
THIS IS THE TUBE POLICE! STOP OR DIE!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
POLICE GUNDOLA
ARMED
YOU FIRE YOUR RETRO-ROCKETS...
12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
SCORE 3


13
BOOM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ALTHOUGH DAMAGED, IT CONTINUES TO FIRE AT YOU...
14
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
A SECOND GUNDOLA JOINS THE CHASE... ROLL FOR BOTH CARS...
15
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
THE SECOND CAR OVERTAKES...
16
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
SCORE 3
YOU DECIDE TO RAM IT. THROW ONE DIE FOR LUCK IF IT'S A 4 OR MORE. GO TO 18. IF IT'S LESS THAN 4 GO TO 31.
17
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
VENOM
BILE
NEMAC

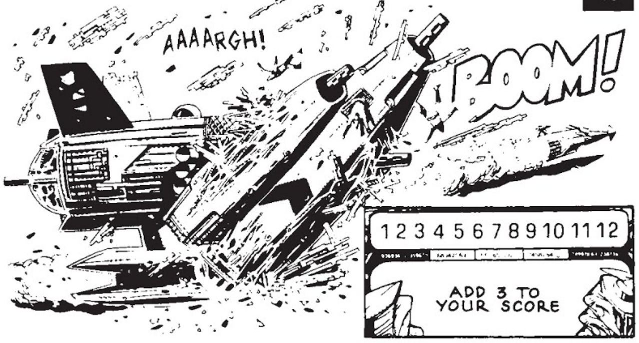
18

YOU RAM IT... SENDING IT OUT OF CONTROL...


KRANG!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

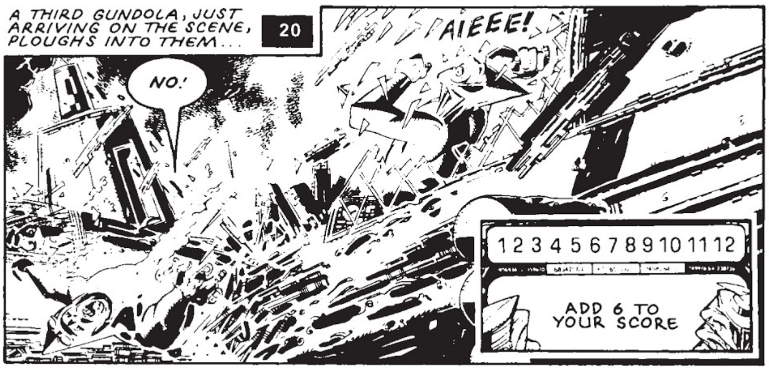
19

AND THE OTHER GUNDOLA SMASHES INTO IT...


AAAARGH!
BOOM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ADD 3 TO YOUR SCORE

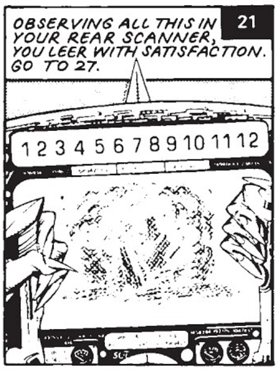
20

A THIRD GUNDOLA, JUST ARRIVING ON THE SCENE, PLOUGHS INTO THEM...


NO!
AIEEE!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ADD 6 TO YOUR SCORE

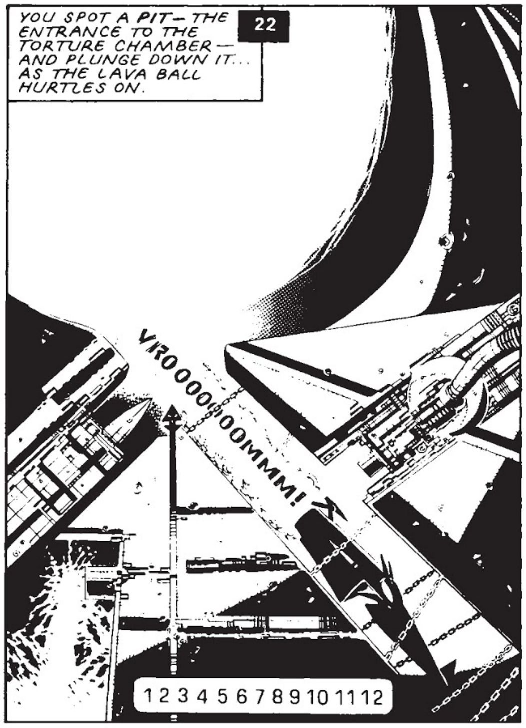
21

OBSERVING ALL THIS IN YOUR REAR SCANNER, YOU LEER WITH SATISFACTION. GO TO 27.


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

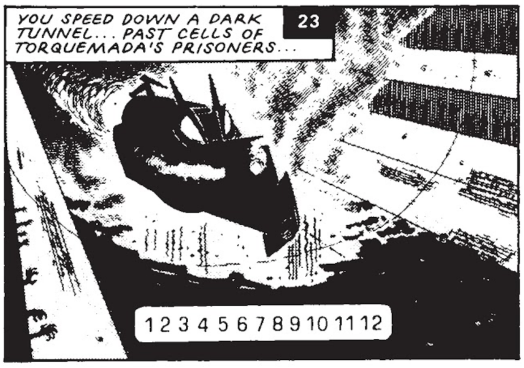
22

YOU SPOT A PIT—THE ENTRANCE TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER—AND PLUNGE DOWN IT... AS THE LAVA BALL HURTLES ON.


VROOOOOOOMMM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

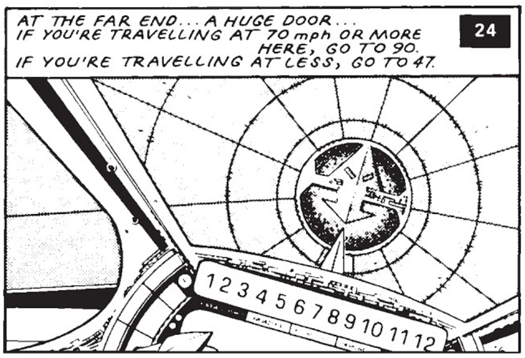
23

YOU SPEED DOWN A DARK TUNNEL... PAST CELLS OF TORQUEMADA'S PRISONERS...

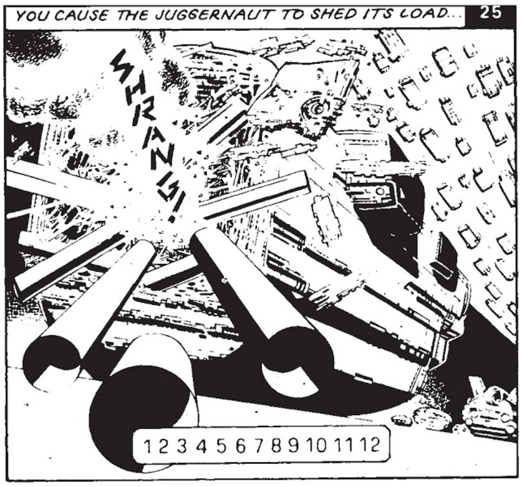

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

24

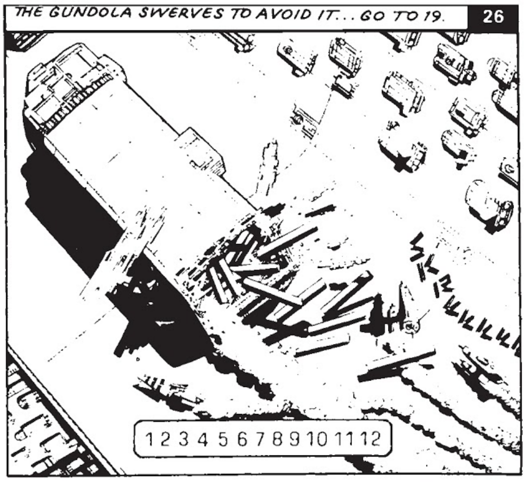
AT THE FAR END... A HUGE DOOR...
IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT 70 mph OR MORE HERE, GO TO 90.
IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT LESS, GO TO 47.


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

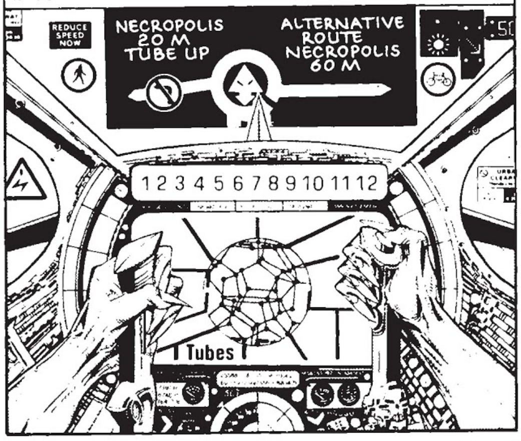
YOU CAUSE THE JUGGERNAUT TO SHED ITS LOAD... 25


SHRANG!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

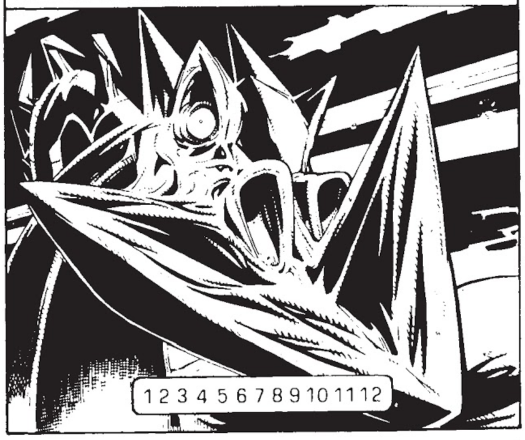
THE GUNDOLA SWERVES TO AVOID IT... GO TO 19. 26


SKRIKKKK
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

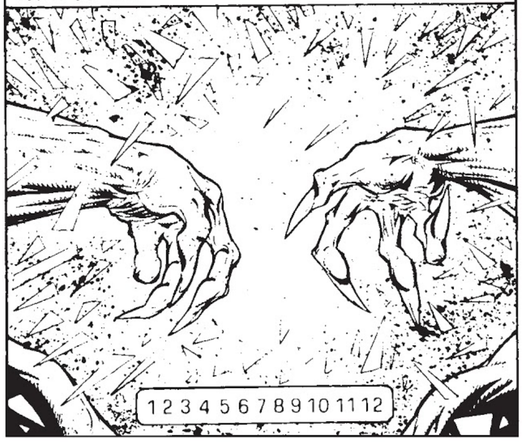
AHEAD, THE TUBE FORKS IN TWO.
IF YOU WISH TO TAKE THE LEFT TUNNEL, GO TO 33.
IF YOU WISH TO TAKE THE RIGHT TUNNEL, GO TO 36. 27


REDUCE SPEED NOW
NECROPOLIS 20 M TUBE UP
ALTERNATIVE ROUTE NECROPOLIS 60 M
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Tubes

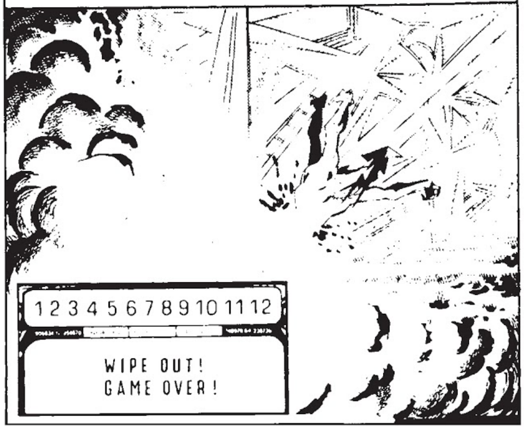
YOU SMASH INTO THE TUBE WALL... WITH SUCH FORCE THAT YOU RIP FREE FROM YOUR ZELCRO-COVERED PILOT COUCH... 28

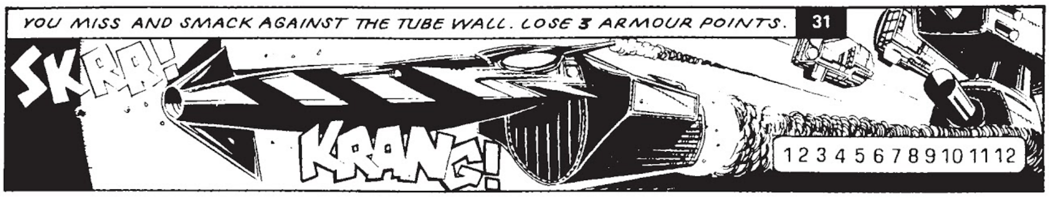

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

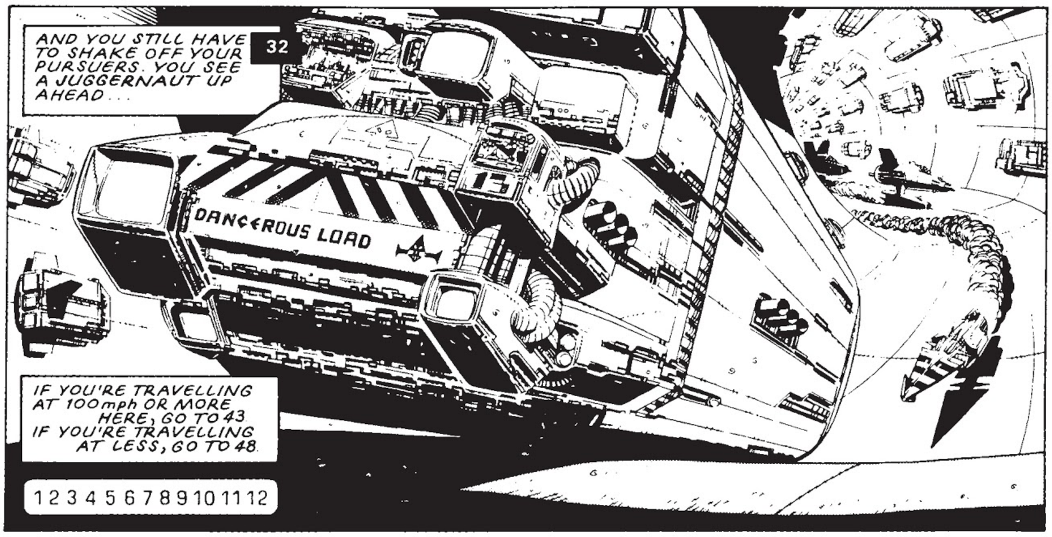
...AND ARE HURLED STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN... 29

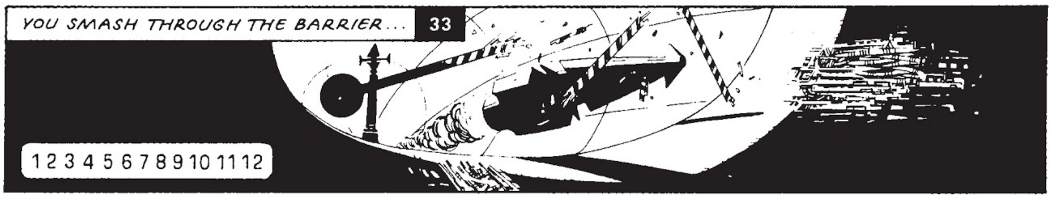

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

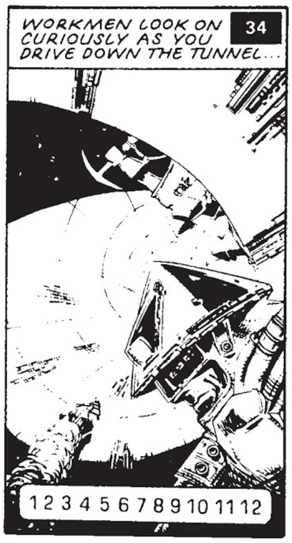
...SMACKING INTO A GIANT POSTER OF TORQUEMADA... AS YOUR BLITZSPEAR EXPLODES — INCINERATING YOU IN THE FLAMES. 30

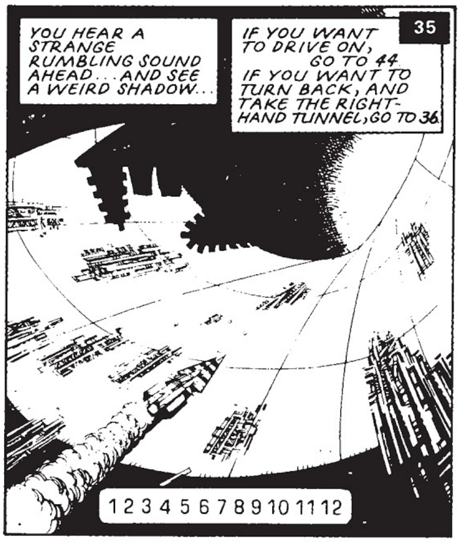

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
WIPE OUT!
GAME OVER!

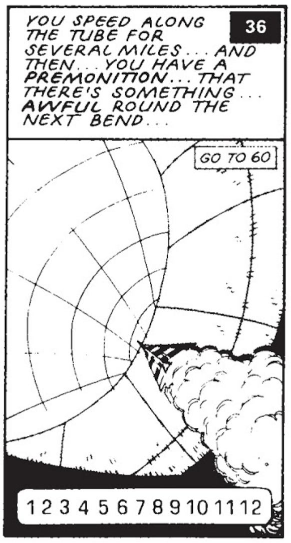

YOU MISS AND SMACK AGAINST THE TUBE WALL. LOSE 3 ARMOUR POINTS.
31
SKRRB!
KRANG!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

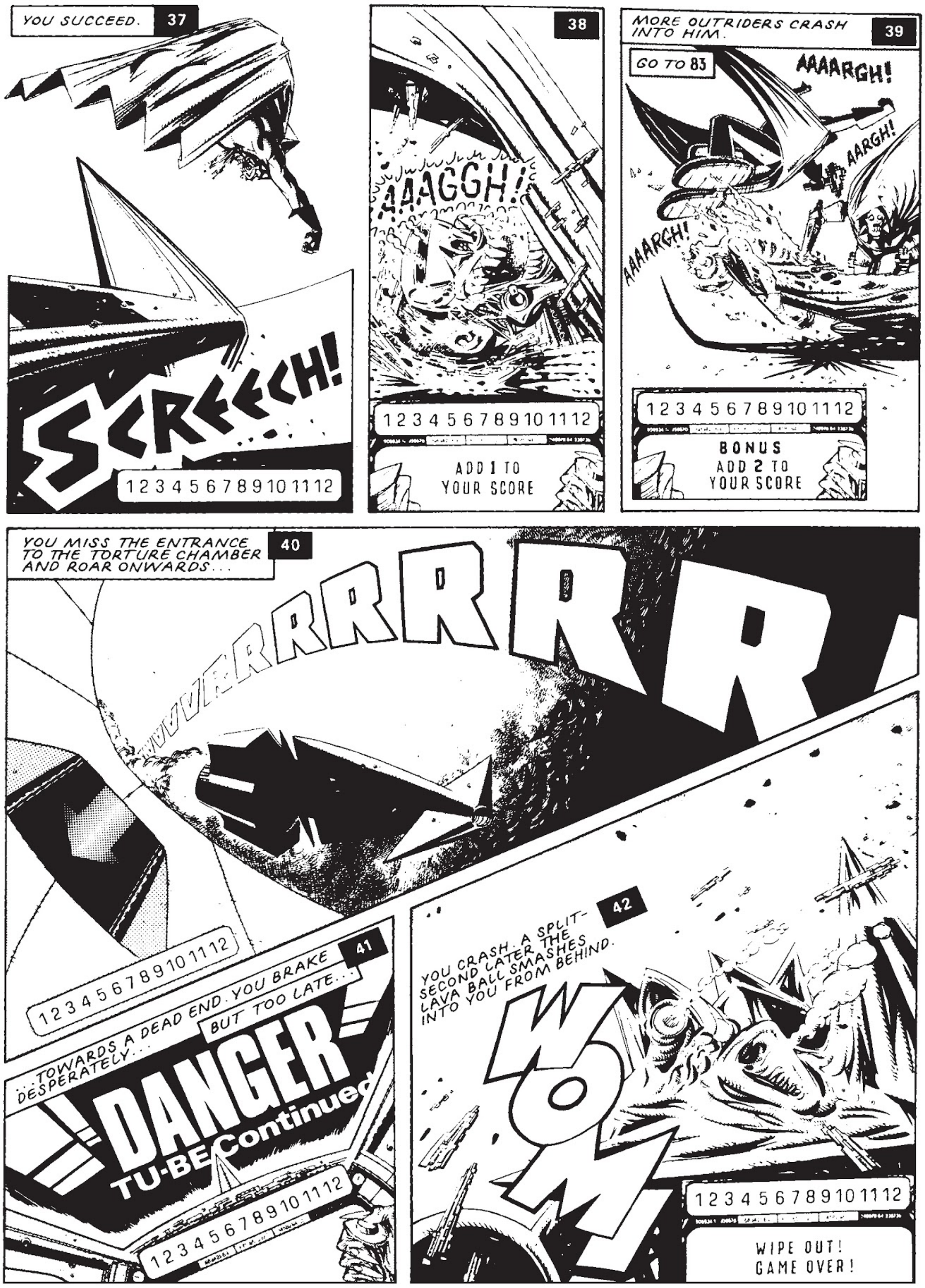

AND YOU STILL HAVE TO SHAKE OFF YOUR PURSUERS. YOU SEE A JUGGERNAUT UP AHEAD...
32
DANGEROUS LOAD
IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT 100mph OR MORE HERE, GO TO 43. IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT LESS, GO TO 48.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

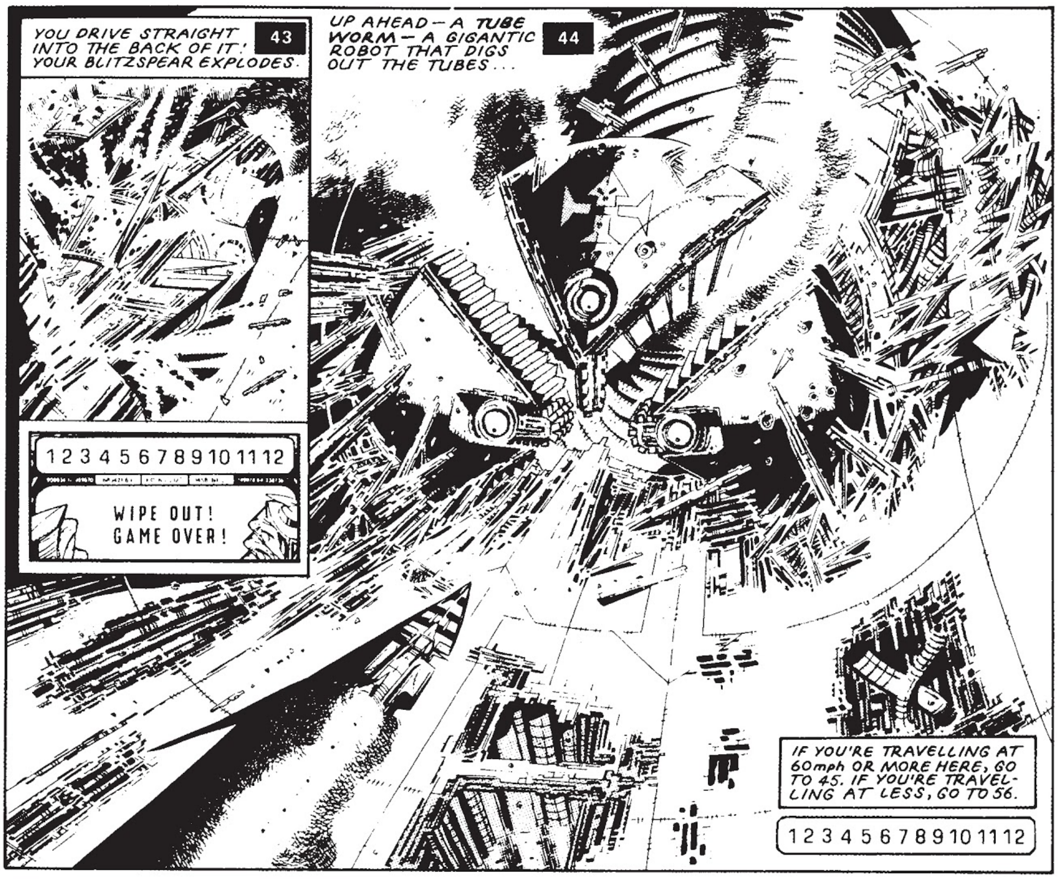

YOU SMASH THROUGH THE BARRIER...
33
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

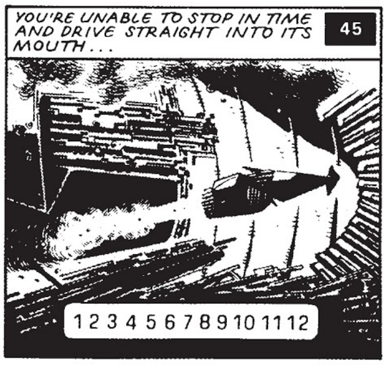

WORKMEN LOOK ON CURIOUSLY AS YOU DRIVE DOWN THE TUNNEL...
34
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

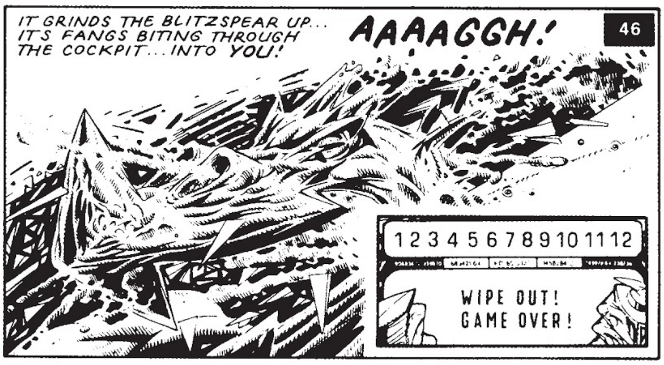

YOU HEAR A STRANGE RUMBLING SOUND AHEAD... AND SEE A WEIRD SHADOW...
IF YOU WANT TO DRIVE ON, GO TO 44. IF YOU WANT TO TURN BACK, AND TAKE THE RIGHT-HAND TUNNEL, GO TO 36.
35
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

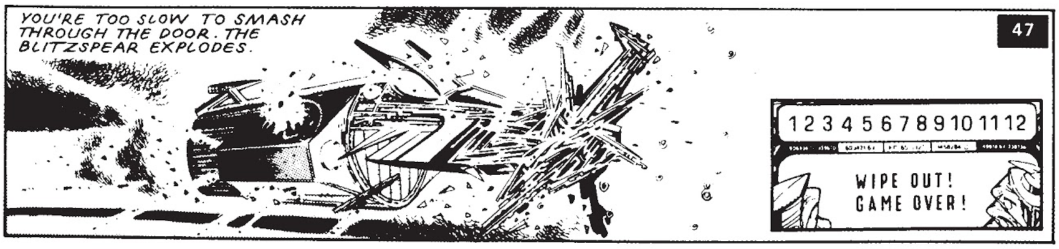

YOU SPEED ALONG THE TUBE FOR SEVERAL MILES... AND THEN... YOU HAVE A PREMONITION... THAT THERE'S SOMETHING... AWFUL ROUND THE NEXT BEND...
36
GO TO 60
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

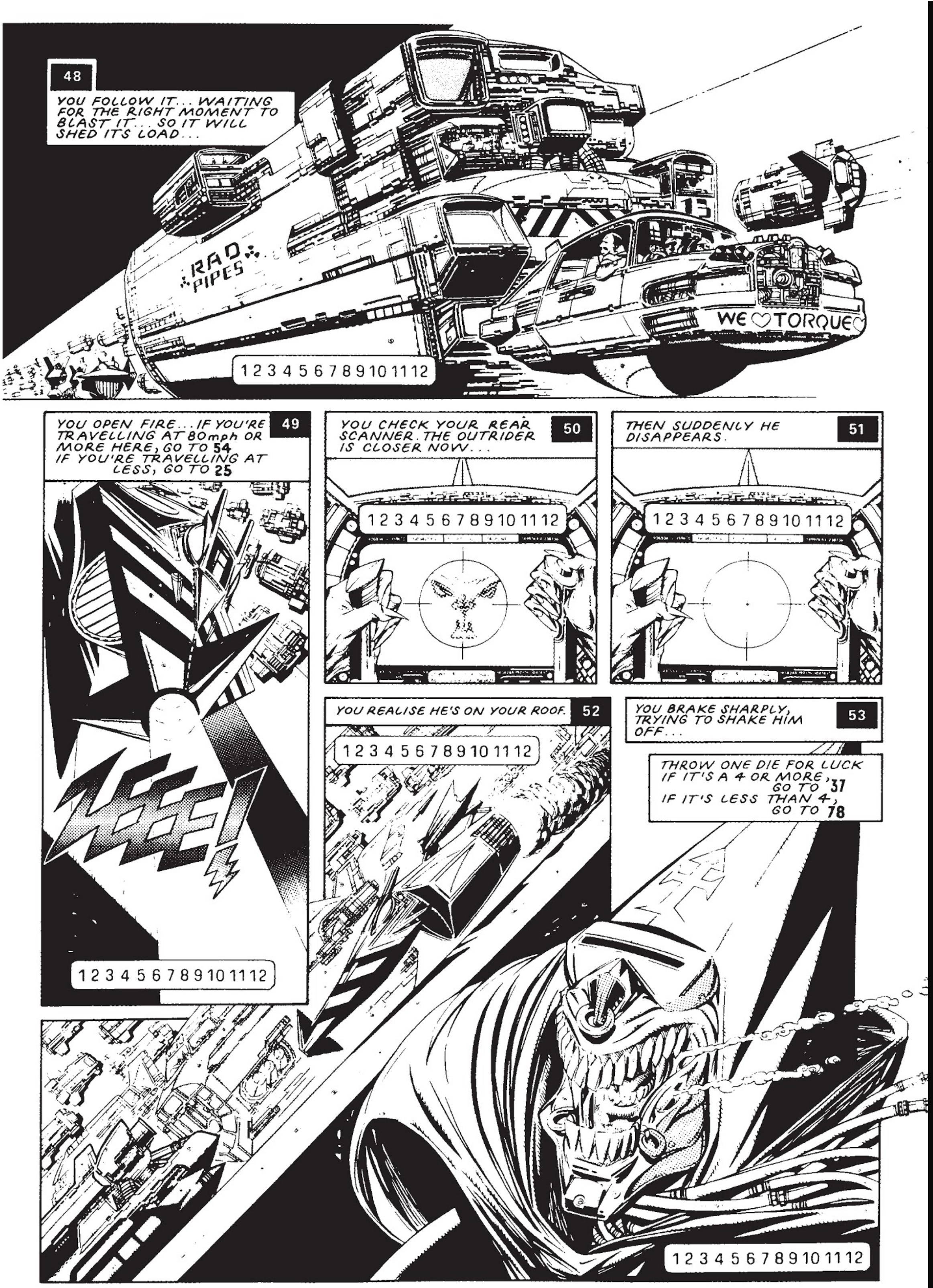

YOU SUCCEED.
37
SCREECH!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
38
AAAGGH!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ADD 1 TO YOUR SCORE
MORE OUTRIDERS CRASH INTO HIM.
39
GO TO 83
AAAARGH!
AARGH!
AAAARGH!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
BONUS
ADD 2 TO YOUR SCORE
YOU MISS THE ENTRANCE TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER AND ROAR ONWARDS...
40
VVVVVRRRRRRR!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
41
...TOWARDS A DEAD END. YOU BRAKE DESPERATELY... BUT TOO LATE...
DANGER
TU-BE Continued
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
42
YOU CRASH. A SPLIT-SECOND LATER THE LAVA BALL SMASHES INTO YOU FROM BEHIND.
WOM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
WIPE OUT!
GAME OVER!


YOU DRIVE STRAIGHT INTO THE BACK OF IT! YOUR BLITZSPEAR EXPLODES.
43
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
WIPE OUT! GAME OVER!
UP AHEAD – A TUBE WORM – A GIGANTIC ROBOT THAT DIGS OUT THE TUBES...
44
IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT 60mph OR MORE HERE, GO TO 45. IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT LESS, GO TO 56.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12


YOU'RE UNABLE TO STOP IN TIME AND DRIVE STRAIGHT INTO ITS MOUTH...
45
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12


IT GRINDS THE BLITZSPEAR UP... IT'S FANGS BITING THROUGH THE COCKPIT... INTO YOU!
AAAAGGH!
46
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
WIPE OUT! GAME OVER!


YOU'RE TOO SLOW TO SMASH THROUGH THE DOOR. THE BLITZSPEAR EXPLODES.
47
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
WIPE OUT! GAME OVER!



48

YOU FOLLOW IT... WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO BLAST IT... SO IT WILL SHED IT'S LOAD...

49

YOU OPEN FIRE... IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT 80mph OR MORE HERE, GO TO **54**
IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT LESS, GO TO **25**

50

YOU CHECK YOUR REAR SCANNER. THE OUTRIDER IS CLOSER NOW...

51

THEN SUDDENLY HE DISAPPEARS.

52

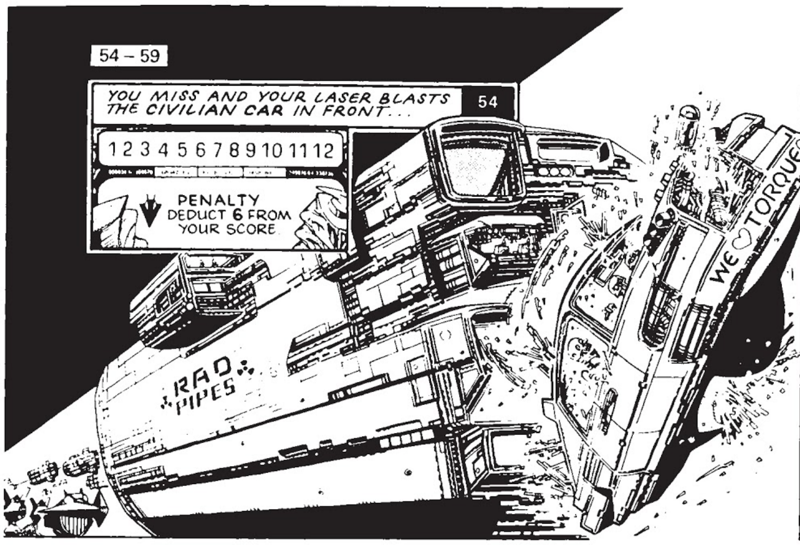
YOU REALISE HE'S ON YOUR ROOF.

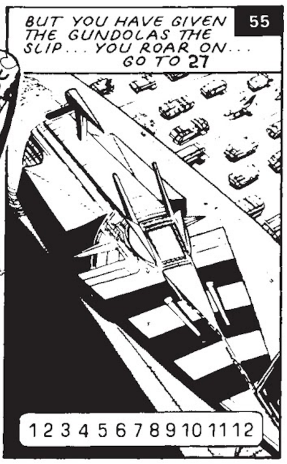
53

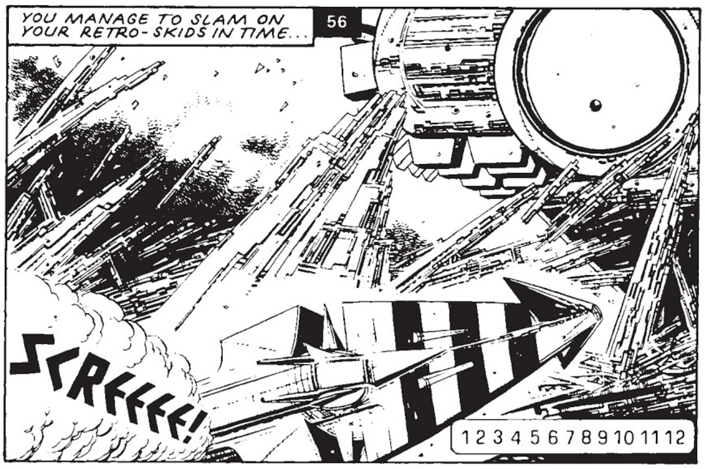
YOU BRAKE SHARPLY, TRYING TO SHAKE HIM OFF...

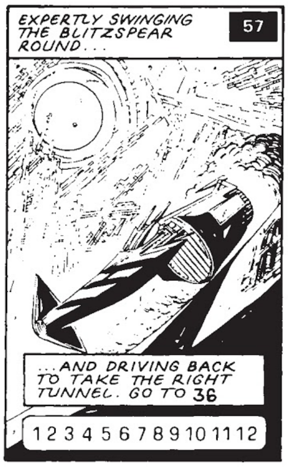
THROW ONE DIE FOR LUCK
IF IT'S A 4 OR MORE, GO TO **37**
IF IT'S LESS THAN 4, GO TO **78**

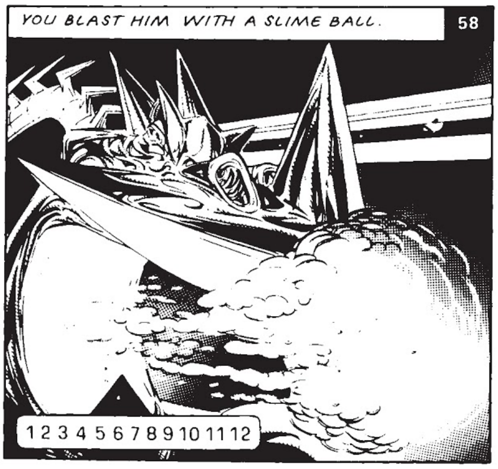
RAD PIPES
15
WE ♡ TORQUE
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ZZEEE!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

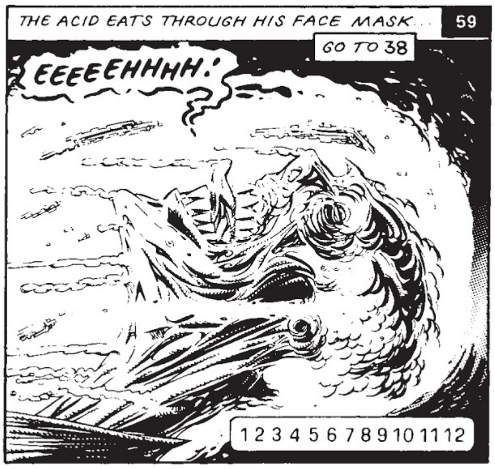

YOU MISS AND YOUR LASER BLASTS THE CIVILIAN CAR IN FRONT...
54
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
PENALTY DEDUCT 6 FROM YOUR SCORE
RAD PIPES
WE ♡ TORQUE

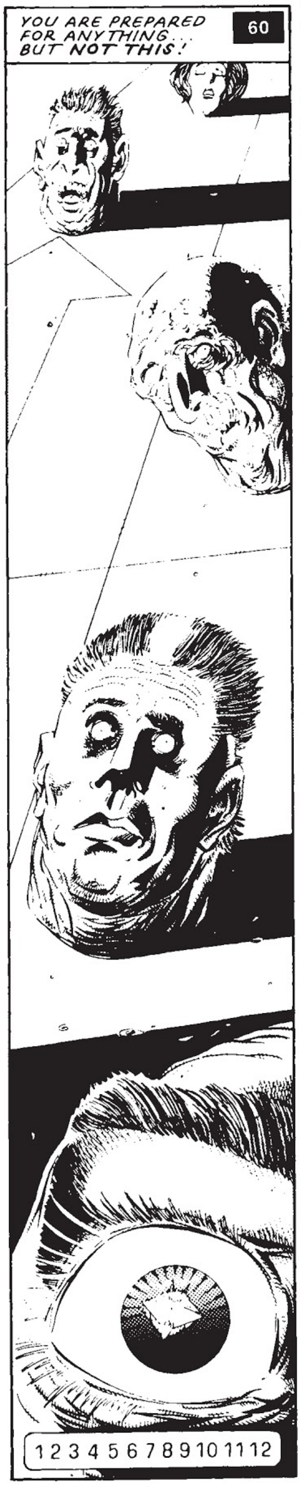

BUT YOU HAVE GIVEN THE GUNDOLAS THE SLIP... YOU ROAR ON... GO TO 27
55
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

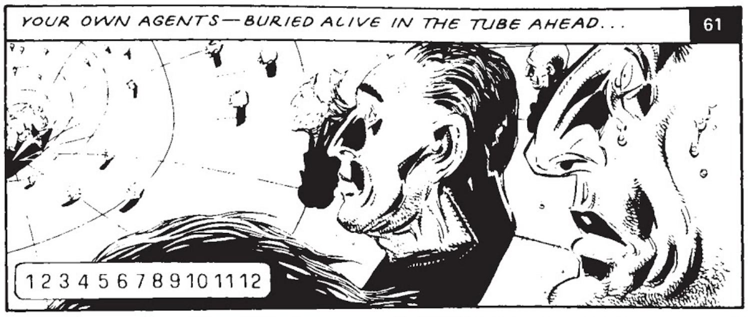

YOU MANAGE TO SLAM ON YOUR RETRO-SKIDS IN TIME...
56
SCREEEE!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

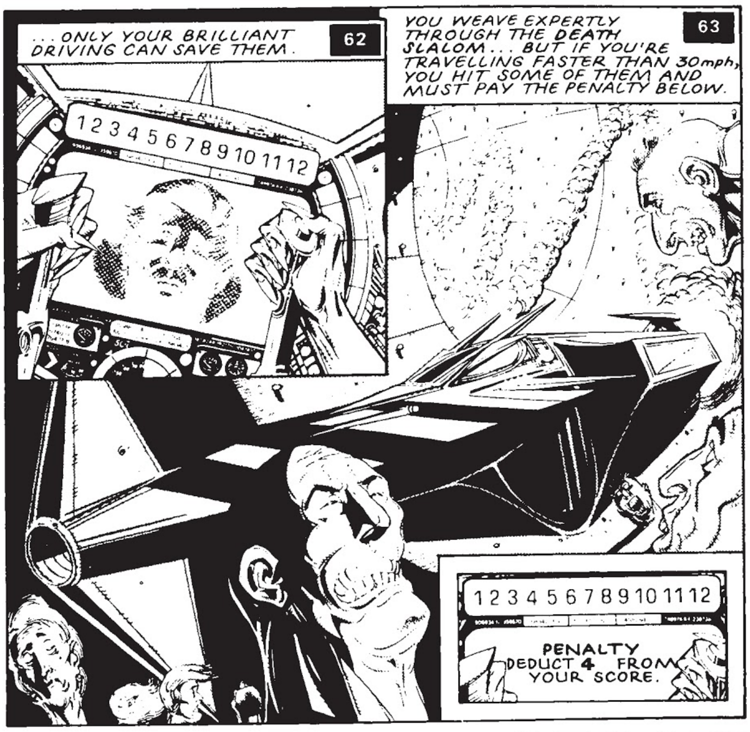

EXPERTLY SWINGING THE BLITZSPEAR ROUND...
57
...AND DRIVING BACK TO TAKE THE RIGHT TUNNEL. GO TO 36
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

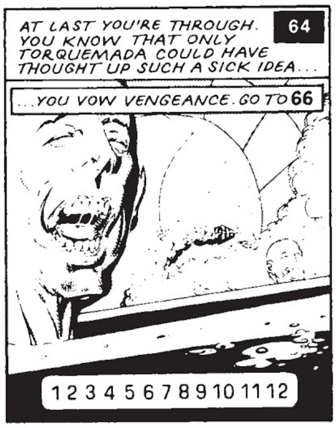

YOU BLAST HIM WITH A SLIME BALL.
58
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

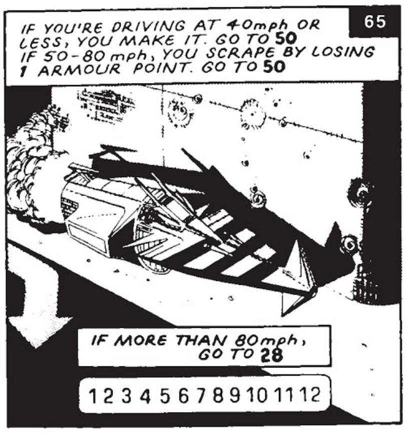

THE ACID EATS THROUGH HIS FACE MASK...
59
GO TO 38
EEEEEHHHH!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

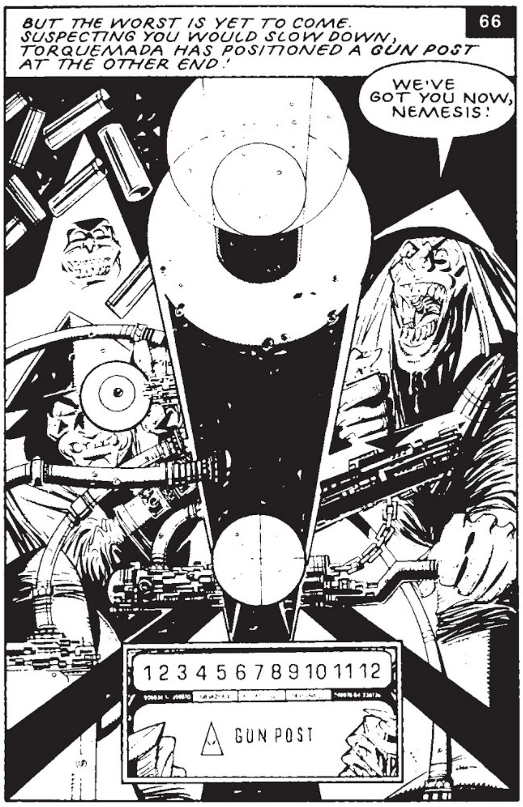

YOU ARE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING... BUT NOT THIS!
60
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12


YOUR OWN AGENTS—BURIED ALIVE IN THE TUBE AHEAD...
61
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12


...ONLY YOUR BRILLIANT DRIVING CAN SAVE THEM.
62
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
YOU WEAVE EXPERTLY THROUGH THE DEATH SLALOM... BUT IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING FASTER THAN 30mph, YOU HIT SOME OF THEM AND MUST PAY THE PENALTY BELOW.
63
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
PENALTY
DEDUCT 4 FROM YOUR SCORE.


AT LAST YOU'RE THROUGH. YOU KNOW THAT ONLY TORQUEMADA COULD HAVE THOUGHT UP SUCH A SICK IDEA...
64
...YOU VOW VENGEANCE. GO TO 66
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

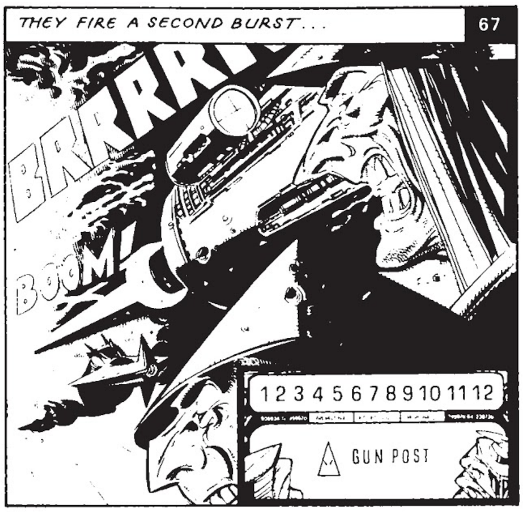

IF YOU'RE DRIVING AT 40mph OR LESS, YOU MAKE IT. GO TO 50
IF 50-80 mph, YOU SCRAPE BY LOSING 1 ARMOUR POINT. GO TO 50
65
IF MORE THAN 80mph, GO TO 28
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12



66

BUT THE WORST IS YET TO COME. SUSPECTING YOU WOULD SLOW DOWN, TORQUEMADA HAS POSITIONED A **GUN POST** AT THE OTHER END!

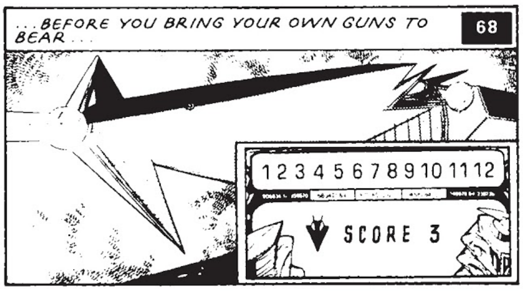
WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, NEMESIS!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
GUN POST



67

THEY FIRE A SECOND BURST...

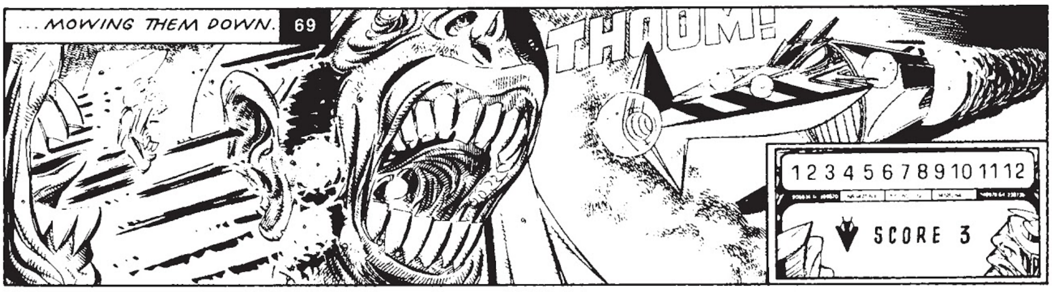
BRRRR
BOOM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
GUN POST



68

...BEFORE YOU BRING YOUR OWN GUNS TO BEAR...

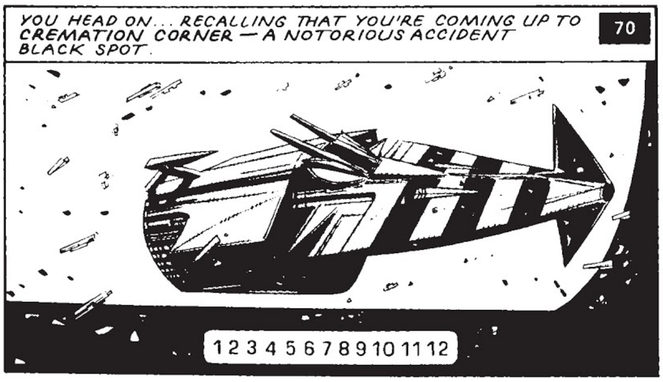
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
SCORE 3



69

...MOWING THEM DOWN.

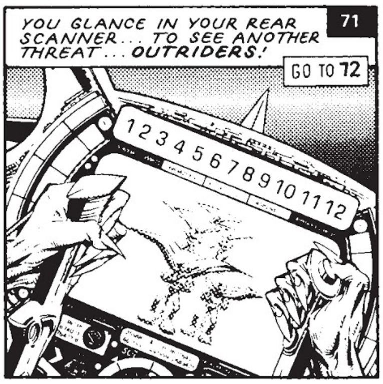
THOOM!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
SCORE 3



70

YOU HEAD ON... RECALLING THAT YOU'RE COMING UP TO **CREMATION CORNER** — A NOTORIOUS ACCIDENT BLACK SPOT.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12



71

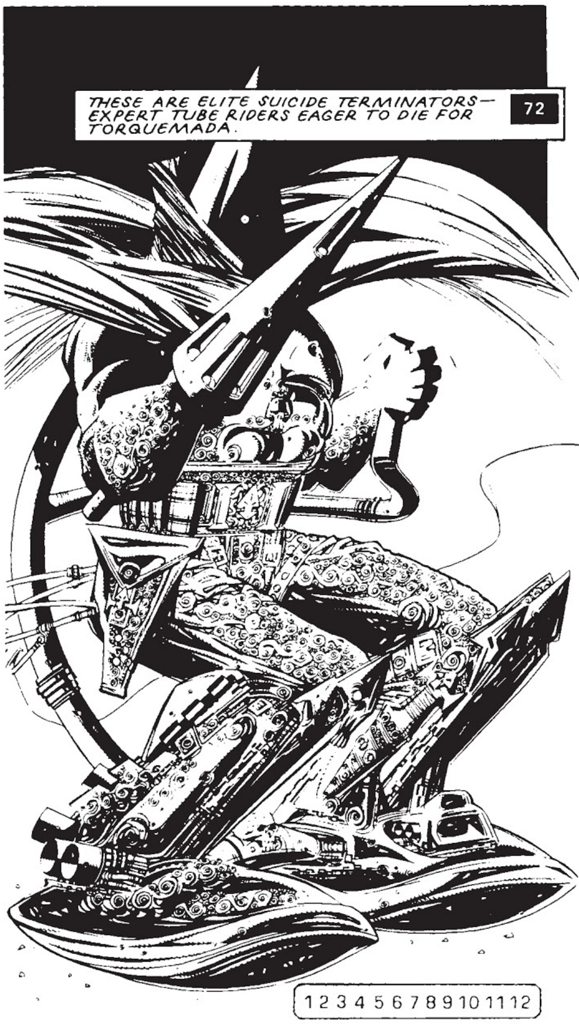
YOU GLANCE IN YOUR REAR SCANNER... TO SEE ANOTHER THREAT... **OUTRIDERS!**

GO TO 72

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

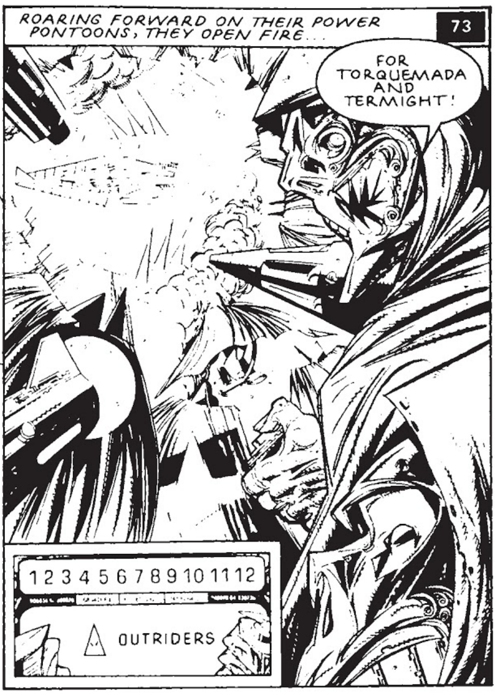
72

THESE ARE ELITE SUICIDE TERMINATORS—EXPERT TUBE RIDERS EAGER TO DIE FOR TORQUEMADA.


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

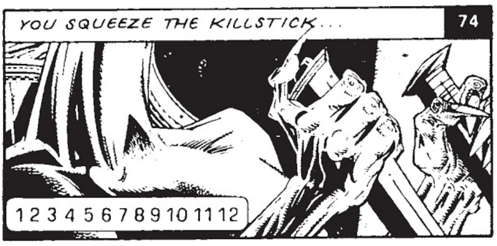
73

ROARING FORWARD ON THEIR POWER PONTOONS, THEY OPEN FIRE...


FOR TORQUEMADA AND TERMIGHT!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
OUTRIDERS

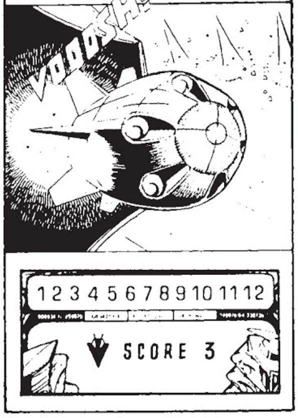
74

YOU SQUEEZE THE KILLSTICK...


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

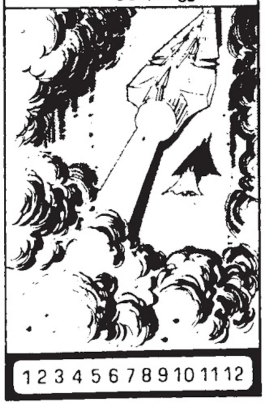
75

... BLASTING THEM WITH YOUR RETRO-ROCKETS.


VOOOSH
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
SCORE 3

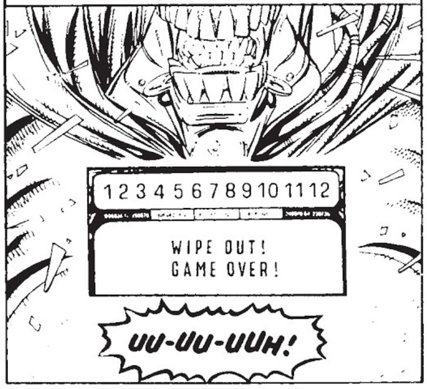
76

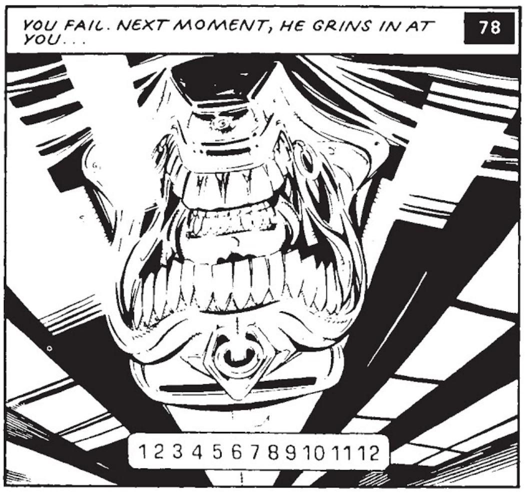
AND YOU HEAD STRAIGHT TOWARDS ...CREMATION CORNER! GO TO 65

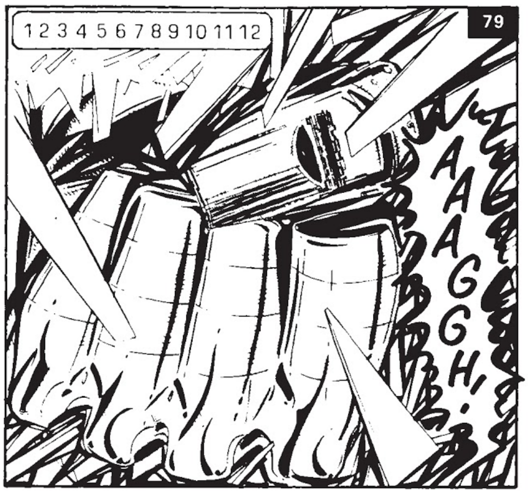

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

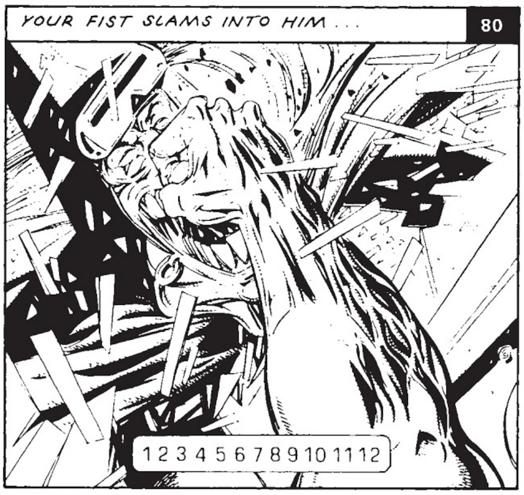
77

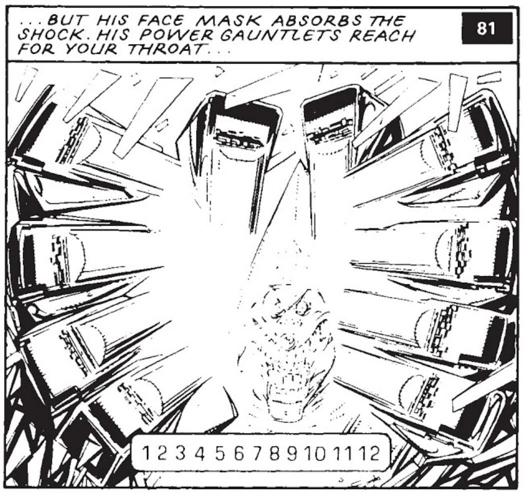
YOU TRY TO BREATHE FIRE, BUT YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH AIR IN YOUR LUNGS. THE OUTRIDER STRANGLES YOU—MOMENTS BEFORE YOUR BLITZSPEAR CRASHES.

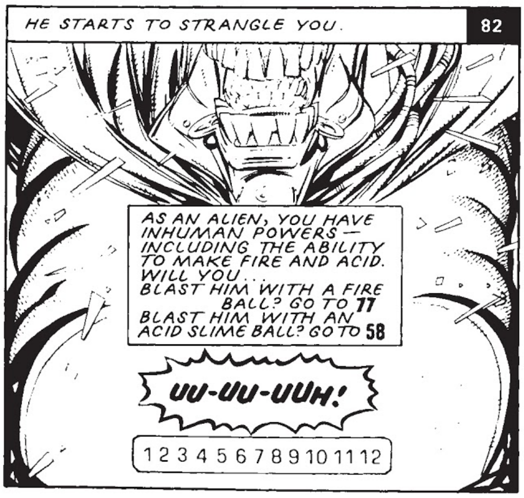

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
WIPE OUT!
GAME OVER!
UU-UU-UUH!

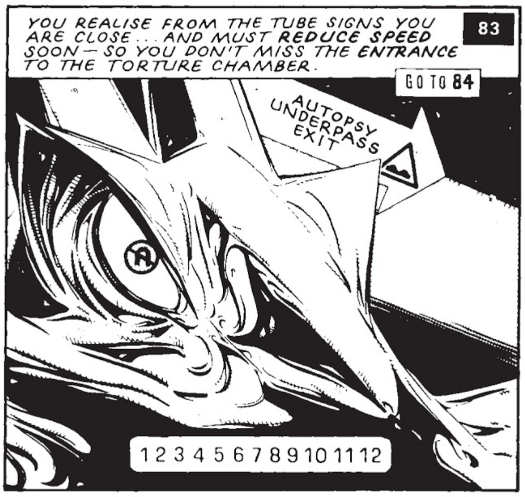

78
YOU FAIL. NEXT MOMENT, HE GRINS IN AT YOU...
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

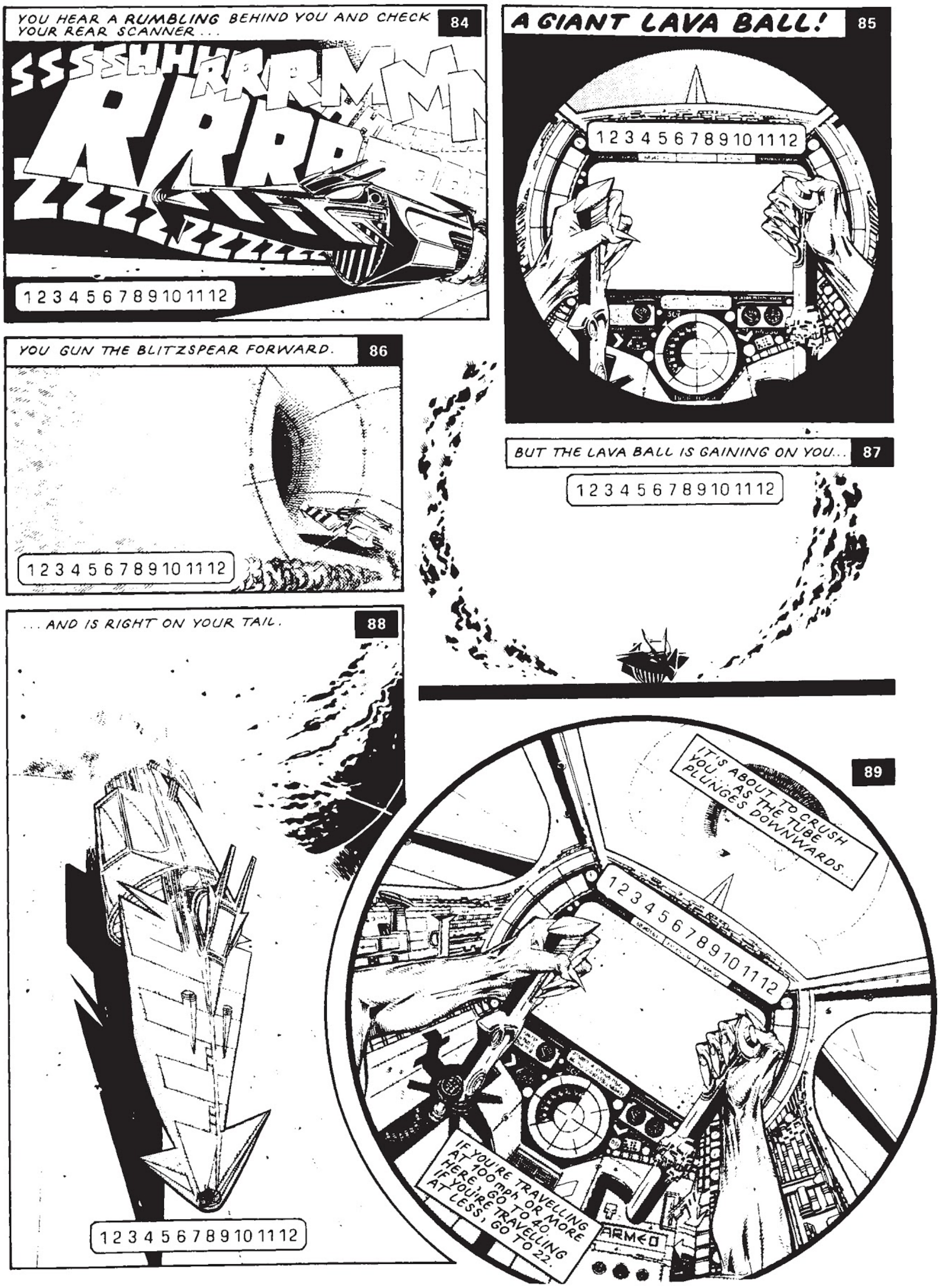

79
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
AAAAGGH!


80
YOUR FIST SLAMS INTO HIM...
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

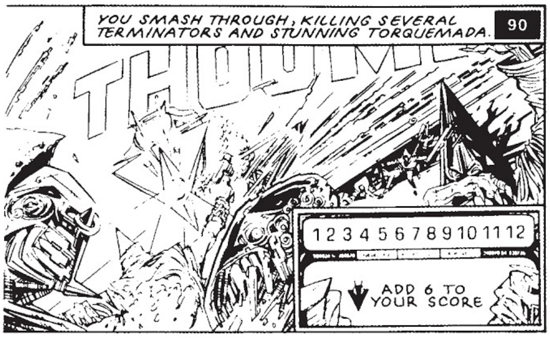

81
...BUT HIS FACE MASK ABSORBS THE SHOCK. HIS POWER GAUNTLETS REACH FOR YOUR THROAT...
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12


82
HE STARTS TO STRANGLE YOU.
AS AN ALIEN, YOU HAVE INHUMAN POWERS — INCLUDING THE ABILITY TO MAKE FIRE AND ACID. WILL YOU... BLAST HIM WITH A FIRE BALL? GO TO 77 BLAST HIM WITH AN ACID SLIME BALL? GO TO 58
UU-UU-UUH!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

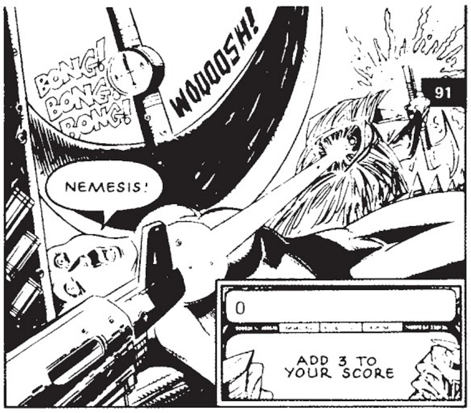

83
YOU REALISE FROM THE TUBE SIGNS YOU ARE CLOSE... AND MUST REDUCE SPEED SOON — SO YOU DON'T MISS THE ENTRANCE TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER.
GO TO 84
AUTOPSY UNDERPASS EXIT
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12


YOU HEAR A RUMBLING BEHIND YOU AND CHECK YOUR REAR SCANNER . . .
84
SSSSSHHHRRRRMMM
RRRR
ZZZZZZZZZZ
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
A GIANT LAVA BALL!
85
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
YOU GUN THE BLITZSPEAR FORWARD.
86
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
BUT THE LAVA BALL IS GAINING ON YOU...
87
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
. . . AND IS RIGHT ON YOUR TAIL.
88
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
89
IT'S ABOUT TO CRUSH YOU... AS THE TUBE PLUNGES DOWNWARDS...
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ARMED
IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT 100 mph OR MORE HERE, GO TO 40. IF YOU'RE TRAVELLING AT LESS, GO TO 22.

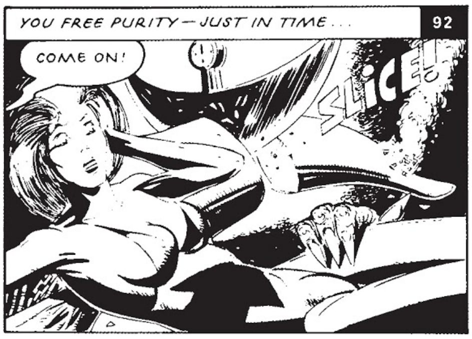
90


YOU SMASH THROUGH, KILLING SEVERAL TERMINATORS AND STUNNING TORQUEMADA.
THOOOM
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ADD 6 TO YOUR SCORE

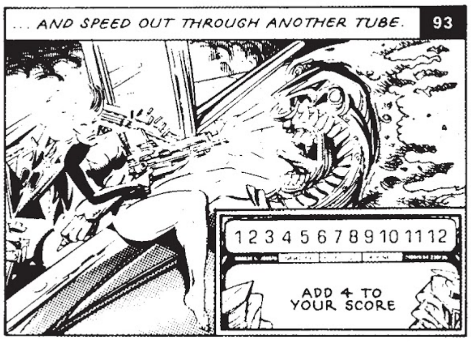
91


BONG! BONG! BONG!
WOOOOSH!
NEMESIS!
0
ADD 3 TO YOUR SCORE

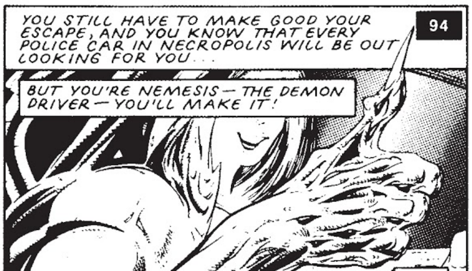
92


YOU FREE PURITY — JUST IN TIME . . .
COME ON!
SLICE!

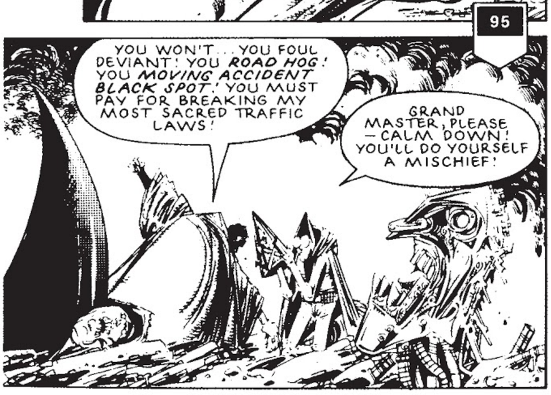
93


. . . AND SPEED OUT THROUGH ANOTHER TUBE.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
ADD 4 TO YOUR SCORE

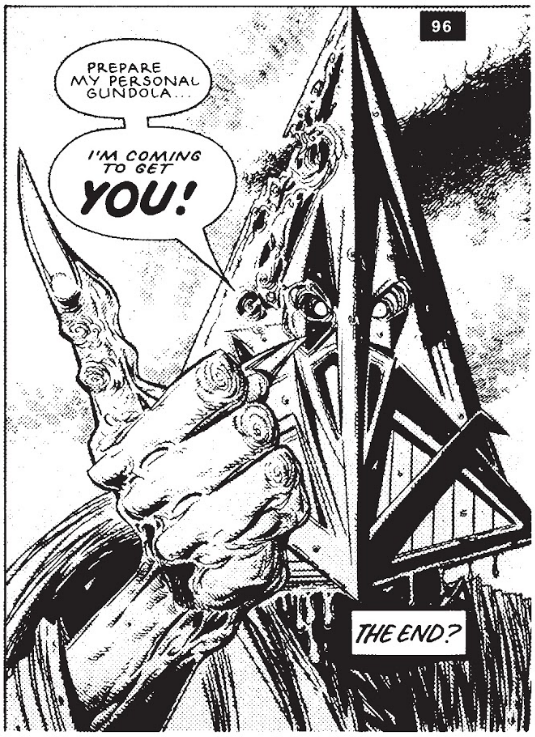
94


YOU STILL HAVE TO MAKE GOOD YOUR ESCAPE, AND YOU KNOW THAT EVERY POLICE CAR IN NECROPOLIS WILL BE OUT LOOKING FOR YOU . . .
BUT YOU'RE NEMESIS — THE DEMON DRIVER — YOU'LL MAKE IT!

95


YOU WON'T . . . YOU FOUL DEVIANT! YOU ROAD HOG! YOU MOVING ACCIDENT BLACK SPOT! YOU MUST PAY FOR BREAKING MY MOST SACRED TRAFFIC LAWS!
GRAND MASTER, PLEASE — CALM DOWN! YOU'LL DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF!

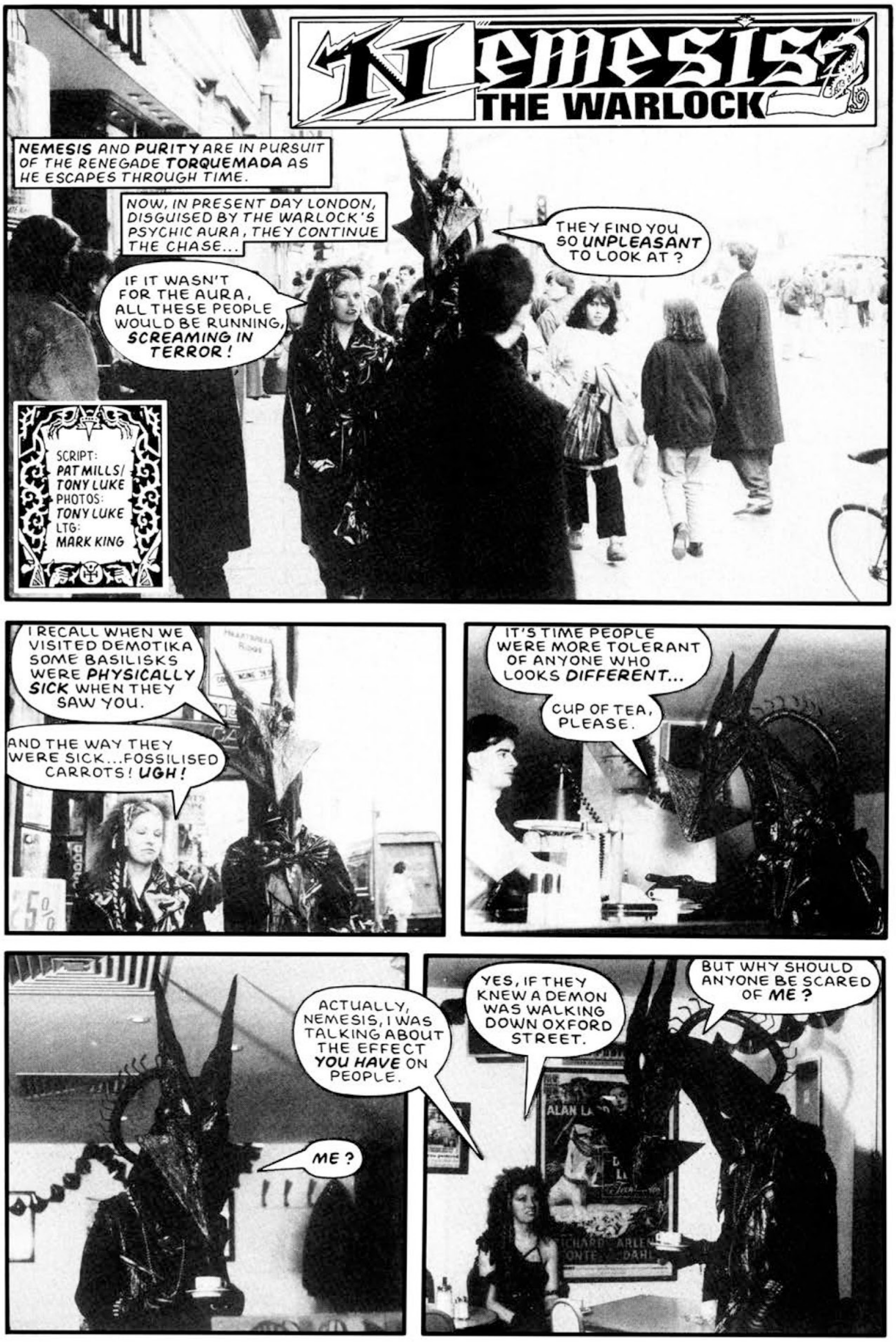
96

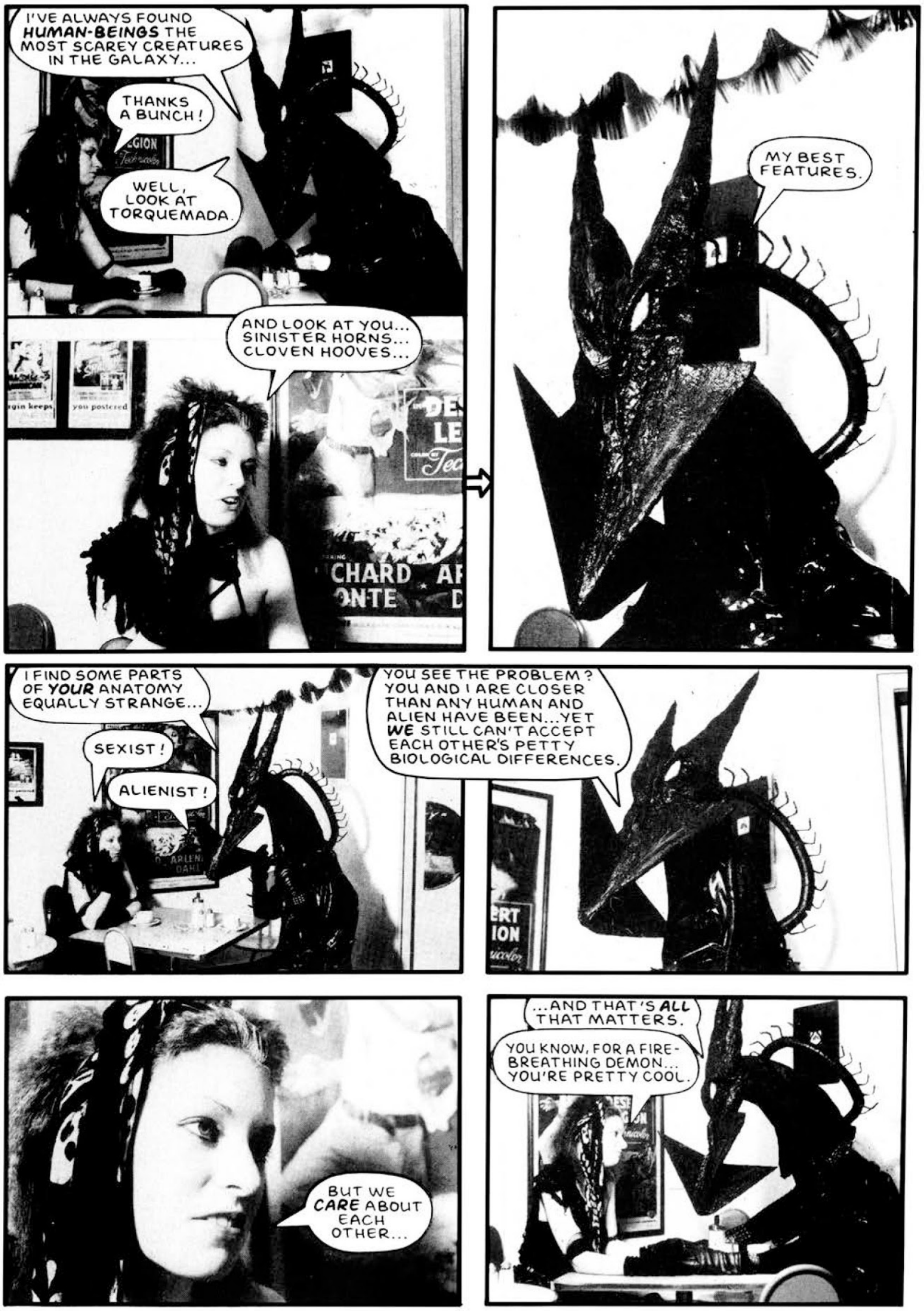

PREPARE MY PERSONAL GUNDOLA . . .
I'M COMING TO GET YOU!
THE END?

FORBIDDEN PLANET

Manuscript: Pat Mills & Tony Luke
Artwork: Tony Luke
Illumination: Mark King

Originally published in *2000 AD* Sci-Fi Special 1987


NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
NEMESIS AND PURITY ARE IN PURSUIT OF THE RENEGADE TORQUEMADA AS HE ESCAPES THROUGH TIME.
NOW, IN PRESENT DAY LONDON, DISGUISED BY THE WARLOCK'S PSYCHIC AURA, THEY CONTINUE THE CHASE...
THEY FIND YOU SO UNPLEASANT TO LOOK AT?
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE AURA, ALL THESE PEOPLE WOULD BE RUNNING, SCREAMING IN TERROR!
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS/ TONY LUKE PHOTOS: TONY LUKE LTG: MARK KING
I RECALL WHEN WE VISITED DEMOTIKA SOME BASILISKS WERE PHYSICALLY SICK WHEN THEY SAW YOU.
AND THE WAY THEY WERE SICK... FOSSILISED CARROTS! UGH!
IT'S TIME PEOPLE WERE MORE TOLERANT OF ANYONE WHO LOOKS DIFFERENT...
CUP OF TEA, PLEASE.
ACTUALLY, NEMESIS, I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE EFFECT YOU HAVE ON PEOPLE.
ME?
YES, IF THEY KNEW A DEMON WAS WALKING DOWN OXFORD STREET.
BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE BE SCARED OF ME?


I'VE ALWAYS FOUND **HUMAN-BEINGS** THE MOST SCAREY CREATURES IN THE GALAXY...
THANKS A BUNCH!
WELL, LOOK AT TORQUEMADA.
AND LOOK AT YOU... SINISTER HORNS... CLOVEN HOOVES...
MY BEST FEATURES.
I FIND SOME PARTS OF **YOUR** ANATOMY EQUALLY STRANGE...
SEXIST!
ALIENIST!
YOU SEE THE PROBLEM? YOU AND I ARE CLOSER THAN ANY HUMAN AND ALIEN HAVE BEEN... YET **WE** STILL CAN'T ACCEPT EACH OTHER'S PETTY BIOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES.
BUT WE **CARE** ABOUT EACH OTHER...
...AND THAT'S **ALL** THAT MATTERS.
YOU KNOW, FOR A FIRE-BREATHING DEMON... YOU'RE PRETTY COOL.

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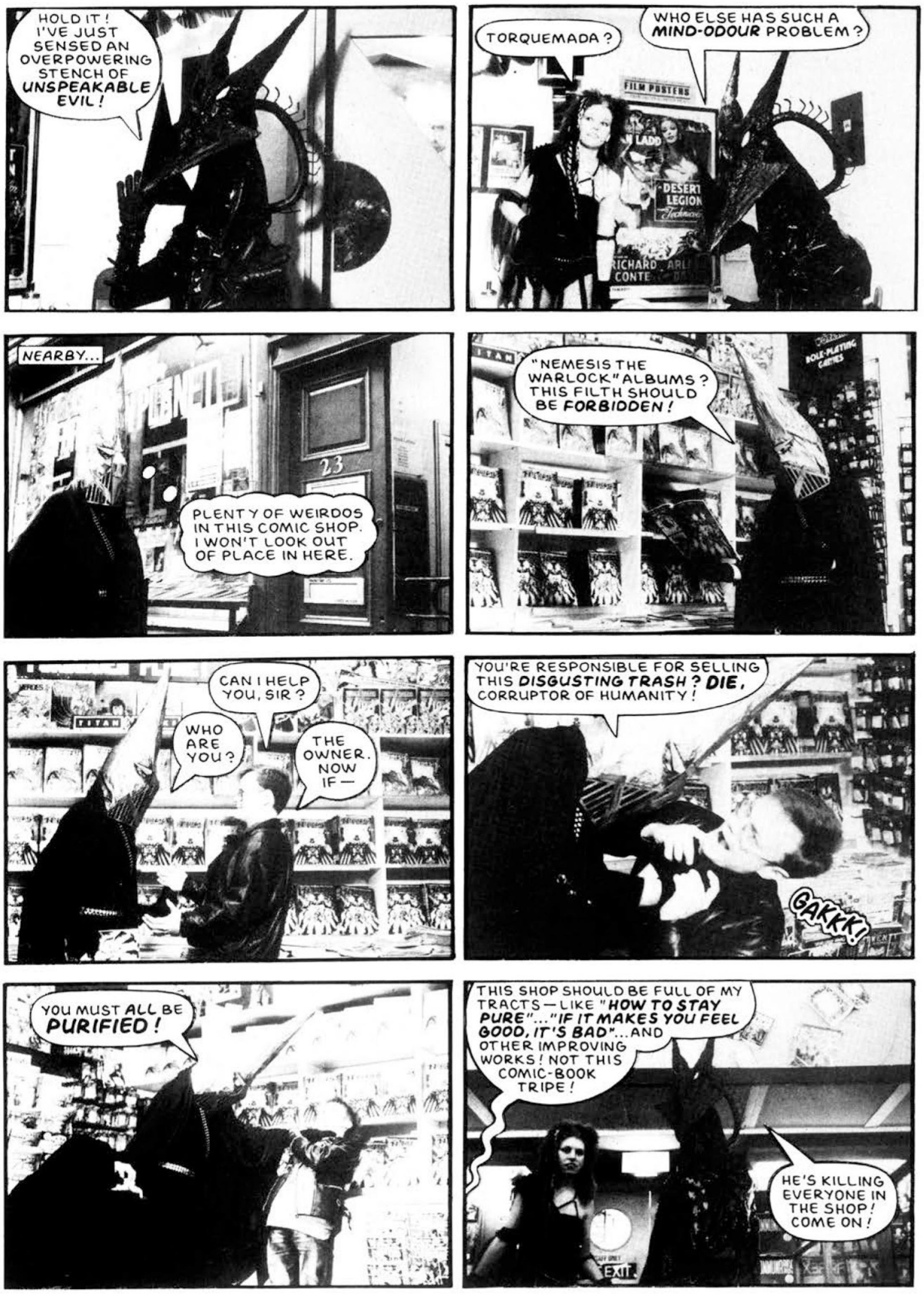
HOLD IT! I'VE JUST SENSED AN OVERPOWERING STENCH OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL!
TORQUEMADA?
WHO ELSE HAS SUCH A MIND-ODOUR PROBLEM?
FILM POSTERS
DESERT LEGION
RICHARD CONTE
NEARBY...
23
PLENTY OF WEIRDOS IN THIS COMIC SHOP. I WON'T LOOK OUT OF PLACE IN HERE.
"NEMESIS THE WARLOCK" ALBUMS? THIS FILTH SHOULD BE FORBIDDEN!
ROLE-PLAYING GAMES
TITAN
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
WHO ARE YOU?
THE OWNER. NOW IF—
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR SELLING THIS DISGUSTING TRASH? DIE, CORRUPTOR OF HUMANITY!
GAKKK!
YOU MUST ALL BE PURIFIED!
THIS SHOP SHOULD BE FULL OF MY TRACTS — LIKE "HOW TO STAY PURE"..."IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD, IT'S BAD"...AND OTHER IMPROVING WORKS! NOT THIS COMIC-BOOK TRIPE!
HE'S KILLING EVERYONE IN THE SHOP! COME ON!
EXIT

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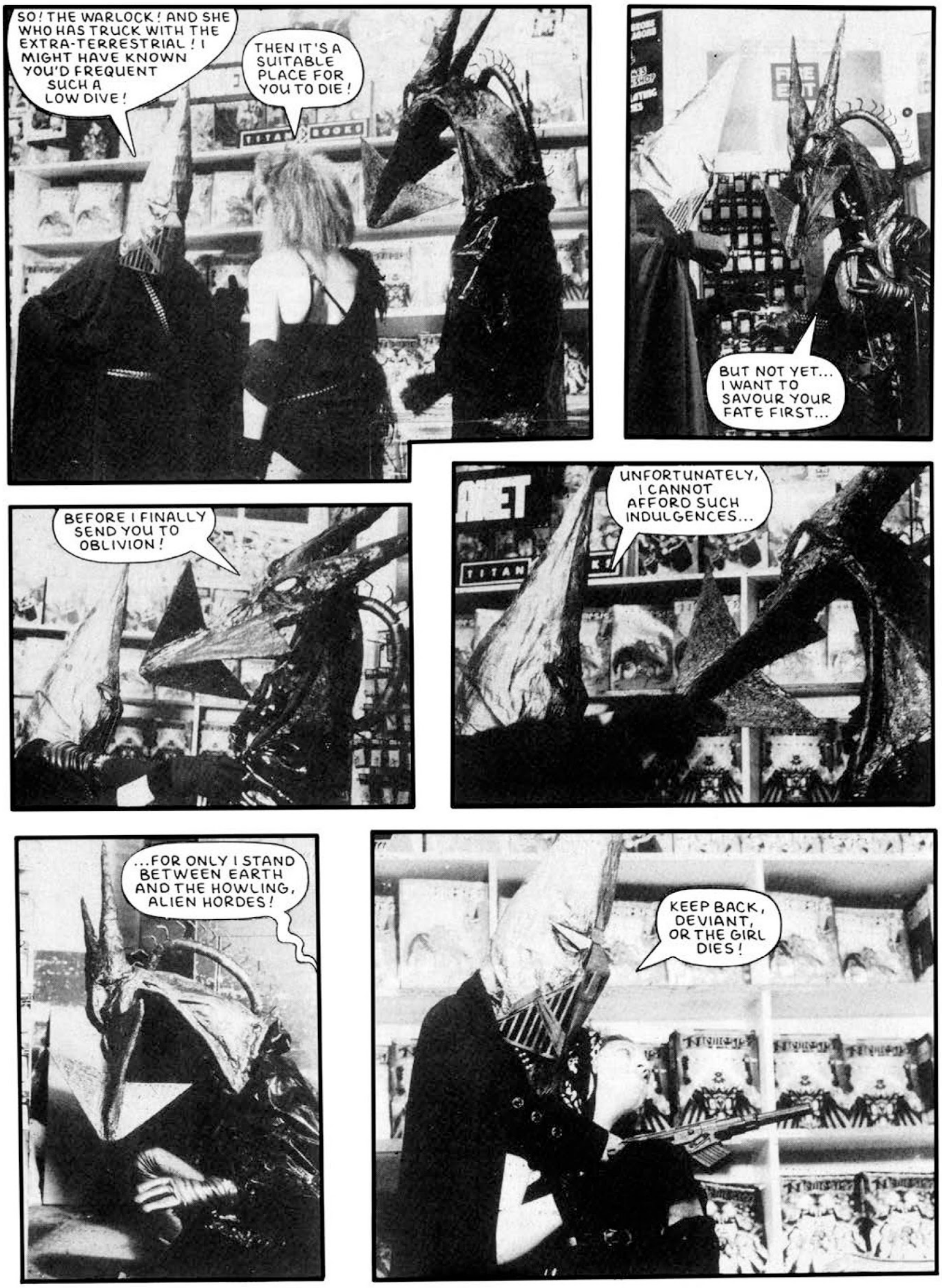
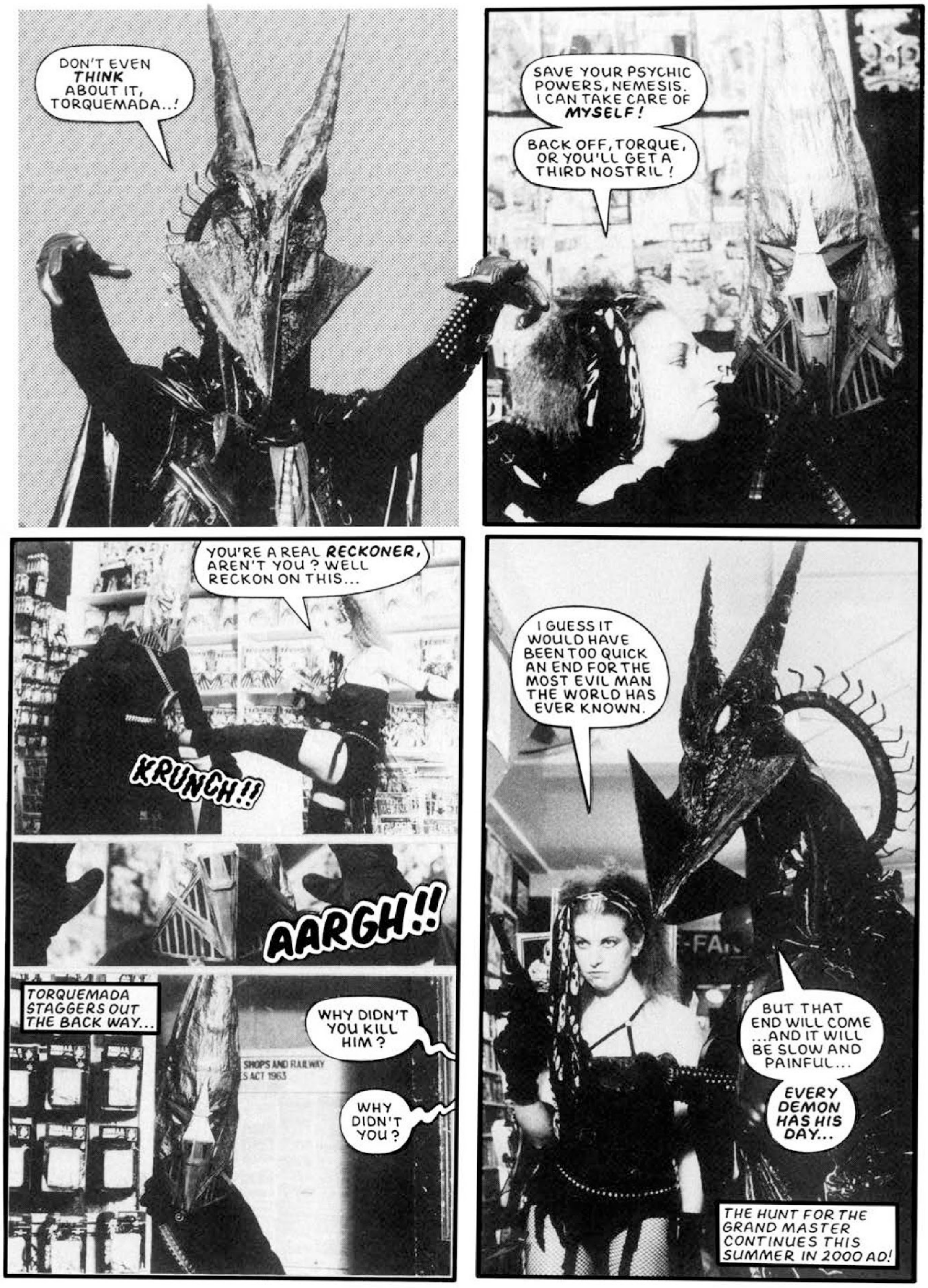

SO! THE WARLOCK! AND SHE WHO HAS TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D FREQUENT SUCH A LOW DIVE!
THEN IT'S A SUITABLE PLACE FOR YOU TO DIE!
TITAN BOOKS
BUT NOT YET... I WANT TO SAVOUR YOUR FATE FIRST...
BEFORE I FINALLY SEND YOU TO OBLIVION!
UNFORTUNATELY, I CANNOT AFFORD SUCH INDULGENCES...
TITAN
...FOR ONLY I STAND BETWEEN EARTH AND THE HOWLING, ALIEN HORDES!
KEEP BACK, DEVIANT, OR THE GIRL DIES!


DON'T EVEN **THINK** ABOUT IT, TORQUEMADA..!
SAVE YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS, NEMESIS. I CAN TAKE CARE OF **MYSELF!**
BACK OFF, TORQUE, OR YOU'LL GET A THIRD NOSTRIL!
YOU'RE A REAL **RECKONER,** AREN'T YOU? WELL RECKON ON THIS...
KRUNCH!!
AARGH!!
TORQUEMADA STAGGERS OUT THE BACK WAY...
WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL HIM?
WHY DIDN'T YOU?
SHOPS AND RAILWAY
S ACT 1963
I GUESS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO QUICK AN END FOR THE MOST EVIL MAN THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.
BUT THAT END WILL COME ...AND IT WILL BE SLOW AND PAINFUL...
EVERY DEMON HAS HIS DAY...
THE HUNT FOR THE GRAND MASTER CONTINUES THIS SUMMER IN 2000 AD!

TORQUEMADA'S SECOND HONEYMOON

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Annual 1988

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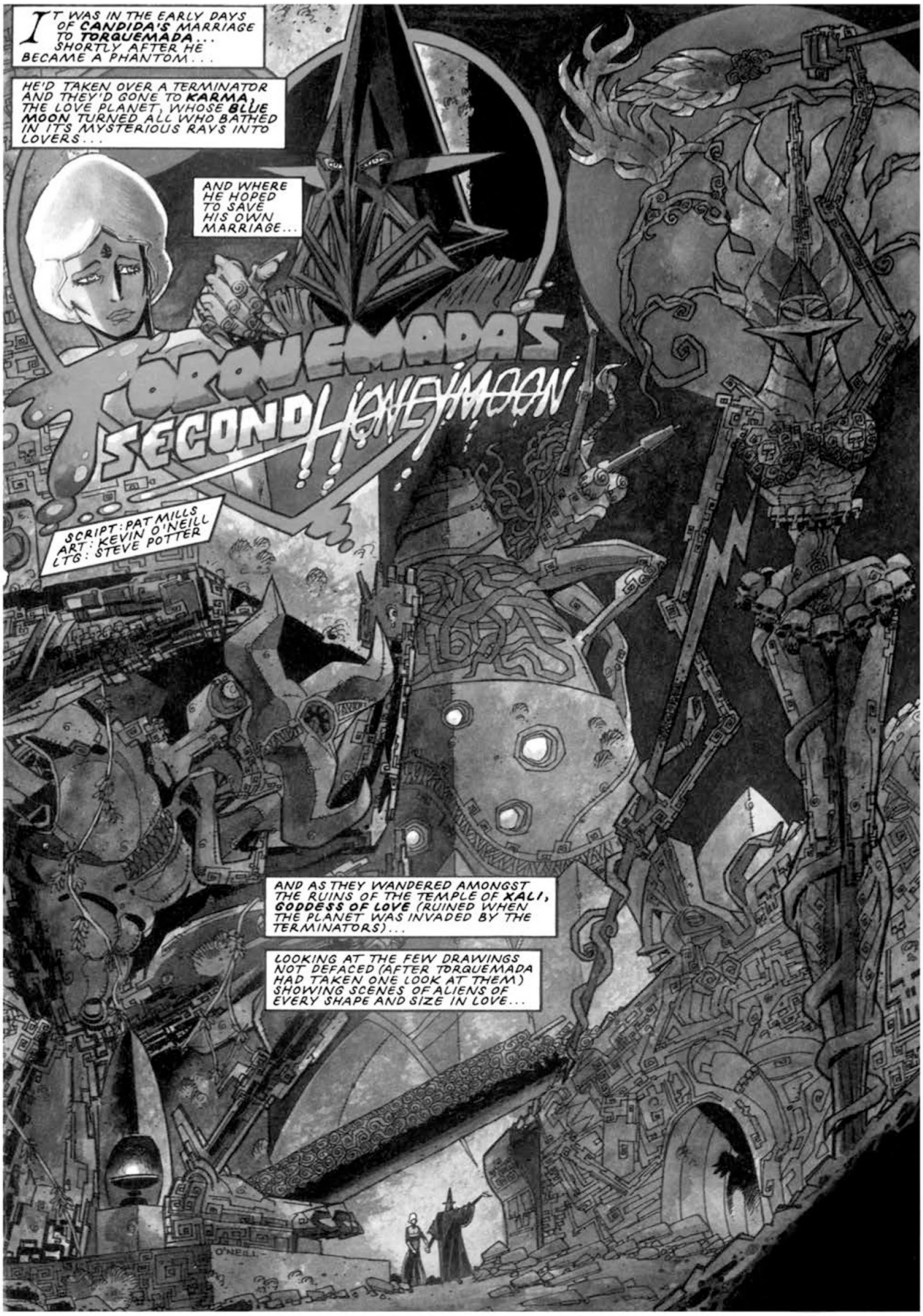
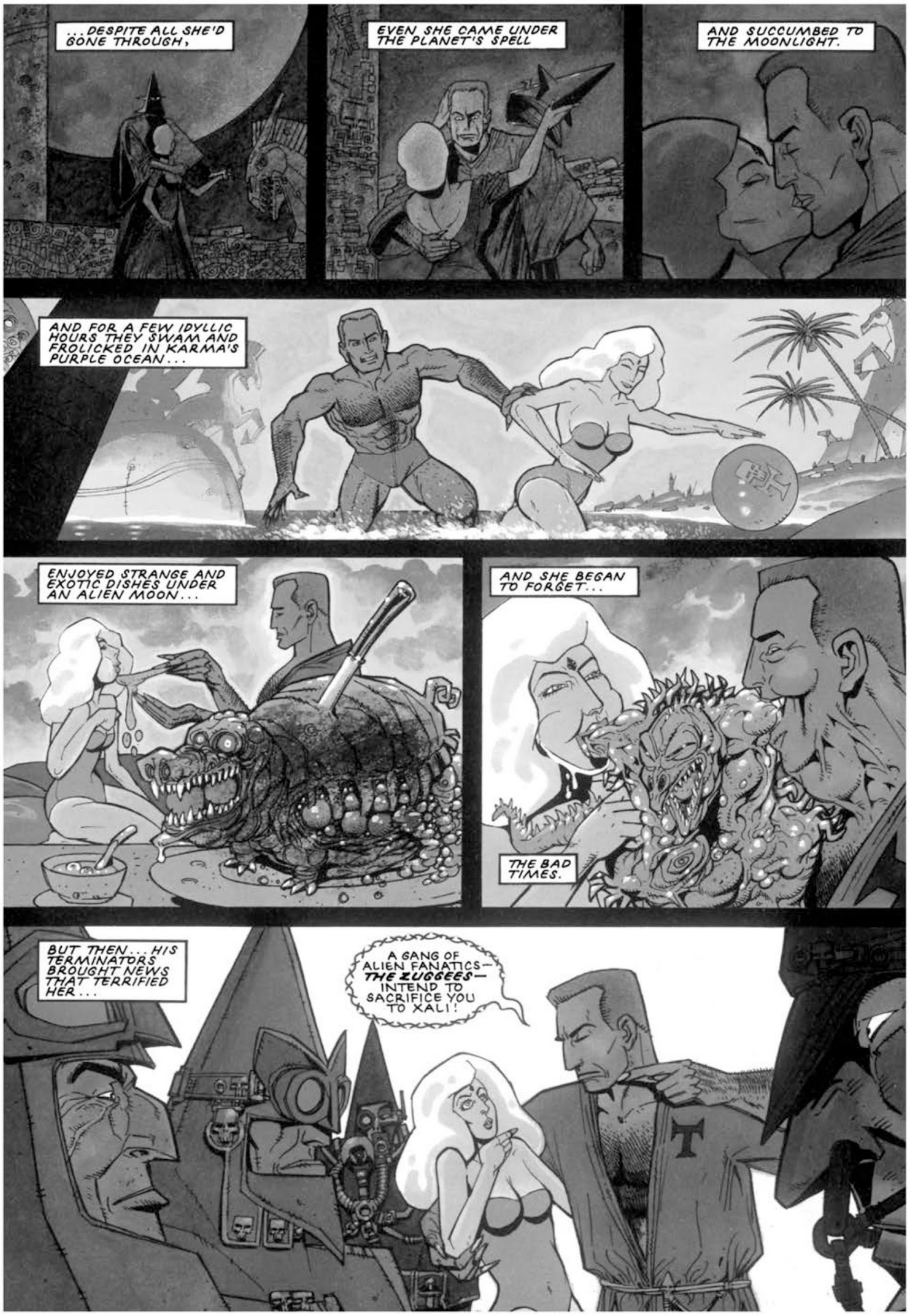
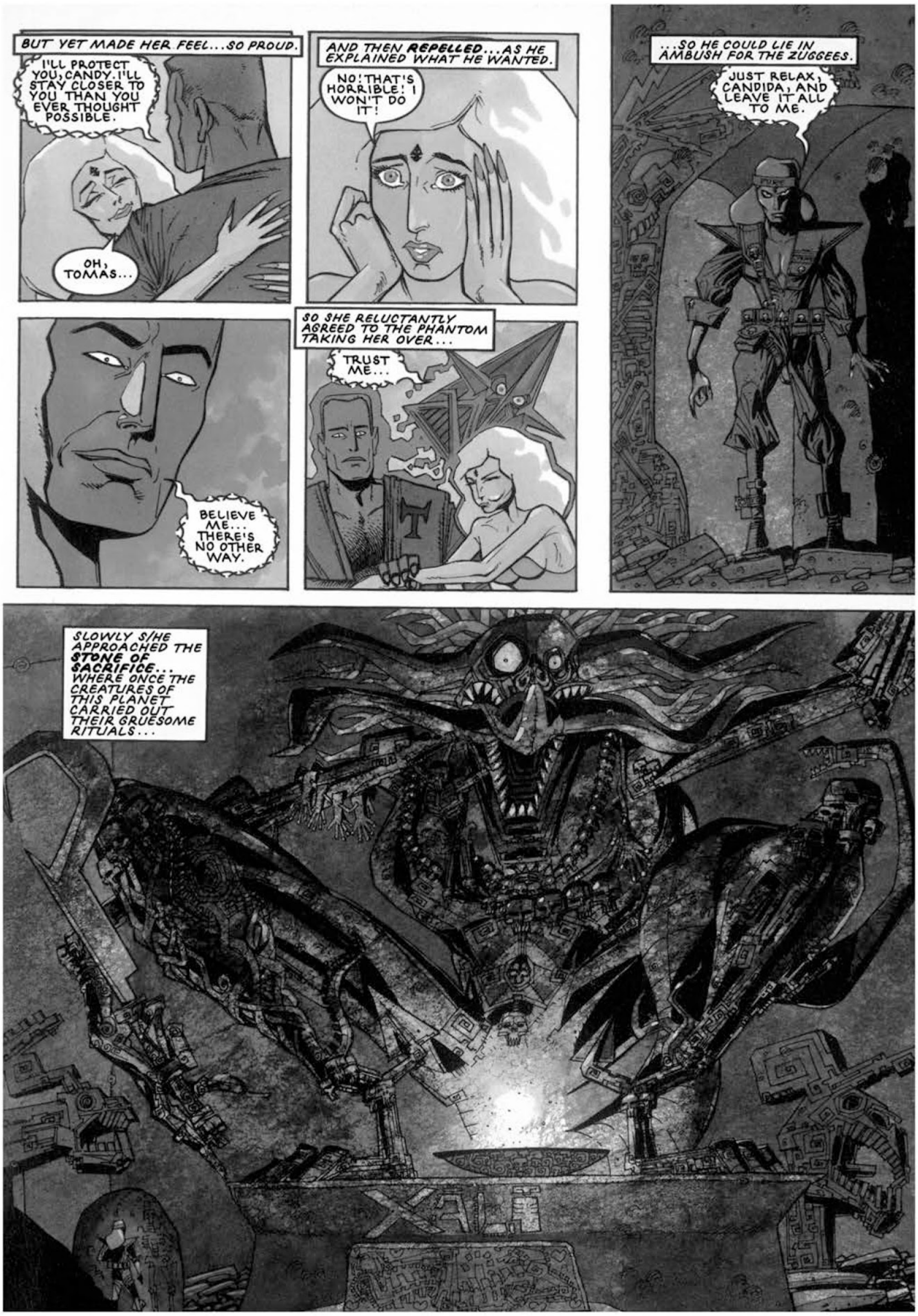
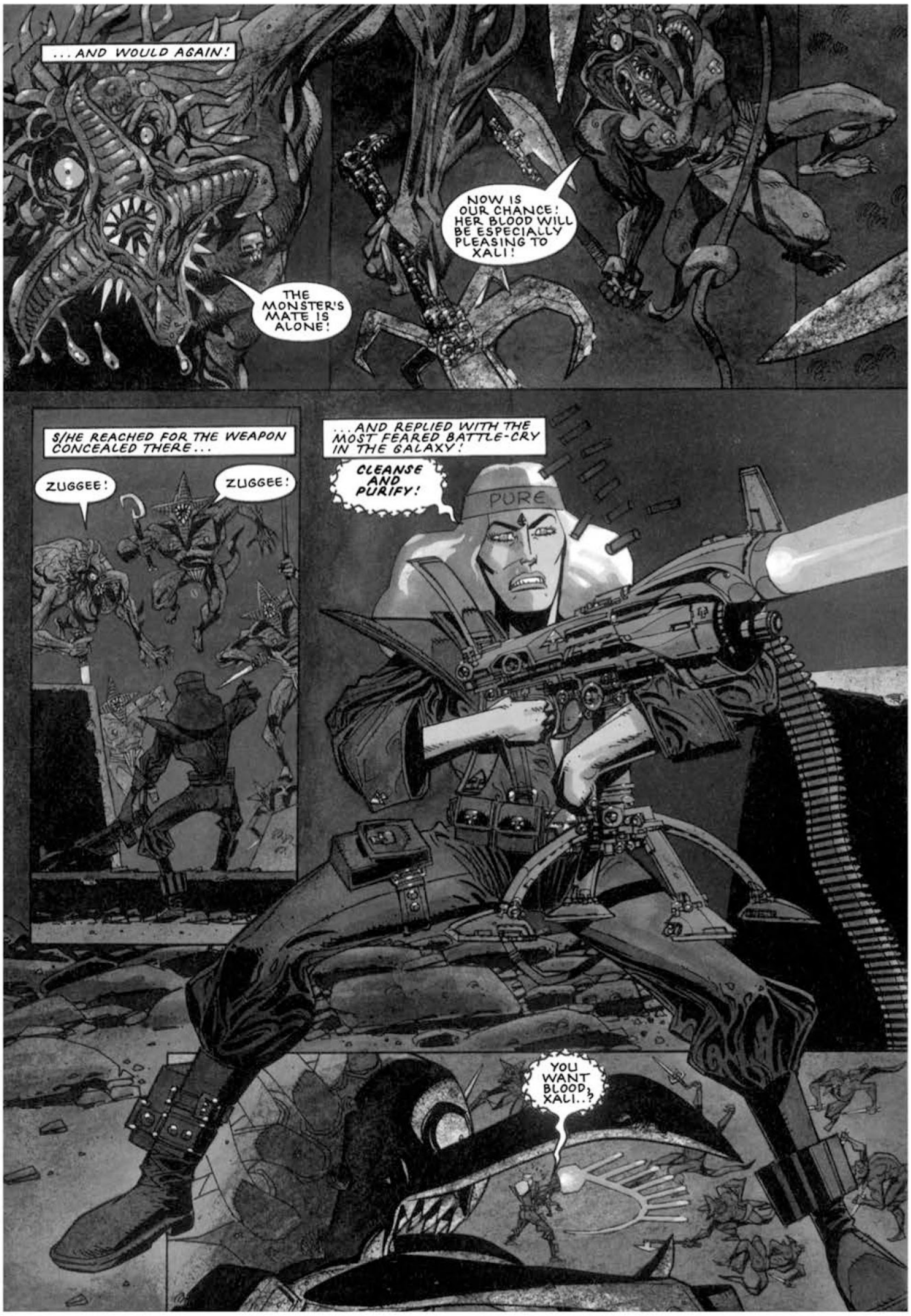
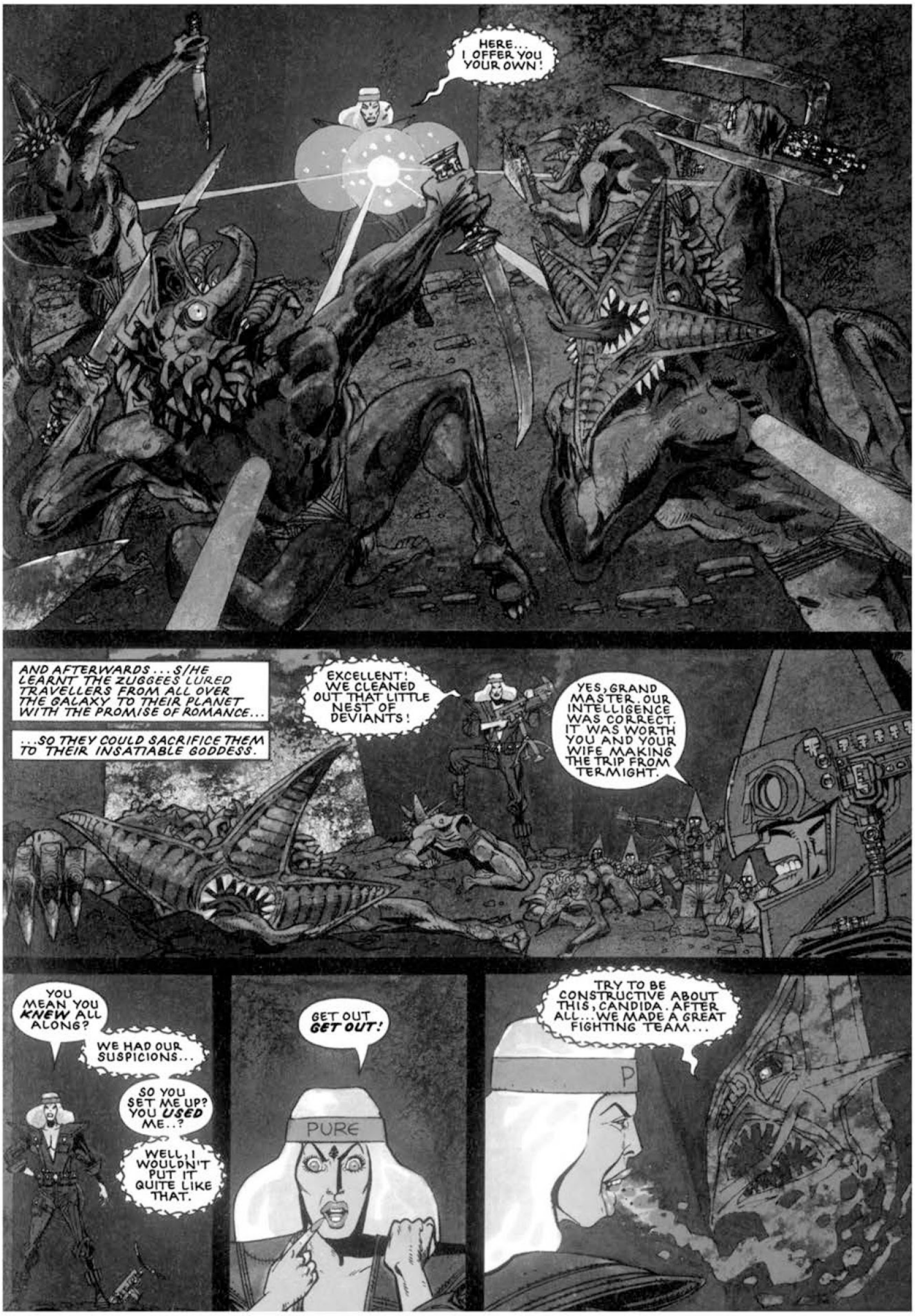
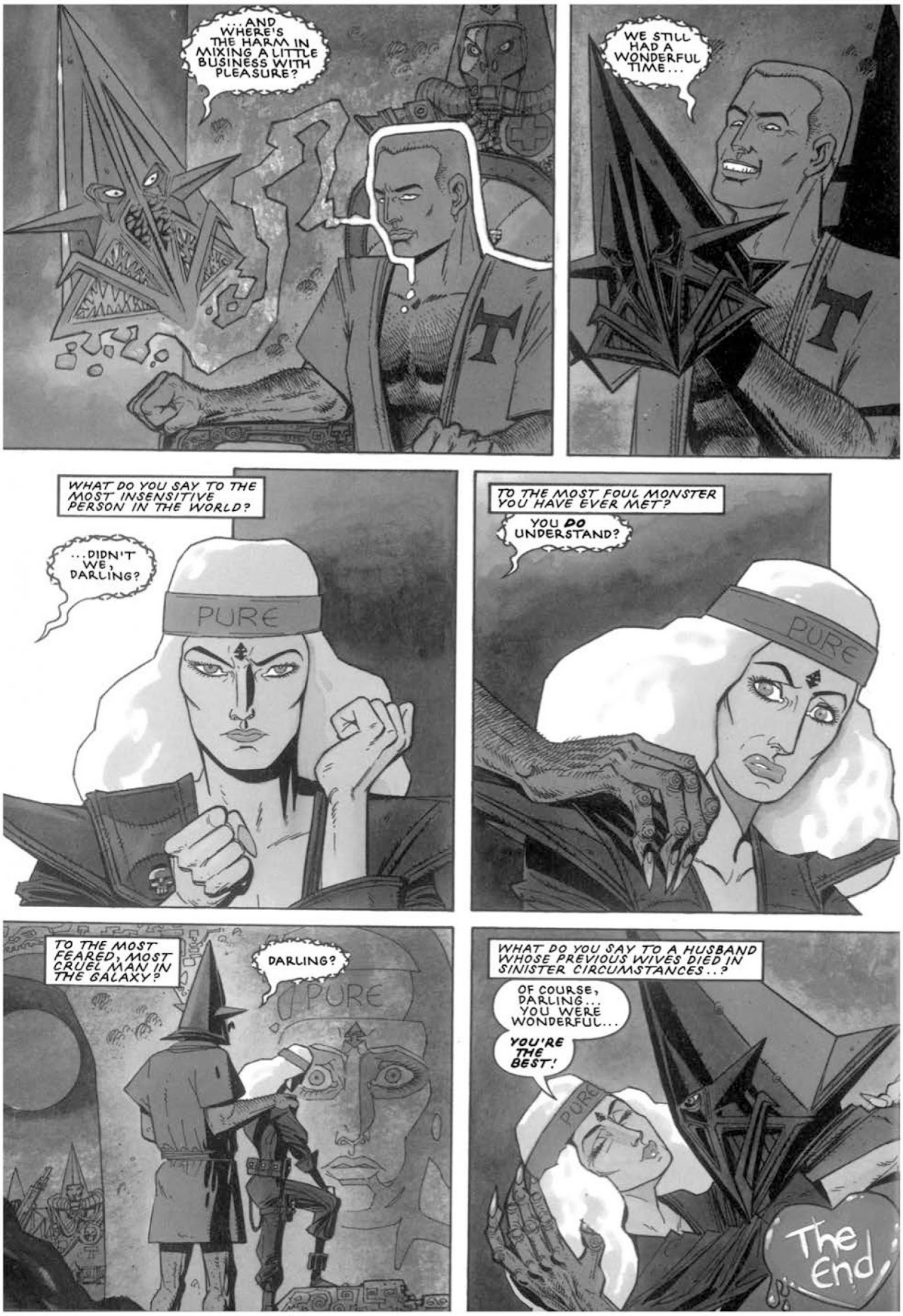

IT WAS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF CANDIDA'S MARRIAGE TO TORQUEMADA... SHORTLY AFTER HE BECAME A PHANTOM...
HE'D TAKEN OVER A TERMINATOR AND THEY'D GONE TO KARMA, THE LOVE PLANET, WHOSE BLUE MOON TURNED ALL WHO BATHED IN IT'S MYSTERIOUS RAYS INTO LOVERS...
AND WHERE HE HOPED TO SAVE HIS OWN MARRIAGE...
TORQUEMADA'S SECOND HONEYMOON
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: KEVIN O'NEILL
LTG: STEVE POTTER
AND AS THEY WANDERED AMONGST THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF XALI, GODDESS OF LOVE (RUINED WHEN THE PLANET WAS INVADED BY THE TERMINATORS)...
LOOKING AT THE FEW DRAWINGS NOT DEFACED (AFTER TORQUEMADA HAD TAKEN ONE LOOK AT THEM) SHOWING SCENES OF ALIENS OF EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE IN LOVE...
O'NEILL


...DESPITE ALL SHE'D GONE THROUGH,
EVEN SHE CAME UNDER THE PLANET'S SPELL
AND SUCCUMBED TO THE MOONLIGHT.
AND FOR A FEW IDYLLIC HOURS THEY SWAM AND FROLICKED IN KARMA'S PURPLE OCEAN...
ENJOYED STRANGE AND EXOTIC DISHES UNDER AN ALIEN MOON...
AND SHE BEGAN TO FORGET...
THE BAD TIMES.
BUT THEN... HIS TERMINATORS BROUGHT NEWS THAT TERRIFIED HER...
A GANG OF ALIEN FANATICS— THE ZUGGEES— INTEND TO SACRIFICE YOU TO XALI!
T


BUT YET MADE HER FEEL... SO PROUD.
I'LL PROTECT YOU, CANDY. I'LL STAY CLOSER TO YOU THAN YOU EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.
OH, TOMAS...
AND THEN REPELLED... AS HE EXPLAINED WHAT HE WANTED.
NO! THAT'S HORRIBLE! I WON'T DO IT!
BELIEVE ME... THERE'S NO OTHER WAY.
SO SHE RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO THE PHANTOM TAKING HER OVER...
TRUST ME...
...SO HE COULD LIE IN AMBUSH FOR THE ZUGGEES.
JUST RELAX, CANDIDA, AND LEAVE IT ALL TO ME.
SLOWLY S/HE APPROACHED THE STONE OF SACRIFICE... WHERE ONCE THE CREATURES OF THIS PLANET CARRIED OUT THEIR GRUESOME RITUALS...


...AND WOULD AGAIN!
THE MONSTER'S MATE IS ALONE!
NOW IS OUR CHANCE! HER BLOOD WILL BE ESPECIALLY PLEASING TO XALI!
S/HE REACHED FOR THE WEAPON CONCEALED THERE...
ZUGGEE!
ZUGGEE!
...AND REPLIED WITH THE MOST FEARED BATTLE-CRY IN THE GALAXY!
CLEANSE AND PURIFY!
PURE
YOU WANT BLOOD, XALI..?


HERE... I OFFER YOU YOUR OWN!
AND AFTERWARDS... S/HE LEARNT THE ZUGGEES LURED TRAVELLERS FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY TO THEIR PLANET WITH THE PROMISE OF ROMANCE...
...SO THEY COULD SACRIFICE THEM TO THEIR INSATIABLE GODDESS.
EXCELLENT! WE CLEANED OUT THAT LITTLE NEST OF DEVIANTS!
YES, GRAND MASTER. OUR INTELLIGENCE WAS CORRECT. IT WAS WORTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE MAKING THE TRIP FROM TERMIGHT.
YOU MEAN YOU KNEW ALL ALONG?
WE HAD OUR SUSPICIONS...
SO YOU SET ME UP? YOU USED ME..?
WELL, I WOULDN'T PUT IT QUITE LIKE THAT.
GET OUT GET OUT!
PURE
TRY TO BE CONSTRUCTIVE ABOUT THIS, CANDIDA. AFTER ALL... WE MADE A GREAT FIGHTING TEAM...
P


...AND WHERE'S THE HARM IN MIXING A LITTLE BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE?
WE STILL HAD A WONDERFUL TIME...
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THE MOST INSENSITIVE PERSON IN THE WORLD?
...DIDN'T WE, DARLING?
PURE
TO THE MOST FOUL MONSTER YOU HAVE EVER MET?
YOU **DO** UNDERSTAND?
PURE
TO THE MOST FEARED, MOST CRUEL MAN IN THE GALAXY?
DARLING?
PURE
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A HUSBAND WHOSE PREVIOUS WIVES DIED IN SINISTER CIRCUMSTANCES..?
OF COURSE, DARLING... YOU WERE WONDERFUL...
YOU'RE THE BEST!
PURE
T
T
The End

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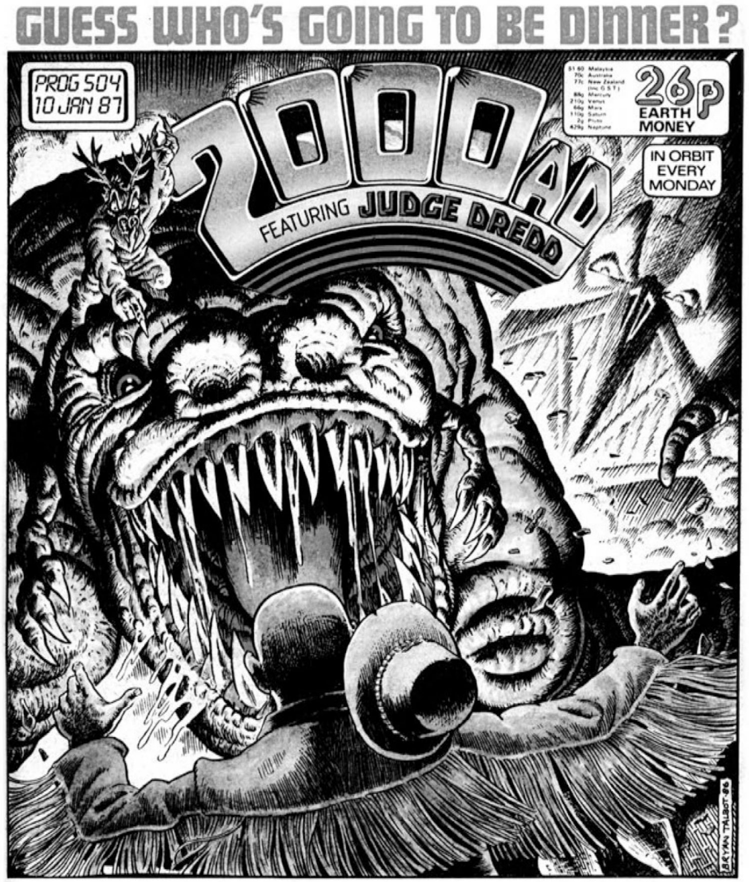
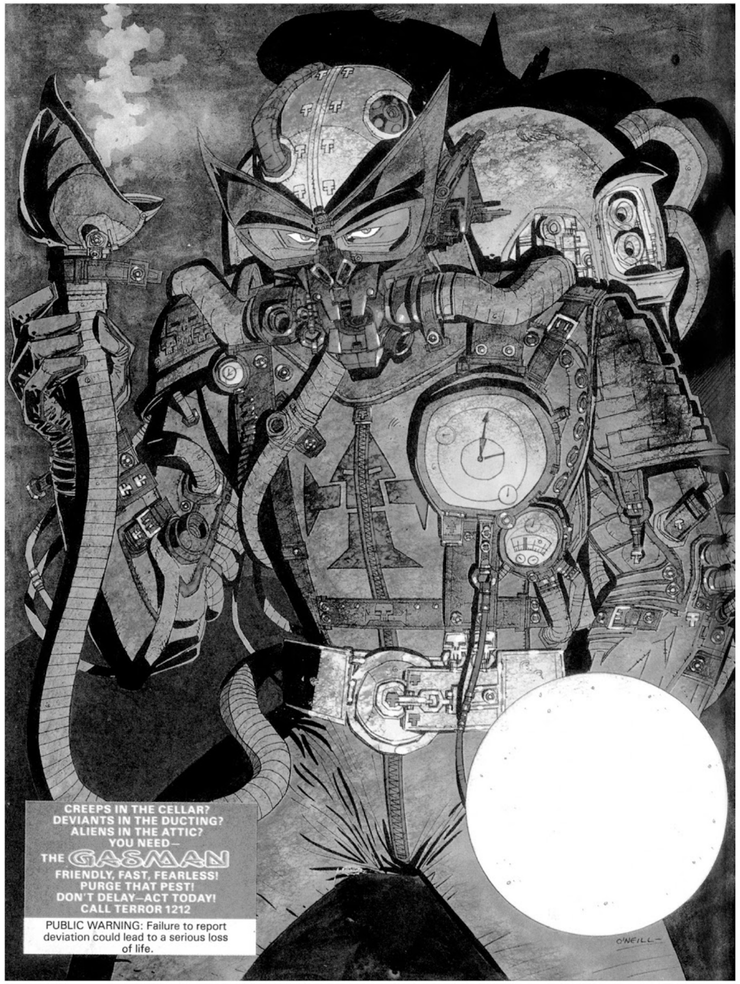
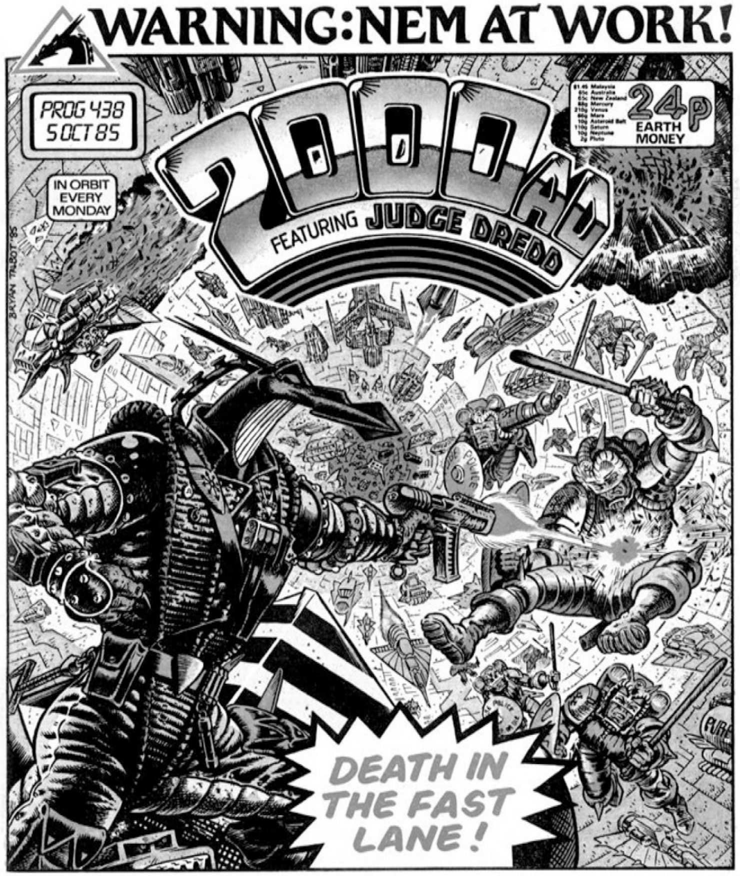
COVERS GALLERY


GUESS WHO'S GOING TO BE DINNER?
PROG 504
10 JAN 87
2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
$1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
77c New Zealand (inc G.S.T.)
88g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
429g Neptune
26p
EARTH MONEY
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
BRYAN TALBOT-86

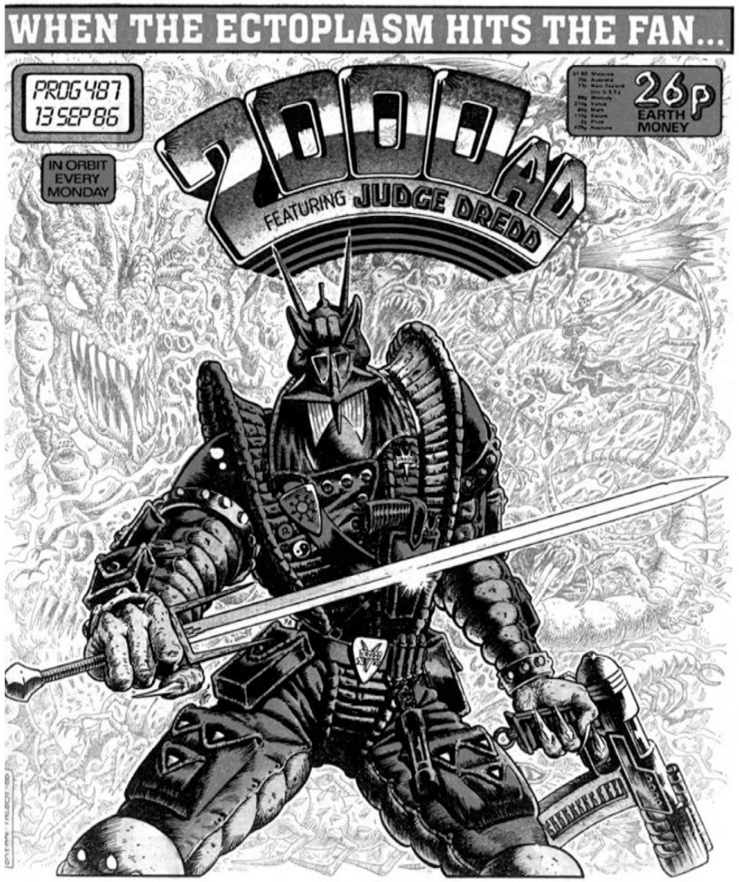
2000 AD Prog 504: Cover by **Bryan Talbot**


CREEPS IN THE CELLAR?
DEVIANTS IN THE DUCTING?
ALIENS IN THE ATTIC?
YOU NEED—
THE GASMAN
FRIENDLY, FAST, FEARLESS!
PURGE THAT PEST!
DON'T DELAY—ACT TODAY!
CALL TERROR 1212
PUBLIC WARNING: Failure to report deviation could lead to a serious loss of life.
O'NEILL

2000 AD Prog 521: Pinup by **Kevin O'Neill**


WARNING:NEM AT WORK!
PROG 438
5 OCT 85
2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
24p
EARTH MONEY
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
BRYAN TALBOT '85
DEATH IN THE FAST LANE!

2000 AD Prog 439: Cover by **Bryan Talbot**


WHEN THE ECTOPLASM HITS THE FAN...
PROG 487
13 SEP 86
2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
26p
EARTH MONEY
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

2000 AD Prog 487: Cover by **Bryan Talbot**

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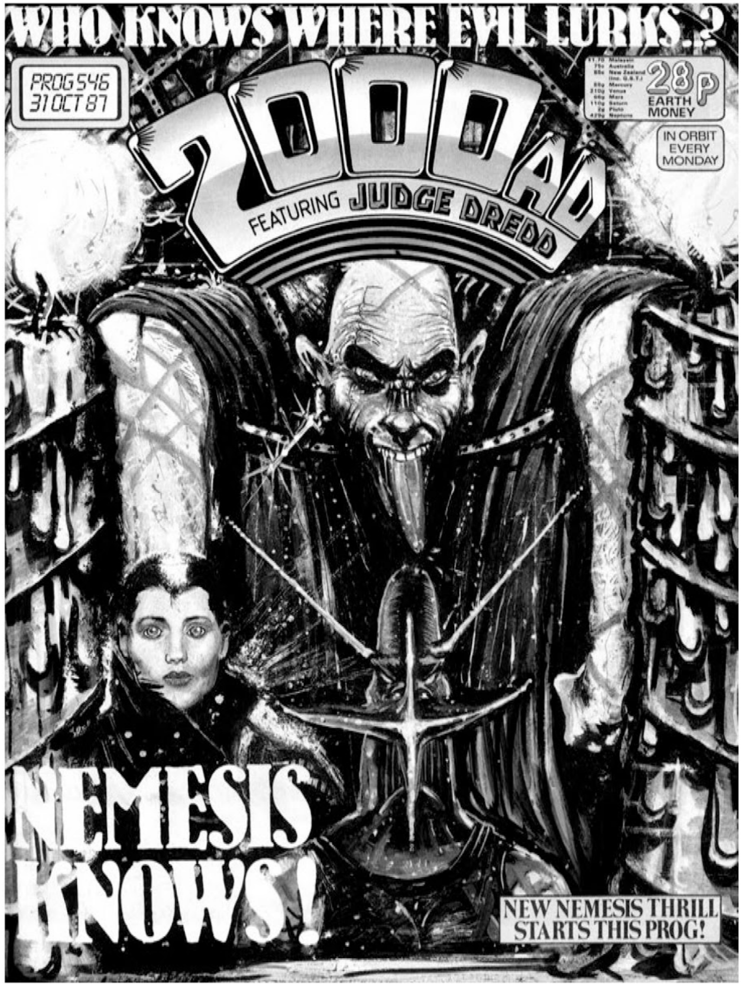
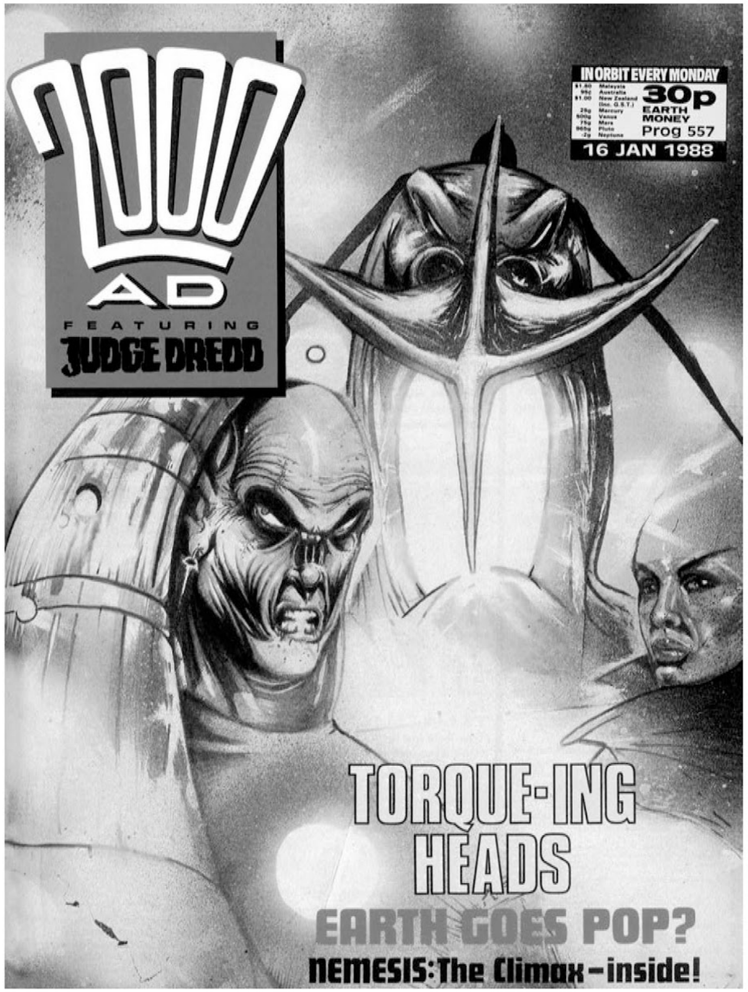

WHO KNOWS WHERE EVIL LURKS..?
PROG 546
31 OCT 87
2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
28p
EARTH MONEY
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
NEMESIS KNOWS!
NEW NEMESIS THRILL STARTS THIS PROG!

2000 AD Prog 546: Cover by **John Hicklenton**


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
30p
EARTH MONEY
Prog 557
16 JAN 1988
TORQUE-ING HEADS
EARTH GOES POP?
NEMESIS: The Climax – inside!

2000 AD Prog 557: Cover by **John Hicklenton**

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors, Finn, Flesh, Nemesis the Warlock, Sláine, M.A.C.H 1, Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early *Dredd* serials — 'The Cursed Earth'. He wrote *Third World War* for *Crisis!*, a politically-charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha* for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*.

Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman, Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the best-selling series *Requiem — Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia — Vampire* Knight, with artist Frank Tacito. Two further French series are in production.

KEVIN O’NEILL

Kevin O’Neill is a *2000 AD* legend. From working as an art assistant on the very first prog, he quickly became involved in the creative side of the comic, co-creating classics like *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bonjo From Beyond The Stars*, *Metalzoic* and *Nemesis the Warlock*. O’Neill has also written for the comic on strips including *Dash Decent*, *Future Shocks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty*, and has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *M.A.C.H. 0*, *One-Offs*, *Ro-Busters*, *Ro-Jaws’ Robo-Tales*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Torquemada*. Outside the Galaxy’s Greatest Comic, O’Neill was briefly notorious as the only artist ever to have his work rejected wholesale by the Comics Code Authority! Happily, his notoriety quickly became fame and acclaim, as his work on strips like *Marshal Law* and most recently *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* have raised him to a very high profile. O’Neill’s other work includes *Green Lantern* and *Batman*.

BRYAN TALBOT

Bryan Talbot is one of the UK’s most respected comics artists. He has contributed to *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Ro-Busters* and *Sláine* in the Galaxy’s Greatest Comic, and most recently wrote and illustrated a silent One-Off.

Beyond *2000 AD*, Talbot is renowned for his body of graphic novel work, which includes *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright*, *Heart of Empire*, *The Tale of One Bad Rat* and *Alice in Sunderland*.

JOHN HICKLENTON

John Hicklenton has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the Megazine, including *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Pandora*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strange Cases* and *Tharg’s Future Shocks*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* and *Deadline*. Most recently he has provided the art for *Blood of Satanus III* in *Judge Dredd Megazine* and worked with Pat Mills on *Zombie World*.

TONY LUKE

Tony Luke has written for *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Anderson* and *Middenface McNulty* as well as provided the photography for several *Nemesis The Warlock* photo stories.

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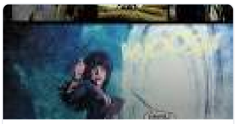

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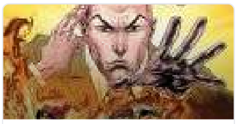

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X-Men From the Ashes – Infinity Comic 001

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